THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Samuel G. Blythe—Grace Sartwell Mason—Kenneth L. Roberts—R. G. Kirk
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LET X = LA FOLLETTE

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE Democrats are liberally supplied with candidates for President this year. They have three—one regular and two more of sorts. More precisely, the Democrats have John W. Davis, who has the official nomination; they have Charles W. Bryan, who is running for Vice President in the states and is running for President in the Senate; and they have Robert M. La Follette, who is running in a helpful and auxiliary capacity so far as Mr. Bryan is concerned.

The real hope of the Democrats is based on La Follette. The material may not be theirs, but the medium is. With every admiration and all respect for the able and accomplished Mr. Davis, the candid fact is that if the contest were between Mr. Davis and President Coolidge this year, without the La Follette interjection, the President would win. Any frank Democrat who knows conditions will admit that, considering all the circumstances of the nomination of Davis, and the lunacies of the convention that finally accomplished it.

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Senators La Follette and Wheeler in Conference With David K. Miles, Head of the Speaker's Bureau, Basil Manly, Chairman of the Organization Committee and Robert La Follette, Jr.

Now, with La Follette in the field as a third candidate, the Democrats look upon him as the radical hope for their conservative leader; not that the leader will get anything out of it but his experiences in the campaign and his place in the political almanacs, but that La Follette may force a situation that will throw the election into the Congress, where conditions are such that there is a chance for the Democratic vice-presidential candidate emerging as the President of the United States. Of course the private prayer of the Davis men is that La Follette will divert enough states from President Coolidge to make Davis the candidate before Congress who has the greatest number of electoral votes at the beginning of the congressional balloting. They think this prestige will be valuable, if obtained.

The Unknown and Perplexing Quantity

IT MIGHT be. The political situation in the House of Representatives, which will be referred to later, is such that anything may come out of it within the limits of the Constitution. The House must vote for the three candidates for President who receive the highest number of votes, and that will limit the House to Coolidge, Davis and La Follette. Hence, if Davis goes into the balloting with more votes than either of his competitors it may be an asset in the hurly-burly that is sure to ensue. Wherefore, as La Follette will be the active agent for Davis in securing these votes, if the election turns that way, La Follette is regarded not only as a Democratic auxiliary but as a Democratic coöperator.

This theory is founded on the expectation that La Follette will get more votes in the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest than he will elsewhere—in normally Republican territory. The probabilities are that he will, but just how many votes he will get, and just where, is a problem that will not be solved definitely until all the votes are counted. The truth of it is that La Follette is an unknown and perplexing problem in this campaign; and the further truth of it is that, as this is written, which is as the campaign is really beginning, in early September, neither Democrats nor Republicans have an adequate realization of the La Follette strength or weakness throughout the country.

As the matter is canvassed so far, the Republicans are amazed and the Democrats delighted. Preliminary surveys have shown that the third ticket has not only its accredited support, such as the Socialist indorsement, the American Federation of Labor indorsement, the Steubenite indorsement and the indorsements of various heterogeneous blocs and organizations and newborn parties, but has also a very considerable support among voters who in normal years would be either Republican or Democratic, and especially among the farmers who are Republican for the most part, in the debatable territory. Hence, the political procedure of the two great parties is exactly opposite in effort.

Both Sides Claiming Advantage

THE Republicans have organized to cut this normal Republican support from La Follette, to reduce his Republican strength to a minimum, to fight him wherever he seems strong. Meantime the politics of the Democrats is to foster La Follette in all his supposed strongholds, to help him, to aid him in his organization work, and to do all they can do to get him Republican votes. Publicly, the Republicans say that La Follette will cut deeper into the Democratic Party than into the Republican Party, and, publicly, the Democrats reverse the statement and say the Republicans will be the heaviest losers. If these claimants are only 40 per cent right the thing is all over, because there will be two landslides to La Follette, one Republican and one Democratic, which will leave Coolidge and Davis far to his rear.

Of course there is not 40 per cent of truth in these claims, nor 10 per cent; not because there may not be a basis for the claims, but because the claimants are talking from hope rather than from knowledge. The last time we had a third ticket in the field in a presidential election—a third ticket of major pretensions—was in 1912; and then the situation was explicit because this third ticket was, to all intents and purposes, a Republican third ticket—a split in the Republican Party. It was merely a matter of how many Republicans would vote for Roosevelt and how many for Taft, with the election of Wilson a certainty. There is no precedent for this La Follette situation. He is catholic in his request for votes. He asks for radical support from whatever source.

He appeals to the discontented in both great parties. He is the candidate for the Reds, the Pinks, the Blues and the Yellows.

It is undeniable that the political discontent that exists in this country is not a partisan discontent. Republicans and Democrats are subject to it. Socialists foster it, and radicals develop it, but the Republican Party and the Democratic Party have discontent within their organizations also, and it was with the idea of solidifying it for his own political purposes that Senator La Follette determined to be a third candidate, but carefully refrained from tying himself down to the leadership of a third party. He left that contingency to await the event. His idea was not to organize a third party to be in political competition with the old-line parties in this campaign, but to make this adventure in exploration and diagnosis to see whether a new party is feasible—a new party to be made up of recruits from the old parties and a unification of all the socialistic, radical and otherwise protesting citizenry.

It is impossible for any person to say what the inner thoughts of any other person are, but it is improbable that so old and experienced a politician as La Follette is deluded with the idea that his own election as President this year is a potentiality of the voting. He cannot think that. Hence, his motive in running for President must be one of three motives, as follows: What he really expects and hopes for is the enlargement of his radical-progressive bloc in the House of Representatives and the holding of his strength in the Senate in order that he may be more secure in his domination of Congress than he was during the latest session; or if he gets several million votes, then to step out and organize his new party; or if he secures a number of electoral votes, to use those votes to control the electoral college.

Women Calling at the Home of Senator Robert M. La Follette in Washington to Tell Him of Their Plans to Secure a Large Vote for Him in the Coming Election

Essentials of the La Follette Program

UNDER our system of electing a President the electors are bound by no law that compels them to vote for a certain man. Their implication is moral. It is held by many Constitutional lawyers that if La Follette, for example, gets thirty or forty, or ten, electoral votes, he can release those electors if he chooses, and they can vote for whom they will. Likewise, these Constitutionalists say that if Senator Wheeler, running for Vice President on the La Follette ticket, so desires he can release his electors, and they can vote for Bryan or Dawes in case the election goes to the Congress with the election of a Vice President entailed on the Senate. With this strength a skillful politician like La Follette might get a tremendous advantage for himself in case of the lack of a Coolidge or a Davis majority in the electoral college, where 266 votes, or a majority of the 531 votes of the college, are required for the election of a President.

However, the probabilities are that the real La Follette objective is the expansion and unification of his control of Congress, with which he will be in a position to exert a power over legislation far greater than if he were President; and it must not be forgotten that La Follette's longest-proved characteristic is his belief that all economic, political and social ills of the Government and the people can be cured by legislation.

Therefore, before going into the political situation throughout the country with reference to La Follette's presidential campaign, it may be useful to set down just what his legislative program is, as put forth in his platform. This, of course, is not his complete legislative program. La Follette's platform is a thoroughly political platform, shrewdly written and presented to attract every radical, every so-called progressive, every element of discontent in whatever walk of life, and just as shrewdly calculated not to scare any of the timid forward-lookers away. He has other legislative panaceas in reserve. This has been shown by bills he has introduced in the Senate, by measures he has advocated, and by speeches he has made.

His platform is no amateurish jumbling of fly-by-night reforms and ultraradicalisms. It is an exposition of the bed-rock essentials of his program, to be followed, no doubt, by endeavors to secure the ultraradicalisms in case he is successful at the polls. Senator La Follette is variously held to be a radical, a progressive, an idealist and a Socialist. Whatever he may be, there can be no dispute that he is a politician.

At that, any radical except the extreme communist can come in under his tent and find a seat that will warm him. And no pseudo progressive need stay outside for fear the seat he will find will burn him. Indeed, for La Follette's purposes it is a model platform. It is concise. It stresses essentials. It dodges expertly. It need not disgust a Red nor frighten a Pink, but it should cause every citizen who has a stake in the United States to think twice before voting for its author.

It is not necessary to quote the platform entire, nor to summarize it by planks, because various sections of it are so palpably political and demagogic. For example, the opening implication that our Government fosters monopoly, with no proof to support the statement, and the demand for free speech, free press and free assemblage when the harking back to 1917 will recall to all that our leniency in the matter of free speech, say, was most conspicuously illustrated in the case of Mr. La Follette himself. The paternalism in his program sticks out in the demand for the public ownership of all water power and public control of all natural resources, the raw things such as ore, timber and oil. Coupled with this is a lure for the laboring man in a suggestion for the promotion of public works in times of business depression, which is a modified plea for government support of the unemployed.

Panaceas That are Held in Reserve

HIS financial planks demand the retention of the high surtaxes, the restoration of excess-profits taxes, taxes on stock dividends, on profits distributed to escape taxes, increased inheritance taxes, repeal of excessive tariff duties and the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and the Federal Farm Loan systems in some manner not set forth. The farmers and the workers come in for their share of attention in the demands for laws to guarantee them the right to organize and bargain collectively, for the creation of a government marketing corporation to get higher prices for the producers and lower prices for the consumers, or, in other words, to repeal the law of supply and demand by legislative enactment, and establish a government market for our produce, which proposition should please the Socialists.

All those who loathe the railroads, and who have forgotten our experiences during the war with government-operated transportation systems, will welcome the demand in Plank 10 for government ownership of the railroads, and those who have quarrels with the courts will indorse the attack on the courts in Plank 11, with which is coupled a demand for the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes and of the power to punish for contempt without trial by jury. There is nothing in the platform about the well-known radical plan to nullify Federal-court decisions, including those of the United States Supreme Court, by congressional action, nor about the recall of judges. As has been stated, Mr. La Follette is a politician as well as a progressive. Those ideas are held in reserve.

Thus it will be seen that while Senator La Follette discloses

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Chiefs of Twelve Big Labor Unions and Representatives of the American Federation of Labor Meeting With Senator Robert M. La Follette

SPEED

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Willetta Drove Twenty Miles to a Barn Dance and Ended in a Smash Against a Telephone Pole"

SAM WHIPPLE had never in twenty years allowed anyone but himself to put the store to bed, and he now stood with his desk keys in his hand, taking one final look around. In this quiet last moment he always drew a long breath and expelled it contentedly.

His eyes traveled slowly over the shining and ordered stock. A consignment of new lawn mowers and garden implements had recently come in, and Henry Mullet, his head clerk, had made a window display of them. Henry had unleashed his imagination and toiled passionately all one evening. Sam Whipple now stepped through the open front door and regarded the results with a critical eye. Henry had made out of the window a garden, set with pots of geranium, amidst which were scattered trowels, dibbles, spades and hoes. There was a length of Whipple's wire fencing at the back, and a real gate. And as if to hint at the worm i' the bud, amidst the flowers were placed four different kinds of sprayers and weeders, with cans of insecticides, Bordeaux mixtures, hellebores and magotites. There was a lawn swing beyond the fence.

Sam Whipple felt a trifle sheepish before this window, as before some too demonstrative gesture, and yet it pleased a remnant of the unsquelched boy within him. He went inside the store and set the gate a trifle ajar. It made the whole thing more inviting somehow.

Then once more he cast a careful glance about the place. Little crow's-feet of shrewdness and affection came as usual about his eyes; a deep satisfaction stole over his spirit. It was the largest, best stocked, best run hardware store in a city where there was much competition. And it had all grown from the hands of three generations: Sam's grandfather—a pioneer when this Indiana city was a raw village, Sam's father and Sam himself. Other fruits of their labors were a thriving lumberyard and many parcels of real estate, all growing in value.

But this store was Sam's pet. He often thought of it as a monument to his father, and on each of the large plate-glass windows he had retained the old name, Whipple & Son, though his father had been dead many years. When a new traveling man said to him "Are you the father or the son, Mr. Whipple?" he always chuckled and replied, "Well, I'm both. I was the son, but now I've got one of my own. Yes, sir, he's seventeen, going on eighteen. He'll be the son in the firm pretty soon now."

He drew and expelled another breath of satisfaction and, stepping outside again, started to close the door.

But something seemed to tug him back. He tried to think whether he had forgotten anything; was there something Mary had asked him to bring home from the store? No, the flower seeds and the screen for the laundry window he had taken home with him last night. Then what —— Oh, thunder, the letter!

He went back again into the store, and this time the firm, cheerful muscles of his middle-aged face sagged a bit. He'd forgotten the letter completely for several days in the pleasurable excitements of new stock arriving, and now he was not quite certain whether to take it home and show it to his wife or not.

He went back to his glazed office in the rear of the store. As he moved down the aisle bright lances of light darted out at him from blue steel and nickel and silver plate and copper. They seemed to hurt his eyes, and he passed his hand across his forehead. He was aware all at once that he was tired and that something heavy and perplexed had lain at the back of his head for several weeks; something he had not cared to discuss with Mary.

From his private file he took a single typewritten page. At the top was the name of a preparatory school for boys. He did not want to read it again, but his eye glanced at it in spite of himself.

"*Dear Sir:* In regard to your request for a report on your son's progress during the term now finished, I would say that his accomplishment during this year has been somewhat below that of the average pupil of his age. I would not say that this is because of any lack of ability on his part, for when he chooses he can do almost brilliantly well. But he brings down his average by frequent lapses into a state of lassitude, in which he will not study. In fact, in one of these moods he can only with difficulty be persuaded to do anything but play upon any musical instrument he can beg or borrow. Obeying your instructions, we took away from him the ukulele he bought with his pocket money and the piccolo he had when he arrived; but, frankly, he does not seem to have responded at all to our usually successful methods of stimulating the ambition. Some means we have ourselves not been able to discover will have to be used to arouse his interest in an education ——"

At this point Sam Whipple heard himself utter a faint groan. Some means the experts had not been able to discover! What were they! Blest if he knew! What did you do with a boy who had no ambition to go to college, who had no interest in the hardware business, who never, apparently, awakened until he was behind the wheel of a motor car or coaxing jazz out of some unusual instrument? Blest if he knew! He sighed, folded the letter, put it in his pocket and walked slowly out through the store again.

Onto his shoulders the bright stoves, the green-painted garden implements, the hundreds of pounds of screws, nails, tools seemed to settle heavily. It was in this instant that the first faint doubt of the future crept into his heart. What if that son in the firm name was taking things a bit too much for granted?

In Sam Whipple's eyes a perplexity and a weariness gathered. He realized for perhaps the first time in his life that he had worked exceedingly hard for nearly thirty years; and he was middle-aged. He admitted it with a slight shock of wonder. He had never thought much about it, but now he recognized that he had always thought of himself as youngish—seasoned, of course, but still with the sap flowing vigorously through him—and old age, even middle age, a long, misty way off.

Sam Whipple came out of his store that evening with an expression on his face different from the contented one he usually wore. Instead of stepping briskly along Mercer Street as if eager to get home, he walked with an absent-minded heaviness. And when he came to Corcoran's drug store he did not stop for the usual exchange of banter with his life-long friend, Lije Corcoran. He waved a hand at

"I Don't Know What it is You Need, But I'll Bet You've Never Had It. You Look Like a Good Sport, But You're Not Acting Like One"

Lije, behind his plate-glass window, but he went on past, with a sense of Lije's unreality, of the unimportance of Lije and the news of the day.

He turned into the maple-shaded reaches of Palmer Avenue and from sheer force of habit his pace quickened. For twenty years he had been quickening his pace as he turned into this street, for halfway down it was home, and he loved to go home. For twenty years he had vibrated between the store and the house. Of a morning, when he turned into Mercer Street and the store came in sight, he always quickened his step, for there was enshrined something he had created and loved and was proud of. And at night, when the house came in sight, he stepped eagerly, for there was the very core of his heart, his rooftree and Mary; his children, too, of course. His feet lagged. For suddenly a curious thought came to him—he loved his children, and he was afraid of them.

He took hold of this thought and turned it over gingerly in his mind. It gave him a cloudy sensation of fright and of anger. By Henry, things had come to a pretty pass when a man—when a man didn't know his own children. Ah, that was it! He was not acquainted with them, not with the inside of them.

An astounding conviction came to him that he had not the slightest idea what they would do next. He did not even know what they wanted to do next or how he could stop whatever they chose to do next.

A sort of bewildered terror stabbed through him. Then it passed and truculence took its place. By Henry, the thing to do was to be firm, to stop this modern nonsense, to show the kids just where they got off with their parents! He'd begin that very evening by telling Richard he had to be tutored this summer. And as for his daughter Wiletta ——

He rounded the corner of the hedge and turned in where the walk ran its neat concrete length alongside the drive. Wiletta had wanted flagstones with grass growing untidily between, but he had replied that he was no chamois, to leap from stone to stone, no matter what the style. That was one of her radical ideas, and he was glad now that he had resisted it. He held his stomach in and set his heels down firmly upon the concrete walk. A little more of the iron hand was what his family needed.

So intent was he upon the details of this new conception of himself that he walked straight into an exceedingly pretty obstacle in pale green chiffon and silver slippers. The obstacle stood still in smiling silence and allowed herself to be walked into, whereupon she cried "Hi! Watch your step, dads!" and wrapped two beautifully perfumed and powdered arms about his shoulders.

He disentangled himself and stood off from his daughter Wiletta, called by her intimates Bill. His nostrils were full of the smell of her—perfume from a bottle and the more subtle perfume of youth. Truculence came back upon him, inflamed by the sight of her lips, which all at once startled and revolted him.

"Wiletta," he cried sternly, "what is that stuff on your mouth?"

She looked at him with her candid and careless eyes, mildly surprised.

"Corcoran's best. Fifty cents a stick. Tricky, what?"

"It's abominable, disgusting. You go back in the house and wash it off this minute!"

There was no doubt that Wiletta was astonished. She put her head a bit on one side and studied her father intently. And inasmuch as she was nearly as tall as he was, she was not obliged to look up at him, which heightened her effect of scientific scrutiny.

"How do you get that way, dads?" she inquired, still mildly.

"Don't you use slang on me, Wiletta. Where you going, anyway? Why don't you stay home and—and help your mother?"

"Oh, mother doesn't need me, dads. She's got Sarah."

"But why don't you stay home once in a while anyway?"

"Stay home?" She regarded him now with the frankest curiosity. "What's eating you, dads? Why should I stay home when there's something doing outside? What would I do if I stayed home?"

"You could be company for your mother, I guess."

He said it sternly, but he was aware of an inadequacy somewhere. What clear, cool eyes his daughter had, like the eyes of a judge. They crinkled almost shut as he gazed into them. His sternness only amused her. She took him by the lapels of his coat and shook him gayly.

"Dads, you're a scream. You know very well mother never needs company when she has you."

He disengaged himself and stood away from her. He became aware of her, perhaps for the first time since she was born. It seemed to him that the last time he saw her she was a long-legged girl who hated to have her ears washed, with the reputation of having licked every boy of her age in the block. In those days she loved nothing better than the hours after school when he let her follow him about the store. Up to the time she was fourteen she had declared vehemently she was going into partnership with her father when she grew up. Then she had ceased to say it, because she was laughed at. At seventeen she had rebelled at boarding school. She had several freakish ideas. She wanted to go to business school; she wanted to be an architect; she wanted, she said, to do something with pep in it. But that, Sam said, was just this modern nonsense. He had set his foot down, and to boarding school she had gone.

Standing there, he had a curious sense that between that time and this moment Wiletta had disappeared into some world where his imagination could not follow her. Whatever had happened to her during that time had changed her bewilderingly. She had always seemed to him rather a homely little girl, with a large mouth and eager, bright eyes, more like a boy even than her brother. But now she was of the very essence of femininity. Her mouth had mysteriously grown smaller, her disastrous energy was hidden under a cool languor, and the eagerness of her eyes was veiled. There was no doubt about it; he had become the father of something beautiful and mysterious and terrifying.

In the street a motor car passed slowly, its driver craning his neck to look over the hedge. Sam Whipple was conscious merely of a glittering green blur sliding past under the maples, but it was plain that Wiletta had missed nothing. Every atom of her seemed to come to life, her eyes dilated for an instant with uncontrollable excitement. Over her face there passed something that frightened Sam Whipple; a quiver of fear, or dread, that for the instant it lasted made Wiletta's face pathetic.

"So long, dads. I've got to fly. Late now."

She caught the fleecy coat up about her throat and spun around upon one silver heel. Sea-green chiffon spumed out below the hem of the white wrap.

"Wiletta!" He heard the command with some surprise at his own courage. "You don't go a step out of this yard until you take that red stuff off your lips!"

She stopped short, staring at him while storm clouds gathered swiftly in her eyes. "Oh, dads, don't be ri-dic-u-lous!"

"You take that stuff off your lips!" He repeated it doggedly, with a sinking sensation under his belt. If she refused how could he make her? He couldn't.

But Wiletta saved him from his own rashness. With a glance at him of smiling contempt, she drew a sparkling vanity case from the pocket of her coat, opened it, and looking at herself in the mirror, she wiped the scarlet line of her lips with a corner of her handkerchief.

"You see, they're almost as devilish without it," she murmured shamelessly, and dropped the vanity case back into her pocket.

Their eyes met and the silence was hostile. But all at once Wiletta cast herself upon him. Surprisingly she clung to him with a gesture as convulsive as that of a child. His arms of their own accord went about her and he felt a shiver of some emotion he had not the dimmest understanding of go through her slender body.

"Oh, dads, don't you go back on me!" she whispered. "Life's mixed up enough without that."

He watched her flash out of the gateway. Her bright head above the hedge had an air of hastening breathlessly forward, eager and thirsty. But suddenly he saw her slacken her pace; she seemed to shroud her eagerness in indifference like a cloak. And between the branches of two blue spruces in a corner of the lawn he made out a green car slowly trundling up to the curb. He heard the slam of the car door and the shifting of gears. The car did not pass the house, but turned and sped off toward Ryder Boulevard and the country club.

"Now who's that fellow?" he thought. "And why didn't he drive in? Oh, lordy! How's a man to know what to do? Children are so different from what they were when I was young. No respect, no sense of responsibility —— I must talk with Mary about it."

And as if there were some magic potency in that name, at once he felt less troubled. Mary. He turned toward

his house again with a sigh of relief. For more than twenty years he had talked things over with Mary and the burden of the moment had always grown lighter. Even when Mary had no especial remedy to offer, it was the same. The deep and wordless love they had for each other had created a sort of fortress about them. They had only to talk things over, or even to be together, to open the door into this invisible citadel. Their marriage was that rare thing, a genuine union.

Sam Whipple looked up at his house and his feeling for it partook of the character of his feeling for Mary. It was his citadel; he and Mary had built it together. They had tended it and planted about it the somewhat old-fashioned shrubs which had now a tendency to darken the windows and overshade the lawn. Having been built toward the end of the most pretentious and least genuine period of our architectural adolescence, the house had a round tower at one corner, a narrow, inhospitable veranda darkening its rooms on two sides, a spidery, wooden porte-cochère sprawled out at one side. Its windows were tall and narrow; in the dining room the window over the sideboard had a border of stained glass, which at breakfast threw little squares of amethyst and scarlet and green alongside the bar of sunlight over the griddlecakes and oranges on the table. Sam and Mary Whipple were still loyal to this window, though their daughter declared that it gave her the willies.

But lately she had grown indifferent to everything about the house. That was another grievance Sam Whipple recalled now as he opened the screen door and stepped into the hall. You slaved to give your children a fine home and they didn't care any more about it than if it was a dog kennel; made fun of it, if anything. He began to feel sore and savage. He lifted up his voice and it roared up the stairs past the black-walnut newel post, on which stood a bronze lady, heavily draped, holding a frosted globe.

"Mary!"

"Yes, Sam. I'm up here, in Willy's room. Don't roar."

He felt better then. He climbed the stairs cheerfully, sliding a hand affectionately along the polished rail. It seemed to him only yesterday that he and Mary had watched the house being built twenty-two years before.

But as he rounded the head of the stairway into the upper hall something disturbed his growing tranquillity. The air seemed to beat and quiver with overlapping waves of sound. They seeped out from a closed door at the farther end of the hall, and as Sam Whipple paused they lapped about him, rising higher, wave after wave of amazing sound; cuddling, curdled sound of a weird melancholy.

After an instant of annoyed listening Sam Whipple strode down the hall and flung open the door. His son and heir sat on the bed, holding to his lips a curved instrument from which these sounds emanated. His brow was furrowed, his eyes ecstatic, he was lost, drowned, narcotized in an exquisite satisfaction. He swayed to his own rhythm, holding his elbows wide, now and then shaking the serpentine instrument in a tremolo of delight.

The sounds that he produced were barbaric and heathenish, tropical and utterly out of keeping with the black-walnut stair rail, the colored-glass window, the griddlecakes of this house. They outraged Sam Whipple extraordinarily.

"Where'n Sam Hill did you get that cussed thing?" he barked.

The young man came back with difficulty from his far lotus land. He looked reproachfully at his father over one shoulder; his straw-colored hair stood up as if it, too, had known transports. He caressed the gluttonous curve of the sensuous instrument.

"I always knew I could play a saxophone," he murmured. "Just gimme a day or two more ——"

"You haven't bought that damn thing?"

"No," sighed Richard; "I borrowed it off Red. His father likes music."

He blew a note or two. Waxen petals on the sluggish bosom of a jungle stream; pure-white lotus flowers rising and falling at the edge of the Nile; goats dancing on hind legs; ebony feet syncopating in a hot bazaar. Richard's eyes glazed with rapture.

"Nothin' to it," he whispered happily. "Gimme time and I'll blow the wickedest saxophone in this town—in this state—in the world."

"Humph! A fine ambition, that!" Sam Whipple sneered. "A long way that'll get you. Now look here, Rick, I don't want to hear that thing again tonight. You take it straight back to Red. His father may like music, but he ain't got an atom of sense if he lets his son waste his time that way. Lucky for you I'm not that kind. Now you start. You'll have time before supper if you step lively."

"Aw, father! Why, I've only just got it —— Aw, have a heart, dad! Red'll only let me have it until tomorrow night anyway. I'll play it out in the garage. I'll ——"

"You take that thing straight back!"

Sam Whipple closed the door somewhat hastily. But not hastily enough to avoid the stricken eyes of his son. And just as he closed the door he saw Richard's head droop sullenly over the instrument.

Sam Whipple strode down the hall, bewildered by his own discomfort. Hang it all, a man had to be firm! Trouble was, he never had been firm enough. He and Mary had taken it for granted that their children would have as much sense as they had had when they were young. But they were mistaken. Their children bore no resemblance to what their parents had been at the same age; in fact, they appeared to be creatures of quite another world. Aliens, that's what they were.

Sam Whipple felt this word as if it had been a blow. He stood still an instant considering it, and standing there in the upper hall of his own castle, with his own neat lawn and shrubbery spread before him, and his own black-walnut stair winding down into the gathering twilight of his own dignified lower hall, he was visited by an amazing conviction of the complete futility of houses and hardware stores.

He felt the heretical absurdity of this conviction, but nevertheless it had blown in and out of his brain, and he would never be quite the same again.

Slowly he walked toward the open door of his daughter's room. It was the best bedroom in the house, naturally. They had done it over while Wiletta was in her last year at school; a shining brass bed and rose-colored hangings. Mary had stitched away so happily for weeks. But Wiletta had not appeared grateful. She had said frankly that no one used brass beds any more, and couldn't she paint some furniture? When she saw that she was hurting her mother she had conceded the brass bed, but she had covered its head and footboard with black-and-orange taffeta and dyed the hangings to match. Outlandish, it appeared to him. He liked a girl's room to be pink and blue.

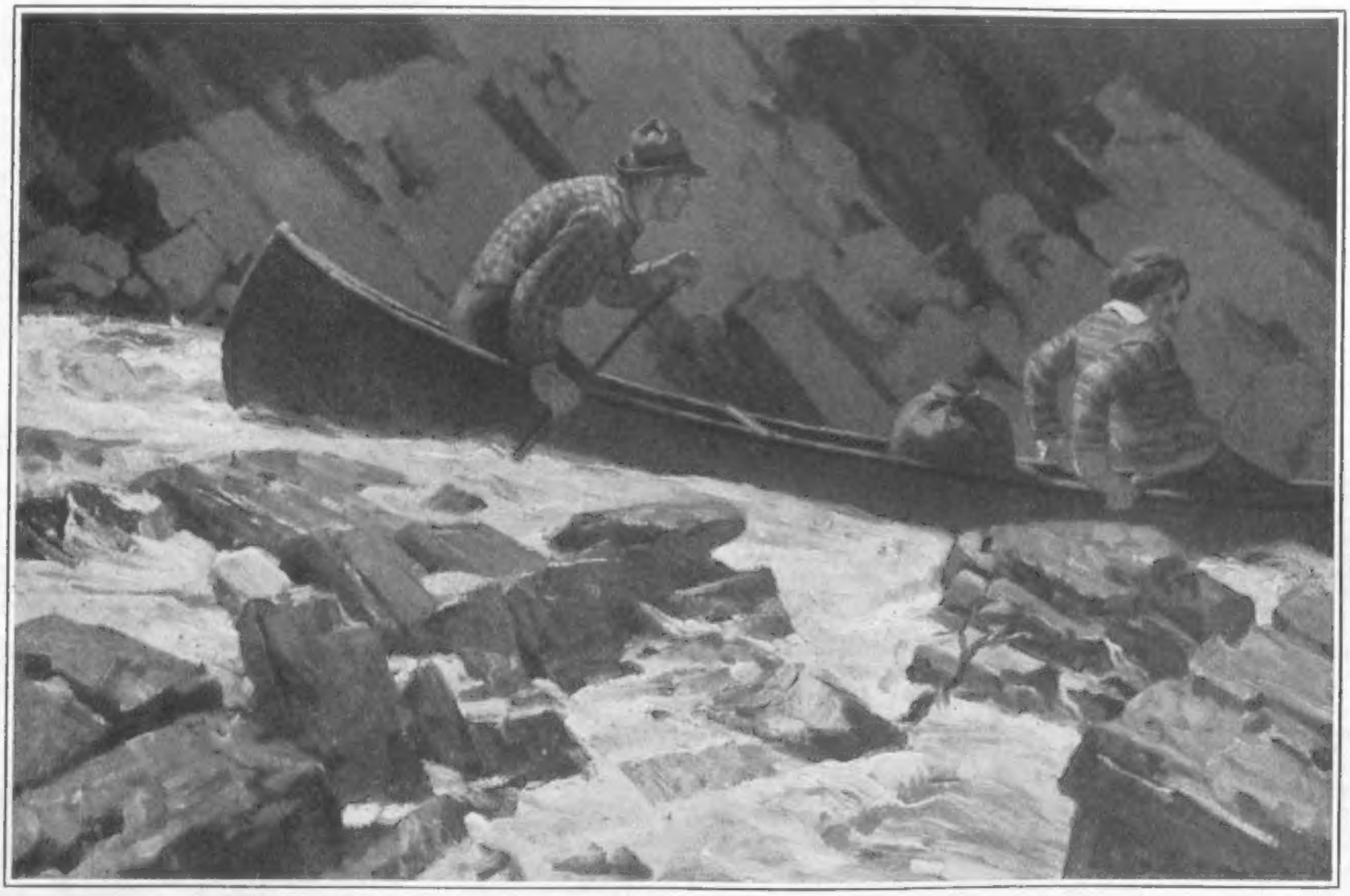
When he looked in the door he saw that Mary was putting away various garments that were strewn about the room. She stood looking down at a scarlet sweater, and at once a new keenness of vision told him that something was troubling Mary. When she looked up with a start he saw that she held a piece of paper half crumpled in her hand. She immediately hid it under a scarlet fold and turned away.

"I'll be down right away, Sam," she said. "Supper will be ready in a minute. I just want to hang up these things."

There was no avoiding it—her eyes looked as if she had been crying. *(Continued on Page 116)*

"Mother, Don't Try to Get at Me That Way. We Weren't Killed. And I Haven't Done Anything I'm Ashamed of, I Haven't!" "Huh! Well, You've Done Something We're Ashamed of," Barked Sam, Recovering

THE MISSING ATTRIBUTE



It Seemed to Lucy an Interminable Moment That They Hung There, as Though Pondering the Decision

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE plan was Lucy's, and deliberate. "You know, Aunt Fanny, I've always said it was the only way to be sure," she reminded the older woman.

"You might do well to remember," Aunt Fanny warned her, "that if you and Dean do marry, you won't live in the woods. You'll live in Chestnut Hill. The virtues native to one locality, and desirable there, may not be so appropriate to the other."

Lucy smiled. "You sound exactly the way our logic professor used to sound," she protested. "'On the one hand, young ladies—but on the other ——' I believe you're afraid Dean won't—shine."

"I shall be surprised if he does," Aunt Fanny confessed, almost with satisfaction. "He is, against his natural background, a perfectly adequate and rather charming young man. It isn't fair to ask more of any man."

Lucy's brows contracted thoughtfully and she leaned forward, clasping her hands across her knee.

"I don't think that's so," she protested. "I think I have a right to expect Dean to be adequate to any situation. Even if he isn't always charming."

"If you expect to find Dean's disposition flawless you might as well spare yourself the trouble of this—enterprise," the other commented.

Lucy shook her head. "I don't expect that," she replied. Then she laughed softly. "But I do want to see what he's like before he has shaved; and whether using cold water makes him swear; and how he acts when his feet are wet and his blankets are soggy and he's miserable and uncomfortable and the mosquitoes are biting him."

"If he can stand the mosquitoes he ought to be able to endure you," Aunt Fanny agreed, moving her shoulders in a gesture of resignation. "I suppose it's part of your plan that Jack Fryor will be there," she asked, with a sidewise glance at her niece.

"Doesn't he always have charge of the camp in summer?"

"I sometimes let him off if he has a good chance to guide other parties. Unless we need him he doesn't have to be there all the time."

"He's a part of the background," Lucy said. "It wouldn't seem natural without him. But, of course, we'll need two or three other guides, to go down to Fishkill Lake. I wanted us to stay two or three days at Bowlders, to give Dean a chance to get used to things. Then take canoes and go down to Fishkill. A week down and back, and three or four days more at Bowlders before starting home."

"That's a pretty hard trip," Aunt Fanny remarked. "Especially if you're not used to the woods. And Jack—even though he is a good guide—has a way of making novices pretty uncomfortable. He'll consider Dean fair game."

"Dean ought to be able to stand a little ragging," Lucy retorted.

"After all," the older woman ironically suggested, "if you merely want a first-rate woodsman for a husband you might as well marry Jack and be done with it."

But Lucy seemed to perceive no irony. "I've often thought I might," she soberly agreed.

Dean Ward seemed entirely unsuspicious of any design behind Lucy's invitation to go up to Bowlders with her aunt and herself for the fortnight vacation which he permitted himself to take. Being unsuspicious, he saw no reason to dissemble his distaste for the project. An only son, and born under a considerable physical handicap, his life had been scientifically sheltered; his muscular education had been acquired in a gymnasium and a swimming pool, and he had been carefully protected from the inclemencies of cold and rain. That he should love Lucy Marner was not surprising. Others had professed, with some ardor, the same emotion; but that she should even in a doubtful degree reciprocate was less natural. They were in so many ways the antithesis of each other. She played a vigorous and forceful game of tennis; he administered handball to himself in carefully calculated dosage. Her golf was sound; he never touched a club. She swam as sturdily as a strong man, in any waters; he found that anything except the tepid warmth of a tank produced a violent chill which penetrated to his very marrow and raised goose flesh on his arms and legs. He had only one accomplishment; he danced rather well, and perhaps this was the quality which attracted her. There is a definite spiritual parallel between the process of dancing together and the process of living together. Some women, in this relation, dominate the proceedings, compelling their partners to this turn or that; others lend themselves so completely to the will of the man whose arm encircles them that they seem to anticipate his movements. Even the most unskillful man, dancing with such a woman, has a pleasant delusion that he is at the helm, controlling the situation. By the same token even the most skillful, dancing with a partner of more domineering mind, finds himself harried this way and that and emerges from the encounter irritated and perspiring.

The art of the dance, like the art of matrimony, is to dance without seeming to do so; or to yield to direction without making that submission too apparent. When Lucy danced with Dean she had a pleasant feeling that she was doing exactly as she chose to do—until she sought, from an experimental curiosity, to introduce some novelty. At such moments she always found herself compelled to more conventional ways, yet so subtly that it was rather as though she had changed her own intention than as though he had forced the change. It is a close question whether a woman would rather have her own way or suffer the imposition of another's will. Lucy, who usually dominated her relations with others, found an astonishing and thrilling pleasure in being dominated in the dance by Dean.

She liked also his honesty. Thus, since the proposed vacation at Bowlders was distasteful to him, he said as much straightforwardly. "I don't know anything about the woods," he protested. "I know you like that sort of thing, Lucy, but I'm not used to it. I'm a house dog. A good deal like one of these spaniels women dandle on their knees. All right in my way, but my place is in the home."

She laughed softly. "Guaranteed to stand without hitching, and sit by the fire and spin," she added mischievously. "But that's just the point, Dean. You'll like the other when you get used to it. Sally Day took her little Pom up to Bowlders last year, and before he'd been there two weeks he'd swim out from the pier and retrieve the most enormous sticks that we threw for him. Of course it made him rather arrogant afterward; but Sally declared she never had fully appreciated him before."

He said uncomfortably, "Lord knows I want you to appreciate me, Lucy. But I'm afraid I wouldn't measure up to the Pom."

She touched his hand reassuringly. "For a person with a sense of humor you've a surprisingly poor opinion of yourself, Dean. Don't the two things usually go together?"

He sat very still so that she might not be startled into taking her hand away. "I'm not overly modest," he protested. "I'll back myself readily enough in my own sort of race, but I've never tried this other thing, and it doesn't appeal to me."

She said gravely, "I want you to come, Dean. I like you well enough so that—I want to know you better. And the woods, camping, fishing—these things are a part of my life. They're my old friends. I want you to know these friends of mine. There'll be just Aunt Fanny and you and me."

He looked at her hesitantly, then suggested, "You ought to know that arrangement will make people take things for granted."

She smiled faintly. "Does that frighten you?"

"You know better than that. But I don't want you to find yourself—more or less forced into anything."

"You're a nice boy, Dean," she assured him, sudden warmth in her low tones. "I'm not at all sure that what they will think isn't true." Before he could speak she added quickly, "You'll come, won't you?"

He said reluctantly, "I can't do less. If I pick up one of my rotten colds and you and Miss Marner have to nurse me through it, don't say you weren't warned."

"People don't catch cold in the woods," she assured him. "And after you've tried it once you'll never have to be urged again."

In the end, reluctantly enough, he consented. But she told Aunt Fanny that night that she had misgivings.

"He's so darned nice, it's almost brutal of me," she confessed. "But he may like it, you know."

"If he is wise and brave he'll jump through the hoop for you, and then leave you very much to yourself afterward," the other warned.

Lucy smiled confidently. "I'm not afraid of that," she declared.

They came to Bowlders on a day when the wind was easterly and laden with a spitting rain. Jack Fryor and the other guides had met them at the railroad with canoes; they traveled from midforenoon till early dusk, and during the latter part of the journey the spit of rain became a drizzle, and the chill wind acquired a cutting edge. Fryor had taken Lucy in his own canoe. The guide was a young man with some reputation among those of his own craft; and it was natural enough that he should take pleasure in giving evidence of his skill. So instead of keeping the easy three-mile-an-hour pace which the others struck, he drew slowly ahead of them; and when it began to rain Lucy took the bow paddle for the sake of keeping warm.

He Was Shouting Something Indistinguishable

They arrived at Bowlders half an hour ahead of the other canoes; and Lucy had time to get into dry garments and present herself warmly clad and comfortable when her aunt and Dean came, damp and chilled, up the path from the wharf. Fryor, water clinging in little beads to the rough fabric of his woolen garments, brought up their luggage. Dean, his nose red and his eyes watery, came into the big living room, went straight to the fire, spread his hands before it, and sneezed.

Lucy Marner had been accustomed all her life to such experiences as this wetting. She found them stimulating; and quite unconsciously she armored herself against the assaults of wind and weather. When Dean sneezed she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Caught cold, Dean? You should have paddled, kept warm."

Dean nodded and smiled ruefully. "Tried it," he assented. "But the guide seemed to be afraid I'd tip the canoe over. However, I'm quite all right. Just a little wood smoke in my nose."

Aunt Fanny snorted scornfully. "Wood smoke! You're not properly dressed. You're wet to the skin, and I'm going to put you to bed with a mustard plaster."

"Oh, take a hot bath and a good drink and you'll be all right, Dean," Lucy urged.

"If you can give me a bit of cooking chocolate I'd prefer it," he suggested mildly. "Much better than alcohol as a stimulant, I find. That is, for myself, of course. But really, you're taking too much trouble about me. I'm quite all right, you may be sure."

"Jack and I are going over to the mouth of the brook to pick up some trout while you're dressing," Lucy remarked carelessly. "You'll find everything in your room, Dean. I'll see you by and by."

"It's still raining," Dean suggested warily. "Shouldn't suppose you'd care for another wetting."

"I'm dressed for it," she replied. "And the trout rise in the rain." She was selecting flies, rigging her rod, tying one of the leaders Fryor had put to soak the night before. "I'll be back in half an hour," she told them, and went out on the veranda.

Fryor came around the house from the rear, and they went toward the canoes together.

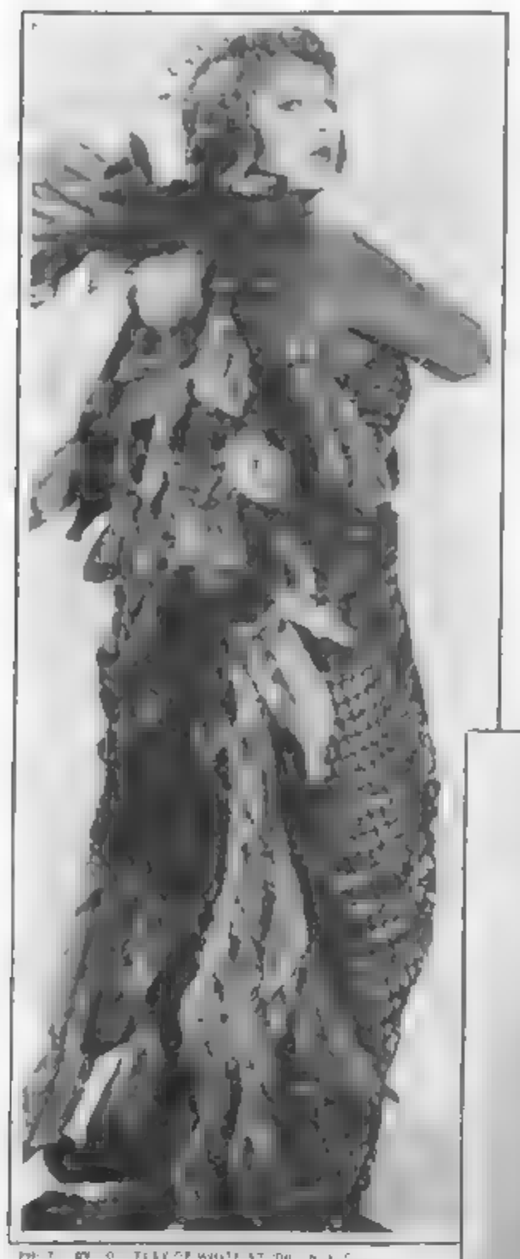
Dean, shivering uncontrollably, watched them go down toward the wharf, then caught Aunt Fanny's eye and grinned miserably.

"I'll get into dry clothes," he suggested.

(Continued on Page 101)

"Breakfast be Ready in a Minute Now, if You Want to Wash Up"

A PLAY READER TALKS SHOP



Florence Reed as the Slave in a Recent Broadway Production

BEFORE these paragraphs appear before a palpitant public a new theatrical season will have limped into its stride. At the present moment—late August—scores of new plays are in rehearsal or are being pruned and polished between performances in Allentown, Erie and other one-nighters whose welkins ring with the anguished wails of despairing and distracted stage directors

After Labor Day a stream of these plays will come pouring into the New York theaters. About one in four will linger more than a month or two. Thankful to escape the ribald jeers of the critics, several plays will welcome the dark silences and fireproof walls of Cain's warehouse after a brief week among the bright lights. As the weak sisters among the new plays languish and faint for lack of financial nourishment, other plays will be brought in blithely for the public to push toward glory or the grave.

At least one of these plays, roasted unanimously by the typewriters of the critics, will remain on and on and on, a sell-out for the season, the box-office bonanza of the year. Abie's Irish Rose will enter its fourth year on Broadway, still thumbing its nose and playing to capacity.

Two questions and the answers thereto are pertinent and timely during these try-it-out-on-the-dog days. Where do all the new plays come from every year? And—by what weird process are plays selected for production?

The Process of Selecting Plays

BEFORE delving into these questions it should be stated that into the offices of New York theatrical producers and play brokers come plays from all over the universe; bales and bales of them. It is manifestly impossible for the managers to read even a small percentage of these manuscripts. Hence the raison d'être of the professional play reader, a publicity-shy bird of marvelous secretiveness, usually recognizable by a pair of thick-lensed spectacles and a disposition given to despondency.

It is the play reader's task to read the plays submitted to his boss, to reject those manuscripts he deems lacking in the elements of popular success, to report on those scripts which appear to him to be capable of being revised or rewritten into a success and—but this, oh, so rarely—to recommend for production such plays as in his judgment will be worth real money at his boss' box office. In short, it is the play reader's lot to sift the mass of manuscripts dumped daily on his desk through the sieve of his experienced judgment, passing through for his employer's consideration only those plays which evidence the necessary qualities for financial profit.

In the pursuit of this profession—and hits for my bosses—I have read more than seventeen thousand new plays. Perhaps that statement should be amended to read—the manuscripts of more than seventeen thousand alleged plays. At one time or another I have labored in the reading departments of Daniel Frohman, Cohan and Harris, George C. Tyler and the Selwyn Office.

It will undoubtedly shock the ambitious novice at play authorship to hear that of those seventeen thousand scripts that have come up for my consideration I have recommended for production less than one hundred and seventy!

The justification for this hard-boiled ruthlessness is found in my fifteen-year record as a play reader. No play I have ever recommended for production has proved a failure when and if produced. No play I have adjudged lacking in sufficient public appeal has ever been a success when later produced. In sportier phrase, I have never picked a loser or overlooked a winner. Of course luck has been right in my pocket on several occasions, as will appear later in this narrative.

Mary Boland, Starring in "Meet the Wife"

Where have the seventeen thousand alleged dramas come from? Actually from every highway and byway of the semiliterate world. I read a play some months ago that was begun on a typewriter set on a table in the cabin of a ship frozen in the ice of the Arctic Sea. More about this particularly congealed drama later. Neither age, sex, creed, color nor previous condition of sanity is any bar to writing a play. All sorts of manuscripts in all sorts of forms by all sorts of people in all sorts of places are dumped on the reader's desk. None but typewritten scripts are ever read, but even those come wrapped in as many ways as there are to wrap up anything—in envelopes, tissue paper, butcher's paper, tied with thread, string, cord and—so help me—prettied up with pink silk ribbon.

The proper method of binding the pages of a play is by means of paper fasteners put through the left-hand margin—bookwise—and the entire play bound inside of one cover, to keep it in one piece, thus insuring against the important second act being lost in the shuffle. But authors like to be original. Scripts come bound across the top, the bottom or the pages not fastened together at all. With stationery stores full of eight and a half by eleven inch typewriter-size paper, they go snooping about for odd sizes, inconvenient to handle. Some play readers I know claim they can tell the value of a script by its wrapping and appearance. Which claim nearly got one of them in trouble some years ago.

A play came to this reader on odd-size paper bound tightly across the top of the pages, an awkward and wearisome binding to handle while reading. Feeling that an author who would send in that sort of script could not know very much about show business, the reader tossed it aside. Some hunch finally urged said reader to read the first act anyway. That hunch resulted in finding Edward Sheldon's Salvation Nell, the hit play of its season.

And the things authors write about! An Oklahoma farmer's wife, with a lot of time on her calloused hands since pa leased the south pasture to the oil company, gratifies her life's secret desire by writing a play about New York society people. His imagination fired by a motion picture taken in the wide open spaces contiguous to Hollywood, Chester McFoodle, the earnest soda jerker in Sweeny's Sweet Shop, Decatur, Illinois, feverishly starts penning a melodrama entitled In the Australian Bushes.

Those Good Old Familiar Plots

OVER and over again in the plays I have read, by both experienced and amateur playwrights, recur the following themes:

First, the Lost and Found theme. You know it—the baby separated, almost any old way, from its parents in infancy, wandering through life alone, and ultimately finding gray-haired mother weeping on top of the furniture a sheriff has just heaved into the alley. Less sobby-minded authors substitute bonds or "the papers" for the baby in playing with this theme.

Second, the Woman With a Past. This theme is justly popular with young playwrights, especially unmarried ones, because it offers a choice of two developments. If the woman with a past tells all to the man she's going to marry before she gets his ring on—the poor silly prune!—naturally there'll be trouble, y' see? If she does not bare her shame before wedding, then husband is going to find out about it later. Naturally he's going to ask her how come? Opinion among authors seems to be about equally divided as to where the trouble will do the most good—before or after.

Third, Marriage for Love or Money. This theme can be imposed on any sex or social station, and may be developed with a cast of four characters:

W, parent or guardian; no good, or maybe in financial straits.

X, young adolescent—male or female—poor but pure.

Jeanne Eagels, the Star of "Rain." At Right—a Recent Photograph of Avery Hopwood

PHOTO. BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC INC., N. Y. C.

Y, another young adolescent—female or male or whatever X isn't—neither poor nor necessarily pure.

Z, third young adolescent in love with and loved by X.

With that to start with, only two things can happen; either X marries Y for his—or

(Continued on Page 159)

WORDS WITH MUSIC

By Earl Chapin May

WHEN Walt Whitman wrote "I see America go singing to her destiny" he may not have had the popular song in mind, for prior to the great poet's death in 1892 the million-copy seller had not arrived. But many such sellers have flourished and faded since Whitman passed on. Producers of ultra-popular ditties have risen and fallen.

The fallen are now in the great majority. Today 20,000 song writers and twenty great song publishing houses are suffering from relapse. They see the country going to the dogs. Only the optimistic among the bards of old Tin Pan Alley believe their once great industry can survive. Motor cars, jazz parlors and radio stations have muted the words and music that kept the nation humming for generations.

Songwriters and Their Representatives at Washington in Connection With Recent Hearings on the Dill Bill

Yet there is hope for return to the good old times and tunes. The hope rests on what old song masters term heart interest. "Sentiment," they declare, "can never die, and neither can the sentimental song. We have always been a sentimental people. The popular song will come back if it has heart interest."

Have we, notorious for our dollar chasing, really a heart? And will the popular song again come into its own? These are questions feelingly debated in circles whence came After the Ball, Silver Threads Among the Gold, My Old Kentucky Home, Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie, and When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear. In spite of dire distress among our verse and tune writers, the stricken ayes seem to have it. Let us listen to their tale of woe.

The Golden Age of Song

OUR early popular songs were based on patriotism, and its half-brother, politics. The Star-Spangled Banner sprang from the War of 1812. Home, Sweet Home followed in 1823. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean was written in 1843. Two outgrowths of our Civil War were John Brown's Body and Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic, set to the John Brown melody. Then we became sentimental for sentiment's sake with Stephen C. Foster's Old Folks at Home, My Old Kentucky Home, and Old Black Joe. Daniel Emmett contributed his bit at this time—the 50's and 60's—with Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

After that our popular taste in songs found expression in Good Night, Ladies, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, I've Been Working on the Railroad, When Good Fellows Get Together, Mother Machree and Juanita.

These songs still have a hold on the people in the opinion of community song leaders. But the first big smashing hit, Charles K. Harris' After the Ball, written in 1892, did not take our country by storm until it and the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago shared honors as the reigning sensations during the palmy days of 1893.

Much song history has been written since then. The period between 1893 and 1918 has been frequently referred to as the golden age for the popular song. It was the period of the big killings for song writers and song publishers. It gave to the American world William Jerome's Bedelia and Mr. Dooley. It brought before a receptive people the gifted Maude Nugent and her Sweet Rosie O'Grady—first sung by her at Tony Pastor's on Fourteenth Street, New York, twenty-eight years ago, and still cherished by many old folks. It made us acquainted with the sprightly Lottie Gilson, who sang Charles B. Lawler's The Sidewalks of New York at Miner's Bowery Theater in 1894 and made a market for that song and for others of Lawler's, such as The Mick Who Threw the Brick.

Three Kings: The Late Victor Herbert, of Light Opera; Irving Berlin, of Jazz; John Philip Sousa, of the March

The Bowery

CHARLES HOYT, author of many riotous comedies, wrote the words, and Percy Gaunt the melody for The Bowery, which immortalized the lower East Side of New York—as it once was and will never be again.

Those songs, crude as they were, meant something to the great American public. They had a reason for being. Lawler, an Irish immigrant and resident of the East Side, saw a group of children dancing in front of a tenement to the music of a hurdy-gurdy manipulated by another immigrant—an Italian. Forth came The Sidewalks of New York, with the assistance of James W. Blake, then proprietor of a hat store on Third Avenue between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, now a salesman for a carpet house.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop
On a summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz
While the "Ginnie" played the organ
On the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey and little Jimmy Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough,
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltz-step
On the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those times,
Some are up in "G,"
Others they are wand'rers, but they all feel just like me.
They'd part with all they've got could they but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl
On the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS

East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down";
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

When Al Smith, another product of the lower East Side, sought to step from the governorship of New York into the presidency of the nation via nomination at the 1924 Democratic convention in Madison Square

(Continued on Page 204)

THE HAT NAMED HORACE

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

PUMPERNICKEL BOPGAPPERS was behaving like a fiend. I might have known that evil would follow. Whenever he needed oiling or lost a wheel or choked because some female had run him around in a hurry and had left him to me to clean, because it was two minutes to her class time, something perfectly poisonous always did. So I ought not to have been startled when Pat banged in the house door and waved a telegram at me.

With us it's always been, "Say it and get it over." So she said, all in one breath, "What ho, woman! Look up from yon menial carpet sweeper while I pour gall and wormwood into your trusting bosom. She's accepted him."

I shouldn't have taken it like a lily-livered fool. But it caught me when I wasn't expecting it and I dropped the Bopgappers, which promptly shed another wheel. Pat stared at me like an owl, with her chin tucked in.

"Easy, easy, Binks," she said. "This here now society house can't afford another carpet sweeper for you to slide on. Lookit where the wheel went! Wait! Don't! I'll get it."

But after all, if you are going to register total loss, I figured that under the long couch would be the best place for it. When I came out with the wheel I may have been slightly purple in the gills, but I could at least look her in the eye.

"Well, congratulations on your elegant new sister-in-law-elect," I said, and I flatter myself my voice was absolutely cool. "Big brother knows how to pick 'em, doesn't he? Imagine the thrill for you on Tree Day, knowing that your brother's going to marry the Rosamund Ambrose, the most wonderful Tree Day mistress the old coll ever had. It'll spur you on to ever higher and higher achievement, won't it, o' horse, o' cow, o' wagon?"

No, my chin did not wabble, I swear it didn't. But old Pat looked awful. After all, what's the use of rooming with a person for nearly three long years if you can't weigh to an eyelash what everything is all about, and how much?

"I wish you'd go to the dickens," she said. "What're you doing down here working in the house for anyway? Where're all those lazy committee women of yours? Can't you get anything done around this place without doing it yourself? Where's your dignity, Junior? Where's your executive ability? I wanted to swipe Dot's canoodle and observe Nature."

"Gibe on," I said, fixing on the Bopgappers' wheel and trundling it hard down the rug. "You know how much chance I have to catch a committee woman on a heavenly May afternoon like this. There's a faculty tea listed at five and I won't have the house looking filthy. You go below and catch a mop and horn your hands in the name of toil for a change, and then I'll talk boats with you."

So, having with this uttered all that we had to say of mutual sorrow and sympathy and shock, Pat got George the mop and we put in a silent three-quarters of an hour cleaning the house. But it was none too soothing a three-quarters, somehow. All around us, outside the house, the whole college hummed in the gold-and-emerald May afternoon. Nobody lives in the six society houses. They are only huge lovely living rooms, with dining rooms and kitchens; but they do focus everything you do amazingly. Our front windows faced the lake and we could see the shine of it through the green lace of the trees in front. The soft air came pouring in great billows that were fragrant of blossoms and lake water. One of the class crews was out in its eight-oared shell on the lake and we could hear, mellowed by the distance, the voice of the coxswain barking at them. You could hear the voices of people rehearsing the senior play up by the library, and even a couple of pianos going hard in Music Hall. Over at Delta Tau, which is the next society house to ours, they were washing teacups. Everybody else was out, after last class, walking somewhere or shouting or just singing in the sun. It was one of those days that make you want to roll downhill in fragrant green new grass, just happy all over for no particular reason.

And here were Pat and I, a couple of absolute glooms, on the wrong side of the day entirely, feeling like the end of the world because Pat's brother was engaged to marry the most perfect girl in the senior class.

"Do You Realize You Have the Makings of a Remarkable Character Actress? I'm Going to Work You to Death This Summer, and Next Year"

When I was locking the door and the sun was in our eyes, Pat burst out desperately, "Binks, my gosh, I have to talk about it. Rosamund Ambrose will simply choke old Kemp. She'll kill everything he's got. She's no more his kind—she's a cold-faced fish and you know it. I —— Oh, Lord!"

"Marriage," I remarked as we went down the path, "as so many of our better novelists insist, is no longer the end, but the beginning. Oh, heck, Pat, what's an engagement between friends? Have I indicated by anything that I was going to give up my claim on him just because Rosamund Ambrose has grabbed him off? Do I act downhearted? No, of course not."

I certainly hope I sounded cheerier than I felt.

Pat only groaned hollowly and she was absolutely right. She found the boat, shoved it out and pushed me into the stern without a whimper about taking bow paddle, which was always one of our best battles. But she knew I had to take stern, because I simply couldn't have borne to feel her staring mournfully at my shoulder blades. Even your shoulder blades can show emotion when stared at long enough. I wouldn't have trusted my little finger on the other side a stone wall with Pat. But with her nice broad back in front of me, swinging her arms most carefully and putting in her paddle just so, I could slump as much as I wanted to but for steering a bit.

She was absolutely right to groan hollowly. For look! Here's what it was: It was Pat's most best beloved brother Kemper—their other name is Channing; and this Rosamund Ambrose that he'd gone and got himself engaged to was our own most pet and private hate. Maybe that doesn't sound so awful on the surface. But, you see, it was deeper than that, whole loads deeper. You see, I—well, ever since freshman year, when I had found Pat on my bed being homesick over Kemp's picture, I—well, I—well, what I mean to say is, he was mine. Mine! He belonged to me. She didn't know it at first. Of course I hadn't seen anything of him but his pictures, and I was only the funny roommate of his kid sister's, so he wasn't even aware of my existence. That didn't matter. He was mine. At first Pat didn't know why I used to egg her on to rave about him, what he did and said and how he looked. She didn't dream a thing until mid-year exams, sophomore year. Between a chemistry exam and not being able to go to sophomore prom because I didn't have the right clothes, she caught me cold one night, blubbering in front of his picture—one of them. There were seven by that time. She was frightfully thrilled with the idea and she said that it was a deal, as far as she was concerned, if I could support him in the style to which he was accustomed. I swore I'd scrub floors for him, and the blessed thing saw I really meant it. And I would, too, any time. Then we shed tears all over each other and I give you my word that meant something, because we're not the weeping kind. What I mean is, tears weren't done a lot at coll—not by our sort anyway.

Then the terrible thing happened. I mean the terrible thing before this latest crusher. I got the measles and was kept three weeks in the infirmary. Me! And in that time, one week-end, of all the week-ends in the world, Kemper Channing came up from New York to see Pat. Of course he sent me flowers, darling dark red carnations by the bushel, that I simply throbbed over; but I knew well enough that Pat put him up to it. I had bandages over my eyes and I couldn't even have seen him if Pat had walked him up and down the path outside for hours. That was hard enough to bear without his meeting Rosamund Ambrose and falling for her, even at a distance, so hard that it hurt. He must have seen her in the summer too. She was sickly sweet to Pat all next fall because of it. And now the crash. I must admit I couldn't tell sometimes whether I was putting my paddle in water or in tears, everything was so swimmy. But truly, we don't weep.

That's one dreadful thing about being the latest younger generation. You're supposed to be so analytical with yourself and so brutally frank in your conversations that you emote all your emotions until there aren't any left. But I notice they're there just the same and that a good cry would do a woman a lot more good. At least it would have if I could have.

All the light conversation in the world about Kemper Channing had never convinced me that what I felt for him wasn't horribly deep and serious. The handicaps made it all the worse. Pat could talk about character in the face all she wanted to, but the fact remained that I was an inconspicuous nobody that Kemper Channing wouldn't see on the street if I hadn't been her roommate and he hadn't manners.

Sitting in the stern of the canoe, letting Pat do all the work, I pulled myself together and thought it all over, assets and liabilities, against what Rosamund Ambrose had. There wasn't a chance that I could see. Yet I knew I'd never give up without a struggle.

She was one of the most prominent girls in the senior class, with scads of money, which does certainly make a difference, at least with clothes. She was tall—tall as Pat,

with a lovely figure and a face like an early Italian Madonna under even, waving, ash-blond hair. Everything that she had or did was even and smooth and perfect. I never saw her disarrange a hair or look disturbed about anything. She had three expressions, all perfect—serious, pleasant and smiling. She had the most perfect poise and the most marvelous near-English accent. She always said the proper thing. She acquired importance from everything she did. You'd say from that that Pat and I were just a couple of malicious gutter pups, blackguarding a nice girl who would be a decoration to any home. But we weren't, honest. Pat and I absolutely knew that she was stuffed with sawdust. Her perfection wasn't real. There was no life in her. She didn't react to anything as a human woman should. She had all the zest of a white china egg. Here in college, of all places, where everybody was on her toes about something, at least where we were all yipping with life and interest in all sorts of things, from hockey to integral calculus, she and her particular gang were known to everyone as the dying goldfish. You know what I mean—one wiggle a day to show they're still alive. They thought it unsophisticated to have spontaneous emotions or any real, hearty, honest-to-gosh enthusiasm about anything. It was life they lacked, and the response to life. This was the wet dishrag, mind you, who had wrapped herself around Kemper Channing. My Kemp! I thought of his eager eyes and his dark head and his humorous, sensitive mouth that in his pictures showed the kind of man he was and why the little theater that he was running, somewhere downtown in New York, was beginning to attract people's attention. He was very near to being a genius as a producing manager, one magazine said. Pat and I both knew that the wet rag, applied long enough, with that sweet, perfect, damning persistence, would put him out in the end, as any wet rag would do to a lighted candle.

Here I was, defying Rosamund Ambrose the perfect. As against her porcelain and correct loveliness, I didn't have a thing. I'm small, even if I can run the hockey team off its legs. There isn't one good feature I have that I can see, except maybe wrists and ankles; and who cares any more for wrists and ankles? My hair wouldn't be so bad if I brushed it every other minute so that it would stay smooth. It's a kind of rusty-gold color then. But what with being always thrilled about something and in a hurry to go somewhere, being house manager for Zeta Sigma, and having to pick up what odd pennies I could by dusting Professor Newcome and reading aloud to old Mrs. Berners in the village, as well as having at least three courses this year that were like bread to the starving and that I wanted to do a lot of extra reading for—you can see that I never got around to brushing it much. Toward the end of a long day it generally stuck out around my head in points. Nice and tidy, next to Rosamund's, I'll say not. My eyes are gray, if anybody ever stops to notice; but they aren't starry or liquid pools or wells of light or anything poetic like that; just eyes, sort of eye-colored. And my clothes are pretty bad. At least I've learned to stick to one-piece blue flannel in winter and gingham in spring and fall. You see, all the family I have is a great-uncle, who believes that to send a girl through college with no spending money develops character.

Think of that outfit against Rosamund's exquisite French dresses, in spring all lacy and fluffy when they aren't handmade linens.

"I'll bet you a dime to a plugged nickel that Kemp comes up for commencement," I said to Pat.

Pat jumped. It had been a long time since we had spoken, and the warm sunny silence and the ripples under the bow always make her sleepy.

"A lot you know about it," she grumbled.

"But she's Tree Day mistress. She'll parade at garden party. Of course she'll make him come. It's her day to howl. He'll have to. But listen, here's what you've got to do: You've got to see that she asks you to stay as her junior aid. She ought to anyway, engaged to your brother."

"What? Me take care of her relatives for her, and fetch and carry? Not ——"

"And what's more," I went on, "although she doesn't know of my existence, you're going to get her to ask me to stay as her other aid. Seniors always have two."

Pat craned her neck around at me, with her big brown eyes like saucers.

"But, Binks, even then, what can we do about it?"

The canoe grounded softly on the pebbles and we ran it up under the trees in front of the house, hoping that Dot wouldn't notice that we'd learned to pick the padlock she chained it with.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "All I can do is to go up and talk about love, passion and matrimony with Miss Newcome, to get things straight in my head. But you see that Rosamund asks us, you hear?"

Outside of Pat, the person who really had meant most to me in college, for two years now, was Professor Newcome. I started in doing her dusting and running errands sophomore year, when I was smaller and more unkempt and wilder-eyed and hungrier-looking than I am now. She is assistant professor of philosophy, and when they talk about the value of the higher education for women, they mean what I got from her. She is quite old, a gray, comfortable, distinguished little woman, who looks like Queen Victoria and thinks like a master mind. She had taken one look at me and just reached out and spread a banquet before me, easy as breathing—a banquet of all that she was, rich experience and memory and knowledge of books and people and life and theories, and fine hard diamond-edged thinking. So that night I ran in to see her in her room in Bennett, as you'd go to the doctor if you were ill. We might not even talk about me, but I'd come away enlarged.

But the funny part of it was that we did talk about me. She was making coffee, with unshaded candles on her table and the May breeze from the lake moving the dotted-swiss curtains.

"Is that you, Sylvia?" she said. She's the only one who calls me by my right name and it always makes me feel happy. "Come in quickly and find that wretched kitten for me. I think he's under the couch tearing up Doctor Morse's thesis on the categories of Kant and I'm too old to bend over."

Everybody always wonders how it is that Professor Newcome manages to keep a kitten when they aren't allowed, and why it is always a kitten. I know. I steal them and smuggle them and get rid of them for her. We have heaps of guilty secrets like that. This kitten was black and a wiggly darling. I put him in her lap and she looked at me with those wise bright eyes and said, "Now what is it, child? Something's happened."

And she has degrees as long as your arm, from everywhere, and her lectures are marvels of scientific deduction, they say. So of course I had to tell her about everything, even if she should have been working. I told her all about Rosamund, too, which may not have been cricket, but it certainly was truth. She listened and she

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Rosamund Behaved Perfectly and Kemper Had a Wonderful Time Seeing Her Do It. She Sat on a Cushion in the Only Shade and Looked Cool and Happy and Delicious, and Smiled on Him Gently

THE TWENTY-THIRD DEGREE

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"And Listen Sharp, Gustavson. If You Try Any Funny Stuff Around My Job Before or After You Get Off It, I'll Hunt You Up No Matter Where You are and Hop Up on You!"

IT STARTED out to be a steel-erection story, this record of the twenty-third degree, and sooner or later, doubtless, it will come to that bad end. But of all the willful critters that ever took bit in teeth and ran to suit itself in spite of every guiding tug and yank, this is the willfulest. Head it straight at that mighty cantilever bridge that now soars so tremendously over Prisoner's Island and the twin straits that flank it, and, defying the tightest ribbons, it swings off and goes a-gallop straight for Taylor Field.

All right then, if it wants to be a football yarn instead of one about the only other game as tough, the pleasant outdoor sport of raising steel, here go the lines over the dashboard. Let 'im ramble till the butcher cuts 'im down. For here's the trouble: To put across properly this one tale out of the thousand that want telling about the building of that mighty bridge at Fifty-ninth Street, it must be told how Fat Tim Mulligan won that famous 6-0 victory over the Dark Red. That's got to be an incident in the story. And when you ask a Seal Brown man to make that epical event incidental to any other happening in the world you're asking too darn much. Incident? That thing is now a sacred legend that no Valley Tech man would so much as think of starting without assurance of an hour's careful listening on the part of someone.

The sporting sheets all gave the credit for that victory to Willoughby Philpotts Brush, and that lean, leathery gentleman and athlete deserves a lot of credit. Any freshman who can enter Valley Tech under such a hideous handicap as Willoughby Philpotts and graduate, known to all V. T. men and sundry only as Rawhide Bill, deserves a most tremendous lot of credit. And that Bill got. But Bill himself and the whole tough engineering gang, graduate and undergraduate, of Valley Tech know that the laurels for that hair-lifting 6-0 triumph rest rightly on the fair untroubled brow of Fat Tim Mulligan. There is a thing, however, which mighty few V. T. men know—that Fat Tim and not Rawhide Bill deserves the credit likewise for another splendid Seal Brown victory—the poking out of those stupendous cantilevers over Double Trouble. That's why this started out to be a steel-erection story.

At Double Trouble, Long Sound narrows and is called Tide River. And as though that narrowing might not cause sufficient grief to the congested water traffic of New Market, old Mother Nature set a long, flat, many-acred rock right plunk down in the middle of that strait. Through the constricted ways on either side of this huge obstacle the tides tear back and forth, so swiftly flowing that the designation Double Trouble only half names that pair of channels. Many times each day, however, they are named wholly, so resourceful is the vocabulary of the average tug-boat skipper; but public print presents its limitations.

Until the great metropolis of New Market decided that it was growing perpendicularly as fast as was expedient, and that it must plan to take on a swifter horizontal increase, no use or palliation had ever been found for Prisoner's Island. The fact that New Market had placed on it a penal institution gave it no good excuse for being. That was, without a doubt, done by the city fathers in pure malice; to add injury to the insults daily heaped upon it by the scow-towing and barge-pushing brotherhood.

But when at last bridge engineers got out their trusty slide rules and stress tables, that ill-favored channel blocker came at last into respectability and honor. Slide rule and stress table said that Prisoner's Island offered New Market a bridge at millions less than the great suspension spans downtown, which had to clear the shipping of Long Sound in one tremendous leap.

Therefore, at length, after much sliding about of T-squares and triangles and a great wearing down of pencil points, on each side of the island a colossal pier started to rise from the solid rock that lay just underneath the prison yards; and in the course of many months fraught with the hard work and hazard of the bridgeman's trade, the Prisoner's Island span of the new bridge thrust awe-inspiring cantilevers out over the water; one reaching daringly over half one strait toward the teeming square miles of New Market, the other stretching half across the south strait toward the vacant fields of Marchborough, which lay ripe and waiting for the swift growth that the completed bridge would pour upon them. And with the mighty bridge so splendidly begun, there came out of Valley Tech, bearing the honorable insignia C. E., two worthies on the scene, one sometime Willoughby Philpotts Brush—now Rawhide Bill, thank heaven—the other Fat Tim Mulligan.

The steel-erection verb "to rawhide," as designating that ability in any executive from pusher of the bull gang to head steel raiser to drive men when they need driving, and sometimes when they don't, has nothing to do with any characteristic of W. P. Brush, C. E. Rawhiding men was one of the poorest things that young Mr. W. P. did. Young Mr. W. P. built bridges on the theory that men will work harder for you because they like you than because you are possessed of a whiplash tongue and a couple bunches of reënforced concrete knuckles. A doubtful theory, it having been proved to the satisfaction of many that a boss, no matter how hard-boiled, be he absolutely on the square, can command unswerving loyalty from men who think—at least—they hate him; and can get up more tonnage than one whose appeal is to their so-called affections.

Nevertheless, when the Prisoner's Island span and cantilevers were completed, and Mr. Pat Malloy, who had engineered that work so well, resigned to swing an even bigger job as erection chief for McMarshall & O'Clintoch, Mr. W. P. Brush got his job. A certain Mr. Kone, head of the Bridge and Building Department of the Ironville Steel Company at that time, made this choice. This Mr. Kone, on account of a superlative smoothness, cool-headedness and cold-bloodedness, and the fact that if you tried to take him in too fast you got a headache, was known less or more affectionately in steel-erection circles as Ice Cream. And he, speaking to some of his alleged superiors in the Ironville organization regarding his selection of Mr. Malloy's successor, delivered himself as hereinafter quoted. As usual, Mr. Kone wasn't arguing with his superiors; he was telling them:

"It's either Brush or someone else accepts responsibility for that bridge. To be sure, we have keener men in the field force, and certainly we have harder drivers. And I make no pretensions that Brush will ever be a world-beater. But from now on we've got to have a man on that job that's indestructible. That's Brush. We're open-shop, and all New Market is rabid union. This didn't mean so much when we were on Prisoner's Island. Municipal property, midstream, and no public ferries. We had that to ourselves. But that's over. The ground is now clear over in the big town for the approaches and anchor span and cantilever.

"Know why Trap & Priest underbid us for that work? We added too much margin for trouble with the union, right there in the heart of town. But we left that margin off our bid for the work over in the vacant fields of Marchborough and got the work. But don't you ever get the idea that we won't receive visits aplenty from the roughnecks even over there. Trap & Priest will start their job the same

time we start ours, and it's going to be a knock-down, drag-out affair between union and open-shop to see which grows the better bridgemen—to see who hooks first steel to Prisoner's Island steel. And there's going to be some stuff pulled during that race that'll break any engineer we send down there that's breakable. The job was made for Brush. He gets it—good and plenty!"

Ice Cream Kone was telling them, and as always was the case, he was correct to nineteen decimal places. Willoughby Philpotts had been rechristened Rawhide Bill because you couldn't wear him out.

Four long and grueling football years at Valley Tech had proved that long before the name of Willoughby Philpotts had added charm and éclat to the pay-roll sheets of the B. and B. Department of the Ironville Steel Company. Lean years those four for the Seal Brown, the Dark Red operating over that period a pitiless Juggernaut, manned principally by Jersey City stevedores, anthracite coal miners and icemen, could one take seriously the undergraduate comment at V. T. after each annual debacle in November.

Four lean, mean years those were, and Rawhide Willoughby playing every minute in every game of them. The wonder of the coaches and the trainer, Bill, and —— Now you see how 'tis. Headed straight for the Marchborough bridge, weren't you? And now see where you're getting! The wonder of the coaches and the trainer, Bill, and the idol of the cheering section.

Little of brilliancy marked the work of Willoughby Philpotts, but utter dependability. Not a big man, he. Spare of sinew; but heavily boned, tough-jointed, undamageable. Without a second's time out in four years, Bill came at last to the final game of his career, that Dark Red battle which is now the sacredest of all the sacred legends at V. T

But for Rawhide Bill that score would have been 60-0 the other way around. Time without count a Dark Red man got free of the field that day, and just that often did the rawhide party plod patiently up to him and say him nay. No brilliancy in the work, mind you. A man loose and it was Bill's job to tie him. All right, Bill tied him. As they came down the field, old Bill came up. They met, and that was that. Ball down without a flourish, without spectacular performance, without the flashing dive and the scythelike cutting down by which most last-defense men work. No one knew just how the thing was done. But as inevitable as sunrise, Bill and the runner always met. The deer-swift ones, the rabbit-dodging ones, the war-tank ones—Bill met them all. There was no outrunning that short-stepping, heel-down-first, deliberate approach. No change of direction and no change of pace avoided it. Bill flat-footed it right up to every last loose man-jack in red, and sweating as dispassionately as any sewer-trench digger, hauled 'em down.

One time three men came avalanching down the chalk lines; three—free of the field. Two burlies interfering for a third. Here was that first score then; here that much dreaded first touchdown that always started off that Dark Red scoring engine. The Seal Brown stands only shook off the giant despair by rising in a body and demanding of Rawhide Bill in tones that ruffled up the smiling Delaware, twelve miles away, the utterly impossible. And Bill, who aimed to please, went scuffling up to that sod-showering landslide and stuck his head into the midst of it to see what he could see. He evidently saw in it a prolate ellipsoid revolution traveling in an undesirable direction. What he did about it no man to this day can tell. Your avalanche does not dodge around oak saplings in its way, and this one didn't. It grinds down saplings, tears them up by roots, rends them limb from limb. Only this one didn't. It plowed into that tough ground oak and, to the stark insanity of the Seal Brown stands, it piled up on the ten-yard line as though it had slid up against a mountain's foot.

"Gaw!" gasped old Doc Newman, iron hat riding the bridge of his nose, seegar—spelled otherwise at your peril, that being the kind he smoked—tilted up against his hat brim. "Gaw! If I could only get that fellow mad!"

And Fat Tim Mulligan, cheer leader, heard him praying there.

Between the halves the score was 0-0, with Rawhide Bill still tying them to the five-yard line, the Seal Brown team then making stand after stand in the shadow of the posts; stand after stand against overwhelming odds, each adding glory to the glorious tradition of Seal Brown courage in dire straits, which is religion to all Seal Brown men. And because this legend is a verity, the Seal Brown-Dark Red game is the real football classic of each year, with the accent on the football. Many another game may excel it in appurtenances; but for the downright fight and bitter rivalry and sportsmanship and guts that make a football game a football game, and not a mere chrysanthemum sale, it has no rivals. Year after year the Dark Red turns out twice as good a team as the Seal Brown; but year after year the stands are packed by tens of thousands, half of whom expect the Brown to play an even game against an enemy twice as good, and half of whom, staking their very shirts upon their faith, expect the Seal Brown team to whip that enemy.

Squarehead Fought Like a Great Cape Buffalo, Bill Like a Pack of Cheetahs—So Fast He Seemed Five Places at One Time

Between the halves the score was 0-0, and the whole vast quadrangle suddenly grew still as a fat lad clad in white marched solitary to the middle of the playing field. The Dark Red bleachers quieted first. They had seen this thing before, and like good sportsmen they respected it. Fat Tim Mulligan, cheer leader extraordinary, was about to open mid-game services. Fat Tim was a cheer leader extraordinary by reason of this: That he played all season long on the scrub in order to find out what he was leading the cheering for. And if there is any better place than on the scrub to find out what there is to be yelled for at a football game, that place has yet to be discovered.

There was no hope for athletic glory in Fat Tim's service in moleskin. He was a hopeless dub at every branch of athletics. In fact, Fat Tim lacked fight and brilliancy in everything he tried. But this you had to say for him: That though he seemed never to be able to get much out of himself, he was a very wizard at the business of getting the best out of the other fellow. A cheer leader extraordinary, then. Mere noise being the object of the average megaphone shaker, he is often enough ridiculous. But Fat Tim aimed his stuff at the very soul of the man sticking it out, out there in the mud, with his body hammered sick.

Tim Mulligan, alone on that great trampled field, raised his hands slowly as though in benediction, and as they reached full height, suddenly somebody yanked the valves up in a thousand locomotive sirens.

"Hoo!"

Down came Tim's arms in a swift quarter circle and a thousand three-inch rifles barked.

"Rah!"

Tim doubled up his two fists and shoved them square up under every individual nose on the high Seal Brown stand

"Raee!"

Came a raucous bray that made the chestnut trees on old South Mountain shake.

"*Hoo! Rah! Raee! Ray! Ray! Ray!*"

Like ocean music, that great roaring beat against the field-house walls, bringing many a grim and quiet smile inside and many a bracing back of sweat-soaked Seal Brown shoulders.

Down at the great steel plant at the mountain's foot the tall stacks seemed to sway; and John Puputzska, in the act of tucking in another piece of bullast, paused with pick raised and a look of consternation on his face, as though the blast of Gabriel had sounded in his ears.

And toiling up New Street hill half a game late, cursing the broken clutch finger that had caused this grief, and panting the pants of rotund middle age, two Seal Brown alumni looked at each other in sorrow and affliction. As they remembered it, a roar of heart-filled loyalty such as that, and such as no college in the world can match, came only in support of a Brown team hopelessly overwhelmed. They listened for the rest of it. It came.

Out in the middle of that field toward which they panted as the hart pants for the water brook, Fat Tim's legs had sagged. His white-duck knees were in the gridiron mud. His head was back, his hands spread to the sky. Ludicrous? Sure! Only nobody laughed. Without a move from Tim to space them, in perfect rhythm, three thunderclaps answered his supplication.

"Valley! Valley! Valley!"

"Jumping Beelzebub, Chappy!" said the one fat alumnus. "Touchdown!"

"Touchdown or not, Johnny Pinkwhiskers," answered Chappy, "camera! Get this! Here's where I run!"

And so, with that vast eagerness which only Seal Brown men may know, and with apoplexy hovering joyously like some expectant condor over their sweating heads, those behemoths charged New Street grade toward that mighty yelling. In all the world there is no school like Valley Tech, and never was, nor ever will be, world without end. Ask any man who ever wore seal brown. Amen!

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HEART OF THE HOSTEL

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

People Will Eat a Greasy Sauce in Some Picturesque Corner of Dear Old Europe and Extol It to the Skies

ON THE subject of sauces one could write a whole article, since they really occupy a forefront place in the cuisine of those select hotels with which the public associates superlative cookery, and also because they divide honors with the sweets and the pastries in popular esteem and demand. Sauces used to be, I am told, the very chiefest concern with the epicures in the days, for instance, of the glory of the old Hoffman House—and they used to be legion.

Now they are fewer on the menus, but not the less important, and in every hotel there are sauces which as variants of some usual sauce are a proprietary secret. That is, they are until a chef in plain clothes dines there and goes away with a fairly good guess as to what they are. Nothing short of poison can make a dish so distinctive that an expert cannot size it up and go away and make it.

Perfection Through Experiment

AN UNWRITTEN law, however, makes it heinous for one chef to copy the masterpiece of another too closely. He would rather improve upon it and go his rival one better. The sauce, for instance, that went with the *couronne Virginienne* had its origin in a description of something of the sort detailed to the maître d'hôtel by a friend who had been gormandizing through Belgium. In some little hole in the wall boiled capon was served to him in a sauce the components of which included goose-liver pâté. His mouth watered so when he talked about it that the maître d'hôtel kept handing him napkins to keep him going and render him intelligible. Monsieur de Grasse was called in. They judged the sauce to be either a *velouté* or a plain *béchamel* seasoned up with savory chicken broth, with the goose-liver paste added in chunks at the finish.

"But," said Monsieur de Grasse, "the paste would inevitably disintegrate and become a fatty mess in the hot liquid. No, it cannot be that."

The maître d'hôtel made another guess. Fresh goose liver, cooked, pressed in a pan with truffles, and removed with a sharp cutter to make neat tablet-form pieces was his conjecture. The result as a garnish added to an already Lucullan sauce must have outdone the original. In fact the traveler said, "No, it is not just what I had at the Plat d'Evêque—it is better. That sauce was a little bit greasy, if I must admit it; sort of oily on top."

People will eat a greasy sauce in some picturesque corner of dear old Europe and extol it to the skies. But if such a thing were put before them in an American hotel they would hit the ceiling with that wonderful assumption of super-refinement which they only show on this side the Atlantic.

The exact flavor of the basic sauce was worked out with experiments in different herbs and spices, and the bland flavor arrived at was assured for future occasions by a formula. They called it Strasburg, because that city, even were it without its tallest cathedral on earth, would still live forever as the birthplace of pâté de foie gras. But Monsieur de Grasse worked without the formula. Chefs all do after a few repetitions, and the results are invariably identical.

Exactly so with the sauce for those *rissoles d'Angoulême*. It was a *béarnaise à la Martinique*, so named not for a hotel but for the island of that name. Here the distinctive flavor was a secret with Monsieur de Grasse and the maître d'hôtel for a long time. Then somebody caught on and it was copied in one and another of the great kitchens of New York. This sauce was not dependent for its piquancy upon anything added at the last moment, but upon something cooked long and slowly into the acidulated liquor which, combined with butter and eggs, makes a béarnaise. That something was the peel and juice of fresh limes. The idea came from St.-Pierre before the earthquake—St.-Pierre, that voluptuous spot of luxury.

The making of those sauces in that banquet kitchen illustrates perfectly the thing which gives mellowness and bland perfection to the hotel cookery and which home cooks never learn—deliberation. All day, on the back part of that section of the great range downstairs where De Grasse presides, there had simmered the peeled limes, the usual shallots and the blade mace in a combination of savory vinegars. It was ready, its bouquet perfected, at twenty minutes to eight, when he worked with great speed, combining it with the eggs and butter. This was perfect timing and it was spared the hot-water bath, being ready just when the waiters filed by with the sauce boats.

Just so with the sauce Strasburg. The basic elements—flour, chicken consommé, chervil, parsley and spices—had all been cooked into *béchamel* for him hours beforehand. It was thick and pasty and ready for reduction when reportioned into his small *sautoirs* on the banquet range. De Grasse worked in the butter and heavy cream, a bowl of combined seasonings, strained it and added the goose livers. Those seasonings would have gone into a single portion of this sauce by the pinch and one at a time. For fifty portions he had taken time by the forelock and made up a prescription from the traveling tea cart of condiments which followed him upstairs.

Of course, he satisfied himself that it was all right, but not by tasting. Your virtuoso sauce cook preserves himself from death by fatty degeneration. He makes the nose substitute for the palate. De Grasse held the saucepan close under his chin, dipped a spoon up and down in the sauce and took long inhalations. This will convey the flavor exactly—even to the degree of saltiness—if you have the genius for it and if you have not smoked since last night.

De Grasse and all his exalted clan will go without a good deal to preserve their sensitiveness of taste and smell. He insists that the aroma rather than the taste reveals the actual flavor with the greatest surety. More, he says that the aftertaste, the taste which anything leaves in the mouth, is the essential factor, and that this aftertaste is the bouquet, or aroma, which is first detected by the nose. He can sustain his argument by the practice of tea tasters, who, when in doubt between two grades of tea, make the nose umpire.

There must be about three million different sauces, more or less. All the sauces, however, went back in their beginnings either to a *béchamel* or a *carême* or a great saucepan of dark-brown mirepois. There are plenty of hotel managers who do not know what these vital sources in their business are, so don't be alarmed at your own ignorance. Those who do know are the ones who really manage their cuisines. Today and for some years past all American cookbooks have declared for *carême*, not for *béchamel*, in sauce making.

But I was enlightened in the hotel where the gospel according to *béchamel* is the thing, and the *chef saucier* gives his good reasons in support of it. Put it this way, to get the point of a dispute that has raged for upward of a century: Your mother made milk toast or oyster stew and she thickened the hot milk with flour stirred smooth in cold milk. The dear soul was a disciple of *béchamel*. And she had, if you remember, a real set-to one night with your sister who had been to cooking school.

De Grasse's Brief for Béchamel

SISTER said, "When I make white sauce I combine flour and butter and add the milk. I cook the butter first. It's the only way and it avoids lumps. You don't have to strain it. Didn't you have to strain this, mother?"

"I did; of course I did. Not that it was lumpy, but I always strain it." Mother bridled, grew maternal—the old dispute was on. Sister had a host of authorities besides her teacher on her side.

"But," said Monsieur de Grasse to me, "*béchamel*, plain thoroughly boiled flour and milk, or flour and chicken consommé for some uses, is the corner stone of the greatness of this hotel. Your real chef, although he may prefer the sauce *carême*, which begins with the butter instead of ending with it, for certain sauces where the butter is to take up especially the flavor of onions or herbs cooked into it, much prefers a *béchamel* sauce to begin with."

Three to four hundred quarts of *béchamel* are prepared in the big kitchen every day and sent in casseroles to the sauce cooks. There it rests in a hot-water bath, to be converted on order into many different sorts of sauce.

"Besides," continued De Grasse, "the butter in the sauce *carême* is overcooked. Its flavor is injured. It is not so digestible. Take sauce *béchamel*, add all the beaten egg yolks and all the butter it will hold and you have a Hollandaise. It can't be done *à la carême*, for boiling curdles the egg. Yet the flour must be cooked. Very well, *béchamel* is then your starting point. So with *velouté*, *soubise*, *mornay*—with all the white sauces."

As for straining the sauce, no chef ever has a lumpy sauce anyway. But all his sauces are strained through a fine strainer, to aërate them and give them the last touch of velvet lightness. Mother wins. Sister goes under the table.

When it comes to the especially flavored butters and other fats that, added, give a sauce distinction, De Grasse and all his associates were forever busy preparing them. Special refrigerators in the Louis Quinze and the Grande Cuisine were dedicated to their use. Jars of clarified chicken fat, of fresh butter and of olive oil, sealed with hot lard and set away to temper, contained capers, shallots, spices, aromatic vegetables, anchovies, shrimps, the fat of lobsters. There was celery butter and pepper butter and *ravigote*—a seasoning de luxe with tomato and herbs and chutney, all packed into a clarified fat. A teaspoonful of one or the other of these made the difference between common sauce and sauce ambrosial.

For the dark sauces—which are not just common gravy from the dripping pan as many people believe—there were continually simmering pans of mirepois; pans a yard in diameter, silver inside with a copper jacket. Ham, chicken, veal, beef—the bony pieces, slightly scorched in the oven –went onto the range with broth added to them and drank up the flavor of chives and mushrooms, tomatoes and herbs. Cooled and clarified, it went to the sauce cooks and became, with truffles, sauce *financière*, or in fifty ways it changed color and aroma for meats or fish that demanded a dark and piquant sauce.

All this preparedness I soon learned was defined as tempering. I began to wonder if anything except the simple egg was fit to eat if it had not been tempered. It was evident that a great many things were not even fit to be cooked until they had had time to think it over. Periods of repose are an actual ingredient in fine cooking.

Pastry, for instance. Very much did I acquire as information which made me wish I could correct my grandmother. She, back in icy New England, was reputed to put away annually one hundred pies in the polar attic and to thaw them out in the oven as daily use required, from Thanksgiving to town meeting in March. Grandmother worked backward. She should have put away a slab of unbaked crust and hacked off a chunk as often as she prepared to give them this day their daily pie.

This is the French method. You make the crust today, chill it, roll it, and tomorrow you bake it. Even the lady from Ohio, with her very deaconess-looking assistants, who had complete charge of the American pie in this paradise of French pastry, was, as I noted, a perfect convert to this doctrine. In fact she almost froze her pies before putting them in the ovens. Those were beautiful. They looked like steel highboys. You would think she was going to open a drawer and take out her best hat; but no, she was inspecting the look of a dozen pies.

He Makes the Nose Substitute for the Palate

Sixty-Four-Fold Puff Paste

I HOPE never again to see the Franco-American entente so politely strained as in that labyrinth of bakeries down there in the second basement between the hotel groceries and the ice-cream rooms. All the incense of baking cakes, the percolation of cinnamon and sugar into the genial warmth, could not take away the chill of personal relations. Ohio, for instance, declared that the trick of the unsoaked undercrust was hers and she could teach a thing or two to those Frenchmen. They smiled — the age-old smile of the Gaul for the upstart barbarian

Said Ohio, "My folks were up to it ninety years ago. You roll your bottom crust on a table strewn with corn meal. You put lots of sugar—no flour—on top of the crust after it lines the pan, and the apples on top of that. And you have the hottest oven you can get—for five minutes—then you cool it down. That apple pie will have a dry bottom crust."

"Very good," said Monsieur Breval. "That is an ancient trick with fruit tarts. No news at all. But fruit should never have more than a top crust anyway." So he begged the question and carried an air of toleration.

From him, at any rate, came the puff paste. Talk about accuracy! That man referred to his great trays of puff paste in the ice boxes as sixteen or thirty-two or sixty-four. This referred to the number of times the butter and flour had been folded and rolled out. The sixty-four would go into his great steel oven in rounds two inches in diameter and less than three-eighths of an inch thick. It would puff to fifteen times its original height, hold its shape and come out a perfect *vol-au-vent* case for sweetbreads or chicken; and, as he fondly pointed out, one could count sixty-four transparent layers, or leaves, in its structure. And all this due to no other rising than the ice-cold air inclosed between the layers of the sixty-four folds of the raw paste!

"It takes muscle to roll that stuff," he would say, and point to his herculean forearms. "If you're short, like me, you stand on a box and bear down."

Breval used a French rolling-pin too. It looked like a wash stick, a tapering thing a yard long, and he considered mother's rolling-pin a mere American amateur.

Like most of the highest-grade cooks, he detests the machinery which keeps a great kitchen up to date. The cake mixers he endures. Without them his helpers would have to be legion; but a very expensive improvement—a pastry chopper supposed to cut the butter and lard and flour to perfection he will have none of. Its inner mysteries were always found choked with walnuts and other articles that kept it a chronic invalid with inflammation of the gears. Just so with the beautiful silver pan standing in a tripod made to rotate around wooden paddles that work twenty pounds of sirup into that creamy fondant necessary for certain frostings. He would have none of it, insisting that the sirup must be worked on marble slabs by two powerful men who swish it back and forth with mahogany paddles like snow shovels.

There are details of his methods which utterly contradict the traditions of our best families from Salem to Charleston. Ask that aunt of yours who is such a wonderful cake maker whether she creams the butter into the sugar or into the flour as the first operation in cake making. She will answer, "Sugar." This is so traditional that it ought to be in the Bible, and every cookbook in English from Marion Harland to bulletins from the Department of the Interior—so aptly employed in issuing cookery pamphlets—agrees with aunty. But Monsieur Breval goes it backward. He puts the butter and flour together in the mixers, combines the egg yolks and sugar, and effects a final *liaison* of these with the beaten egg whites. He points to the extra velvety texture of his cake to prove himself right.

Teachers in a cooking school would be afraid to put a cake into an oven as cool as his.

Delicate Oven Control

"JUST a pleasant place on a cold night," he says, withdrawing his arm from the long low opening of the brick oven. Then he nods *bien* to Sylvestre and Michel, who come with great boards supporting a dozen big pans of poundcake. They slide the pans into that easy-going oven, clang shut the doors and nobody goes near it for three hours.

An oven thermometer, in my opinion, would scarcely register three hundred degrees for all his buttery cakes. But he fairly explodes his sponge cakes with heat, and the puff paste, always baked in the patent steel ovens to which he has become converted, goes into such a fury of an oven as would make the amateur at home call out the fire department; never less than four hundred and sixty degrees until the marvelous shells and forms of *feuilletage* have puffed. Then he puts Sylvestre at the gas valve and makes him lower the heat by charitable gradations, which he declares is gratifying to the pastries and persuades them to keep their form.

Breval dominated his department as Tortoni ruled the ice-cream room. They were not superseded by some equally important chef coming in with the night shift. Indeed, Breval was his own night-and-day boss and I used to wonder if he ever went home. After the working hours, when there was no more bustle of white-linen forms in his mixing rooms and the ovens stood empty, he would

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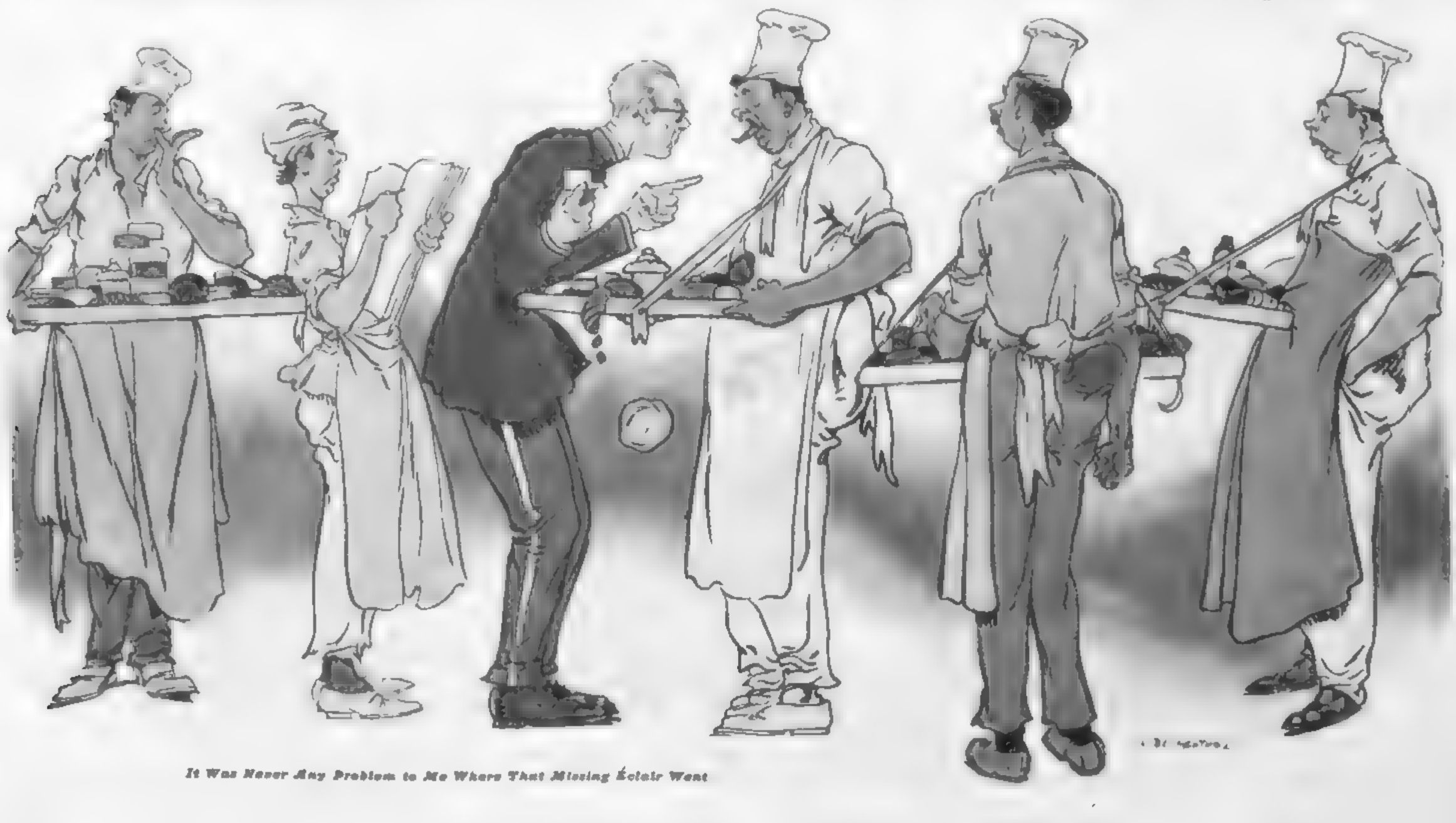

It Was Never Any Problem to Me Where That Missing Éclair Went

Confidential; Please Destroy

I Said, "Reverend ——" And Then My Throat Dried Up and I Could Not Get Another Word Out

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IN RESPONSE to my request position as per ad, Mr. Forman, you ask: (1) What is your age? (2) Nationality? (3) Married or single? (4) State experience.

For reply please note answers following: (1) 23 yrs. 5 mos. (2) American. (3) Yes. (4) See below.

In stating my experience in the matter, Mr. Forman, will say it is a delicate subject, but will try to give you all the facts in the case and you can use your own judgment.

It started by accident about six weeks ago, when I happened to meet Lady Baker on Medbury Street carrying a heavy basket. I had never known Lady very well because she was the shy kind; but I had always liked her because she was so sensible.

I said, "Hello, Lady, where are you going?"

She sort of lifted her shoulders and said, 'I'm going home, Afton."

"Well, what are you doing with that basket?" I asked.

It was always pleasant to talk to Lady, because she could carry on a conversation about something else than the way Cherie Sherry looked in Parted Lovers.

"Oh," she said, "it is the strangest thing. I was just carrying it around because carrying baskets is my favorite outdoor sport, when all of a sudden at the grocery store somebody filled it full of vegetables and baking soda. What do you make of that, Watson?"

Well, Mr. Forman, I was just going to ask if I could carry it for her when I figured that maybe I was going too far. It is better to be wise than sorry. So, being of a determined character, I changed the subject, remarking, just to say something, "How's Netty?"

"Oh," she said, "Netty's fine. Why don't you come around and see her?"

"Well," I said like a boob, "maybe I will."

That was all the conversation that passed between us; and I give you my word, Mr. Forman, I had not thought of going to see Netty since six years before; and in fact all I was thinking of then was not to see Netty at all, but to go around and jolly Lady a little because she looked so pale, and I knew she had a pretty miserable time at home with her stepmother and her stepsister.

So that night along about eight o'clock I said to myself, "Well, I had better drop around and see how Lady's getting on."

I rang the bell, the door opened and there stood Netty. She was all dressed up and looked good, though I had never been able to stand for Netty since that time when I took her to a high-school party and she danced fifteen times straight with the captain of the football team.

I said, "Hello, Netty."

She said, "Hello, Afton."

Well, Mr. Forman, I was just getting ready to ask, "Where is Lady?" when Netty went on as follows:

"It's certainly a treat to set eyes on you again, Afton. Where have you been keeping yourself? Lady said you were going to drop in and see me. Now I suppose you'll want me to run out somewheres. Well, I'll have to tell ma first. Ma!"

Netty had hardly yelled this when Mrs. Baker walked into the hall, smiling and weighing about two hundred pounds.

"Why here is Afton," she said. "Netty has been wondering for a long time why you didn't come and see her. She was pretty near crying about it last night."

When Mrs. Baker said this Netty broke in, "Oh, now, ma, you stop!"

Well, Mr. Forman, my character is a very determined one; and since nothing else could be done, I now decided to make the best of what had happened. So I broke out into a pleasant laugh.

"That's fine," Mrs. Baker remarked. "It is certainly good to hear a man laughing around the house."

"Ma," Nettie now said, "we're going to the New Orpheus to see Gloria Glorialis in Love's Sacrifice. Can't you have Lady fix us up something to eat for the time when we come back?"

"Of course I can," said Mrs. Baker. "Now don't get lost on the way home."

I gave another low laugh and we went out into the night.

Well, there I was, Mr. Forman, I had come to see Lady and the only time I saw her was when we got back after the movie and she scooted in and out of the dining room with sandwiches, and so forth. If she had only been a determined character she might have asserted herself a little with her stepmother and stepsister, but all she did was to say, "Good evening, Afton." And she looked paler than ever.

My intentions were to come the next evening and see Lady; but before I left that night I found such out of the question because I had involved myself in another date with Netty.

Well, Mr. Forman, that was how it started. The procession had begun and went on. Night after night was one long round of movies and different kinds of ice-cream soda.

After the first week, sometimes I would tell myself, "Well, I will never put foot inside the New Orpheus again and I will not eat another spoonful of this melted-fudge-sundae slop." But when Netty would begin, "Tomorrow night we'll see Carnation Flower in Love's Mating, the Greatest Film of the Century, and then we'll drop in somewhere and have one of those new Marshmallow Dreams with Chopped Nuts," I would answer as follows: "All right." Well, Mr. Forman, what could I have said?

The only satisfaction I had was in the idea that I was cutting out Roy Calhoun; but being as Roy didn't seem to be interested there any more, that was not so much of a satisfaction as some might have supposed

All this time I had not had much more than a look at Lady. Oncet I had kind of suggested, "Maybe Lady would like to see Daffodil Grace in The Bride's Revenge." But Netty had answered with a laugh, "Lady doesn't like movies; she is too serious. The only thing she finds pleasure in is reading some good book."

It was just once, and then by accident, that I had a chance to talk with Lady at all. She opened the door instead of Netty. She looked pretty tired

"Hello, Lady," I said, "how's everything?"

"Oh," she said, "everything's fine."

"You don't look as if it was," I told her

"Yes, I do," she said. "Netty'll be a little late this evening because her mother's fixing her new dress; they don't like it the way it came from the dressmaker's."

"What are you reading now?" I asked her, just to say something.

"What do you mean?" she said

"Netty told me you were always reading a good book."

She gave a look that made me feel uncomfortable.

"It's a good book all right," she said. "It's a cookbook I can't do without it. I keep it under my pillow at night I leave it in the oven—I sleep on the stove."

The way she said this made me feel mean

"Lady," I said, "you ought to be like your stepmother; you ought to laugh and grow fat."

"That's what I think," she said; "but if you were me just what would you laugh at?"

And then quick she put her hands before her face and I could see the tears streaking through. But before I could think of anything to say to cheer her up she'd turned around and left the room.

Well, Mr. Forman, this little scene not only made me all confused but it filled me full of feelings which I had never before experienced, not even in the two times when I was engaged in high school. I wanted to yell and also I wanted to kick somebody. But most of all I wanted to grab Lady and sling her over my shoulder and carry her away out of that rotten family. And while I was in this state Netty showed up.

"Hello, Afton," she said

Well, I was so full of what I had been thinking that just then the only thing in the world that mattered to me was to see Lady again and as soon as possible

So I said to Netty, "Let's not go to look at Aprilette Sunshine tonight at the New Orpheus. I don't feel like it. I'd rather stay right here."

At first I was afraid there would be some kind of a row; but no, not in the least.

"Won't that be fine?" Netty said, and right away by her voice I ought to have known what was doing. "Yes, we'll spend the evening right here. Isn't it nice and cozy? Oh, what a pity it can't last!"

Well, Mr. Forman, I was still thinking of Lady, and the more I thought of her the more I wanted to think of her.

So I said, because it was the only thing that came into my head at the time, "I don't see why it can't last."

Now I did not mean anything by this piece of repartee, Mr. Forman. As far as I was concerned, it was the same as if I had said, "It looks like it will be a nice day."

But it was evident to me in a hurry that I had made one serious mistake. Netty threw her arms around me, and a minute later, when Mrs. Baker had been called in to kiss me, I knew it was all over but the rice. I tried to laugh the incident off, but Mrs. Baker only said, "Well, I always hoped I would have a son-in-law with a merry laugh; it makes the home so much pleasanter."

I now realized up to the handle I was going to marry Netty and it made me feel sick all over. Because at the same moment I also realized that the one and only person in the world I wanted to marry was Lady Baker.

II

WELL, Mr. Forman, I don't have to tell you that a man with a strong will power is not like some poor timid girl afraid to say aye, yes or no. When I saw I was in for it I knew that what the case needed was a strong determination to see same through.

Before this I had always said to myself, "Well, if there is one kind of a girl I will never marry it is Netty. If you ever wanted to see a baseball game she would take you to the New Orpheus, and the way she runs around in Roy Calhoun's car while Lady wears the rotten clothes and sweeps the front porch shows she is selfish."

But since everything had been settled, I determined that the best way I could show my will power would be by marrying Netty and then reforming her character afterwards, thus making her into a woman different from her mother

The only trouble was I could not get Lady out of my head the same as I wanted to. I would start telling myself, "Well, after I am married to Netty everything will be all right." And after I had repeated it about five times I would catch myself saying, "Well, after I am married to Lady everything will be all right."

But this did not discourage me, instead only making me try harder, the same as with all determined characters.

However, a week after getting engaged a more serious incident took place. It was an evening when I did not have a date, but I decided to drop in to settle a question which had been bothering me for a couple of days.

This was the question: As soon as I had got engaged to Netty, Mrs. Baker had seen it was the opportunity to go on an automobile camping trip, because Mr. Baker had just bought a secondhand relic that was a good deal like an automobile unless you looked at it close; but he was only just learning to drive, same having never before handled anything more complicated than a wheelbarrow. Mrs. Baker and Netty and me were to go on this trip, and what I wanted was a fourth party. I don't know, Mr. Forman, whether or not you have spent hours listening to discussions about whether Belle Beautiful in The Love Prince is not better than Goldie Dreams in Love and a Throne, or whether Bonnie Sweet is not getting too old to play the lead in Stolen Delights. Well, if you have, Mr. Forman, you will understand how I felt and why I wanted Pete Wheeler or somebody sensible like that to go along with us so we could have a little real conversation now and then.

At Baker's, Lady said, "Netty isn't here just now, and Mrs. Baker isn't either. They went down to the station

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Netty Plumped Down on the Ground and Said, "I'm Through; It's Somebody Else's Turn to Raise Their Hand and Get the Meal"

CIVILIZATION

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT SEEMED fortunate to Stukely Kent that Uncle George Stukely had brought up both his cars, since their separate charms distracted young Olive Puddy and kept her busy hopping between the monstrous black machine, halted before the pillared porch, and a smaller, simpler gray affair behind it. Stukely sat on his father's steps and watched the Irish and Japanese chauffeurs take on the dazed aspect of men witnessing a hideous fire as Olive pulled awry the lap robes of one car and then went tumbling about the steering gear of the other. Stukely observed the fat child with pleasure. This activity kept her out of the white farmhouse in which his nephew, Joseph George Stukely Fancher, was making a last soaring protest against the trip to Southampton. The baby's aerial howls mingled with Olive's shrill notice of interesting things in the delicious vehicles.

She flung two hundred yards across the moist highway to her mother on the Puddy porch, "Mamma, there's a silver bottle in this one! I bet it's got licker in it!" And, "Mamma, this here one's got a tag on a cushion says five dollars! Ain't it nice Mrs. Kent's brother's so rich?"

"There's something lovely about your frankness, Olive," Stukely said, tapping a fresh cigarette on the back of one brown hand.

Olive greenly surveyed the tall lad and answered, "Aw, quit bein' refined! Mr. Joe talks nicer'n you do an' he don't try to be funny! Shut yer head!"

"Good heavens," said Uncle George, hidden from Olive behind a white pillar, "how do you stand her, Stuke?"

"She's just part of the scenery, Uncle George. After a year, I'm used to her. She has a passion for Joe. She's waiting for Norah to die so she can be the second Mrs. Fancher. I think it's immoral," Stukely yawned, "at her age. She's nine."

Olive now crawled under a car and the president of the Amasset Trust Company came timidly from shelter. He stood gazing down the roadway toward Gossetville's far roofs and twirled his waxed mustache while he reviewed seven farms visible in the shallow valley and the calf romping alone under a tulip tree by the Rev. Gavin Kent's gateway.

"When are you people going to get tired of this wilderness, Stuke?"

"Never. Dad bought this place to have a beautiful old age on, and," said Stukely, "he's havin' it. Joe thinks we could buy three more acres this fall."

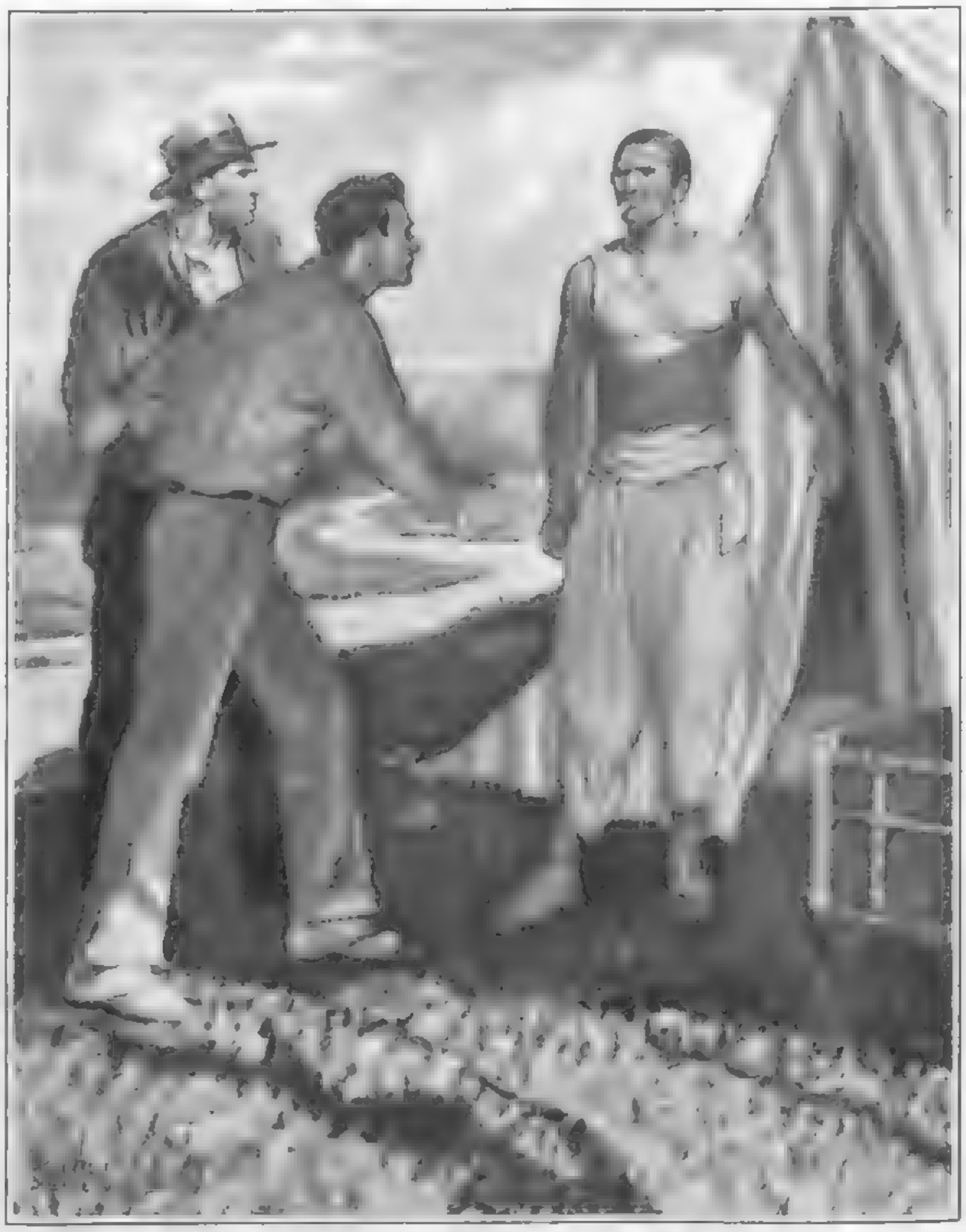
The capitalist nodded concessively.

"I must say that heathen of Norah's has made the place pay. Expected your father to sell it in six months. Clever of Norah to marry a man who knows farming. . . . What on earth d'you do at night?"

"Bridge," said Stukely. "Joe puts up a lot better game than Norah or I do. Seems there was a bridge club in his battalion—two prize fighters and an actor and a valet. One night a shell dropped and broke up the club."

Mr. George Stukely said, "Good heavens!" and then retreated behind the pillar once more, as Olive Puddy came greasily from under the motor and dashed up the steps to heave herself at the Rev. Gavin Kent, emerging beautifully from his doors.

The retired rector of Saint Philip's Church, on Madison Avenue, in New York City, staggered only a little at the impact of Olive's affection, and told Stukely, "The baby seems to be slowing down, my dear boy. Just put this bag in the car. No, I haven't forgotten anything. Now remember not to work too hard. I'm much relieved that Joe's hired that Carter boy. Norah just mentioned that she thinks Junior would like one of Ermyntrude's kittens to take to Southampton. But I think I've persuaded her that it needs a mother's care still. And do try to find out what this colony of imbeciles is—or are—down by the river. I feel rather guilty about letting them camp there without you or Joe inspecting them, but the man in charge had an intelligent voice, and it's interesting to be the host of a school of velocity. I've no notion how one studies velocity in a meadow and I'm too blind to know whether they had instruments along. I can't quite accept Joe's statement that they all look—what did he call them?—lame-brain."



"Oh," Said Marovas, "You Have Come to See Me?"

"Lame-brain's right, daddy. No; they look idiotic, though. I saw some of 'em when I took the bull down this morning," said Stukely, vaguely wishing that his father wouldn't stand patting his black head with the chauffeurs watching among the heaped luggage. "They wear Russian clothes—blouses and sandals—and one of them came over and asked me whether Erasmus would mind being sketched. Probably expected Razz to come and stand on the wall or something. Have you made friends with the campers down in the meadow, Olive? They've been there all night and ——"

"Yup," said Olive, climbing Doctor Kent's right leg. "Mr. Marovas is nice. He let me feel his earring. It's got a kind of gold tassel on it. He's nice."

"Marovas, Olive?"

"Yup, Marovas. He's a Rushun," said Olive, sitting on Stukely to look up comfortably at his father.

Mr. George Stukely came from hiding to cry, "Gavin, have you let that faker camp on your place? My G—oodness, he's got every poet in New York in his gang of invalids! You won't have a flower left! Stukely, look out for the chickens! Dmitri Marovas!"

Doctor Kent let his trained ecclesiastical barytone overwhelm the banker's tenor and said wildly, rubbing his yellow spectacles on his arched nose. "That's really rather dreadful! Of course, I suppose the man's sincere, and so forth, but ——"

"Sincere! Every medical man in New York took a shot at him last winter! Gavin, how can any man—even a Russian or a Turk or whatever he is—be sincere and say that he ran faster than a camel out of Turkestan, and that he never has to sleep? I heard the brute lecture! One of the boys in my office is taking his fool course. Ask any doctor! They're all laughing their heads off. He's nothing but a fad!"

"My dear George," the old man said tenderly, "I was rector of Saint Philip's for twenty-five years. During that time every doctor in New York denounced at least thirty kinds of new physical culture and faith healers and what not, but the fads all continued to flourish as the green bay tree, and ——"

Norah Fancher flashed from the doors in an unbelievable hat and her gayest Spanish shawl, sternly commanding, "Dad, stop that noise! Junior's succumbing! Joe's reading Jeremiah to him. What's happened?"

"My dear child," her father moaned, "it seems that this camp by the creek is Dmitri Marovas and his physical culture school! That Russian, you know, who had the colony at Florence where that poor French poet died."

Norah said, "Oh, that idiot? Yes, I knew you shouldn't have told those people they could stay down there. All the cerebrals in New York were taking his course this spring. He slaps them when they don't behave. . . . Stukely, don't you think we could take one of the little chickens down with us? Junior quite loved one that came in yesterday when he was ——"

"Who's going to feed it worms and things at Southampton?"

"That is difficult," his lovely sister admitted with an air of abandonment, and then implored, "Now, Stuke, please don't let Joe sleep without at least one sheet over him. And don't let him get his hair cut until I'm back. Oh, listen! Junior's stopped!"

Joe Fancher's melodious drawl welled from the living room in the hush:

"'Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon hath devoured me, he hath crushed me, an' made me an empty vessel, he hath swallered me up like a dragon.' . . . Is he got his eyes shut? . . . 'The sound of a cry from outa Babylon, an' great destruction from the land of the Chaldeans.' . . . Don't he look melancholy? If he starts bawlin' on the road down, Mrs. Kent, you better open up on him with some Ezekiel. Grandmamma useda read me asleep on Ezekiel when I was young out in Eutropius an' busted my leg fallin' offa Jasper Whibble's hawg pen onto a nigger. Or have the Reverend Kent recite that piece about 'It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well.' Preachers all know that one. Daddy

dragged it in every time he preached a funeral down in Gawgia. Uh-huh! The chaplain tried to get it goin' once when we were buryin' some persons in my battalion, only a shell landed sorta kinda neighborly an'"—Mrs. Kent screamed slightly; Joe went on—"int'rupted his eloquence. . . . Norah, come get this kid of yours. He's dropped off. . . . Lady, you hang onto this Bible and raise some Ezekiel on him if he starts in again."

In a dreadful pause, Joseph George Stukely Fancher now appeared, borne by his nurse in a white enameled basket stenciled with scarlet rabbits, followed by his mother and grandmother trailing things proper to babies from their arms, by the chauffeurs bearing cases and baskets, and by his limber, long father, whose bleached hair was moist from the strain of so much reading. Feet moved warily on the gravel, and even Olive Puddy was silent while the family bestowed itself in motors and Norah Fancher hung for a moment on her husband's neck, imploring, "Now don't eat apple pie late at night; and for heaven's sake, don't have your hair cut until I get back, and don't get interested in that loathsome Turk down by the river!"

"Goodness gracious, gal," said Joe, folding her shawl over her mouth with one hand and pulling her nose with the other, "when I've got rid of you an' that kid of yours for two weeks, would I take up with any other noosance? I'm gonna get me a rubber pillow an' sleep three days an' let Stuke do all the work around. Uh-huh! G'-by. An' telephone me right away you get to Southampton, lamb, so's I'll know you got there. G'-by, reverend. Yeh, I'll take care of Stuke like he was made of tishy paper. G'-by. . . . Get offa that car, you Olive, or I'll lam the snoot off your map!"

Olive fluttered in pink gingham after the cars down the driveway and down the dusty road. The calf Wamba tethered under his tulip tree raised a lamentable bawl of farewell and the cat Ermyntrude waved her slick sulphur tail from a post of the wire fence. Below the orchard in his meadow, rimmed with stone by the waters of the creek, the bull Erasmus commenced a roar that thudded pleasantly in the heat as Joe Fancher sat down on the steps, shedding his smart gray coat, and began to unlace a smart brown shoe, saying, "Howl, Babylon! Wasn't I civ'lized all the time your fool uncle was here, ace? Yeh? My teeth ached, I was so refined! I bet he had spikes on his neck an' a jail record when he was young, he's so good an' genteel now!"

Stukely chuckled, "He was an awful rounder, Joe. Hey! Don't get undressed out here! Mrs. Puddy's over on her porch!"

Joe nursed a silk sock from a long white foot and brooded: "It was a sad hour for everybody when old man Adam invented clothes. Yeh, an' the dawg that invented socks ran him a close second. Those campers down by the branch are sensibler dressed than us. A Russian blouse an' a pair of floppy pants can be stood. For six long years, guy, in the Marines, I had to wear tight clothes an' be all pretty. Now I'm gonna be comfortable until that idiotic uncle of yours runs in again or a bishop snoots round to shake hands with the reverend. Listen at Erasmus roar! If those campers have tried to feed him ice cream or somethin', he'll go on all night. What was this dreadful excitement the reverend fell into, sorta, when that terr'ble Olive said this Marovas runs the camp down yonder? I dunno," he sighed, getting free of his other sock, "why all you refined apes get so thrilled over a Russky. What's this egg practice? 'Nother book about Olga Petrovitch sittin' all melancholy on a hydrant, thinkin' how her soul hurts her? Or is he a bare-nekkid dancer with a ballet, or what?"

Stukely rolled another cigarette and tried to drag together any notion of Dmitri Marovas. These arrivals from Russia seemed less wonderful ninety miles from Saint Philip's parish and the agitated voices of suave ladies at tea. Fifteen months of his father's farm had calmed him about Russians. In his one year of college he had solemnly discussed Russians, and Russians had been rather important, even, at school. But now he could not quite remember anything of Dmitri Marovas save that the fellow had given shows of his pupils at a little theater in New York last winter.

"Dunno, Joe. He teaches some sort of physical-culture stuff and —— Oh, yes, he had a school at Florence, in an old palace. There was a lot of talk about him last winter."

"New York," said Joe, ripping open the collar of his correct blue shirt, "is a dreadful dump. It's so civ'lized an' s'phisticated that any ape with a name like that, an' his nerve, can be more talked about than a good high-grade killin' would be down in Gawgia." He made his pale eyebrows writhe on the inordinate tan of his forehead and curled his arrogant nose into a button of contemptuous wrinkles, then chuckled, "Hear Erasmus, kid! I bet one of those skinny she-campers has tried to pet him. Go tell that thing calls himself our hired man to go see what's wrong with Razz. Uh-huh! For a just middle-sized bull, he's makin' a fearful lotta noise. . . . I'm gonna change my duds. . . . What time d'you guess Norah'll make Southampton?"

"Let her telephone you from Uncle George's," Stukely snorted; "don't waste our money on calls, you idiot! I'd be ashamed to flirt with my wife the way you ——"

His sister's husband planted a sole between Stukely's shoulders and sent him tumbling down the steps and partly across the driveway, then stood swinging a shoe in either hand with his turquoise eyes dreamily watchful.

"You treat me mean, ace! I gotta tol'rate this woman I'm married with 'cause grandmamma raised us to be polite to ladies. Flirt with her? She dunno how! Civ'lized women don't, guy. An American lady's notion of how to flirt with a fella is: First, she lays her head on his shoulder an' says, 'My, ain't you a husky hound, kid!' And then if he don't kiss her directly she's very likely to bite his ear off him. Frawg ladies an' English dames know how to flirt, an' there's ladies down in Gawgia, too —— But your fool sister's idea of how to kind of woo me was to look at me once an' then haul me to a preacher. . . . Go see what's wrong with Erasmus. He's kinda too noisy for a preacher's bull," said Joe, and walked into the house, declaiming, "The sound of a cry from outa Babylon, an' great destruction from the land of the Chaldeans!"

Stukely sat cross-legged on the gravel and heard the melodious voice chanting Jeremiah's doleful cadences all the way upstairs, until the words mingled with one another in a drowsy monotone just audible against the roaring of Erasmus. Certainly the auburn bull was vexed, perhaps by the red-and-white tents of the campers next to his pasture by the creek. The tall boy rose and stretched his arms luxuriously, feeling the sun through his shirt of thin brown cotton, and then idled around the white house into the beryl comfort of the sloping orchard. He skirted the woodpile with a slightly guilty glance at its diminished bulk, and stopped to roll another cigarette beside a tree shattered by last week's thunderstorm. Joe prophesied innumerable apples in September. Here and there green lumps began to blush on the stiff boughs. It was most remarkable that some apples ripened more quickly than others under the same weather, and that crab apples behaved so

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He Watched a Woodpecker Sample the Ruined Tree and Reject it as Too Solid, and Then a Female Loudly Said, "I Want to Use Your Telephone!"

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

THE story of Weber and Fields nears its end. The separation of the team still was two years away when the music hall's seventh season began with undimmed brilliance in mid-September, 1902, but the horizon already was clouding. Broadway saw only the sun blazing from the zenith and thought of Weber and Fields as fixtures. No hint reached even to members of the music-hall company for another fifteen months.

In midsummer of 1902, John Stromberg, whose music had been one of the music hall's distinctions, died All Broadway was at his funeral and all Broadway sobbed when an orchestra played the dead composer's Come Back, My Honey Boy, to Me. Stromberg had written part of the score for the new season's show. One of these posthumous numbers, Come Down, My Evenin' Star, was sung by Miss Russell in Twirly Whirly, and brought more tears to Broadway eyes. A successor was found for Stromberg, but the music of the Weber and Fields shows never again was quite the same.

De Wolf Hopper was gone starring. It cost Joe and Lew $15,000 outright to procure a successor they deemed worthy. That was the sum they paid to obtain the release of Willie Collier from a contract with Jacob D. Litt, then a figure in show business. Collier and his wife, Louise Allen, drew a stiff salary in addition.

Sam Bernard, too, left again to head a company of his own, and in December Julian Mitchell dropped out to stage, direct and buy an interest in The Wizard of Oz. With him went Bessie Clayton, his wife But Peter Dailey was back; Charles A. Bigelow, a first-rate comedian, was a newcomer: and Miss Russell, Miss Templeton, John T. Kelly, Frankie Bailey and Bonnie Maginn were present and accounted for. It was no weak company

The Rift in the Lute

FROM a stage box the opening night the real Mary McLane watched Mrs. Collier spoof her in a bit called I, Mary McPain. That young woman of Butte may be forgotten now, but she had her crowded hour.

Miss Templeton had a song, My Intimate Friend, written for her by Wilton Lackaye, the actor. "An intimate friend of a friend of mine is an intimate friend of his," Miss Templeton sang, describing why she, a stage-struck maiden, was sure of a job in one of Charles Frohman's companies. Mr. Lackaye thought so well of his own work that he recited the lyrics around the Lambs' Club all summer. Sally in Our Alley opened two weeks ahead of Twirly Whirly, and lo and behold, Marie Cahill presented herself as a stage-struck maiden from Arkansas who sang a song to the effect that she was assured of a Broadway engagement because "an intimate friend of a friend of mine is an intimate friend of his." Mr. Lackaye and the author of Sally in Our Alley exchanged compliments, but both stars continued all season to claim the same intimate friend

This was the year in which Weber and Fields ceased to speak to each other offstage except when necessity demanded. At one time that winter they were on the point of immediate separation, but the lawyers who were called in argued so vigorously against it on the ground of business expediency that a truce was worked out. A contract was drawn up leaving

Joe and Lew in 1913, Partners Again

the management of the front of the house entirely to Weber, the region behind the footlights exclusively to Fields.

They continued as they had for a quarter of a century to use the same dressing room, and not a whisper came to the ears of the company Such was the business acumen of the two that when a vague rumor did get loose, Joe and Lew killed it quickly and cunningly by sitting for three hours on a shoe-shine stand at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway and eating peanuts from the same bag while all the Rialto passed It was the same stand upon which they had sat the day Louis Robie strolled by seven years earlier and spoke to them of the chance of leasing the Imperial Music Hall. Their purpose accomplished, their silence was resumed

It would serve no purpose here to revive this long-buried quarrel except to say that it had its inception in the burlesque of A Message From Mars of the sixth season. Fields' characterization of the tramp inventor brought him high praise. Weber's was an inconspicuous rôle. Fields believed at the time that outsiders had stirred his partner to jealousy. Weber resented Fields' suspicions.

Relatives and friends took a hand and the coolness grew. The wound probably would have healed naturally and easily as had the spats of their youth had not complications, none personal, set in.

The High Cost of Production

THE first of these complications was the changing state of the theater. Weber and Fields had won their unique place on Broadway by setting an unprecedented pace. They had given Broadway something new. They had put six and seven stars into one show and paid them lavish salaries. But now, and partially because of their own precedent, salaries were leaping yearly. The music hall, to hold its eminence, must always press forward To stand still was to seem to fall back. The time was at hand when enough business could not be packed into the little theater to pay the soaring costs.

Weber and Fields could have had any theater in New York, including the largest, for the asking; but every adviser they had, and this included virtually everyone in the business, argued that their peculiar entertainment would fail in a larger house. It needed, all agreed, the intimacy of such a bandbox as the Twenty-ninth Street house, where the audience almost could reach over the footlights and shake hands with the company. Everyone was wrong, of course. Their road experience was there in disproof; but that is more easily perceived in 1924 than it was in 1904.

It is highly probable, too, that the music hall could have raised its prices half again and held its public; possibly even stimulated New York's interest by so doing. New York will pay any price for what it likes, but two dollars for an orchestra seat and half a dollar more for a box seat looked like the point of diminishing returns in a time when 25-50-75 had only just ceased to be the prevailing scale in the theater.

Weber always had been the business manager of the partnership, and he had unquestionably the better money sense. He saw a prosperous enterprise endangered by outrageous costs and was for leaving well enough alone. Fields' was the better theatrical vision. He foresaw the changing times and wished to meet them with altered tactics. Actually, both were right. The music hall was doomed if it stood still, but to advance farther was to court disaster What the enterprise needed was a man who combined the business caution of Weber and the artistic foresight of Fields. Had the two put themselves under the management of such a man as A. L. Erlanger, for example, they might well have become and continued to be an

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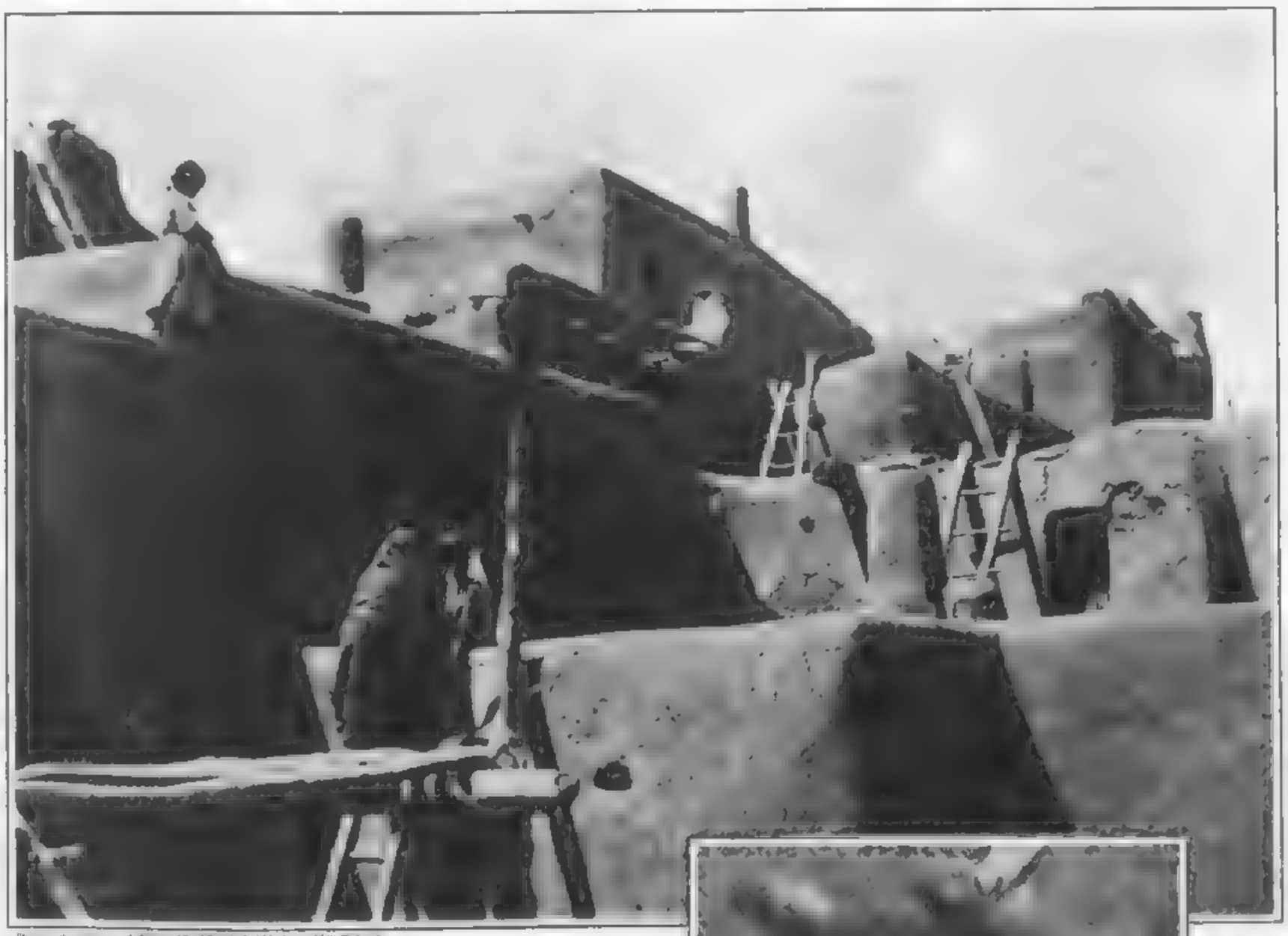
Peter Dailey and a Whoop-dee-doo Chorus Singing "My Goo Goo Queen"

The First Families of America

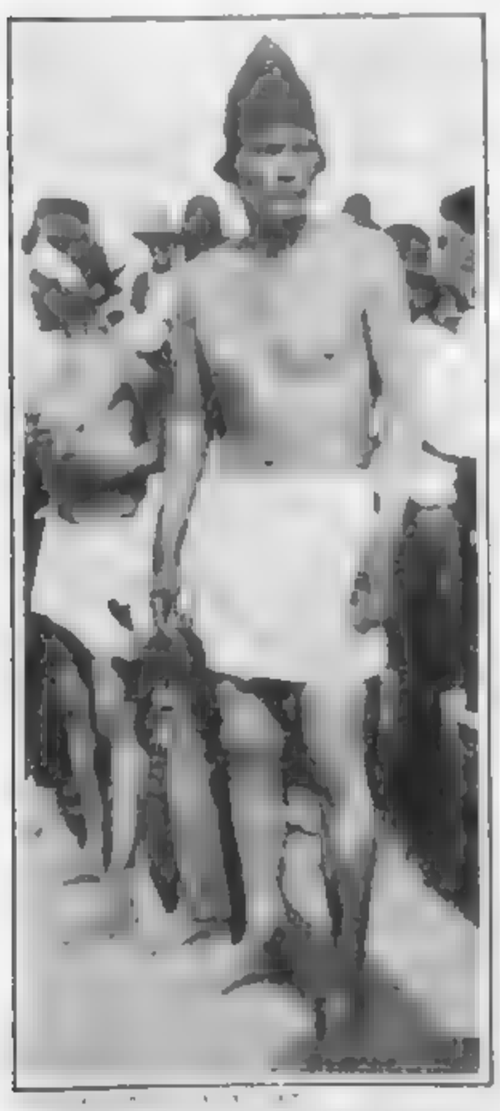
By KENNETH L. ROBERTS



On the Housetops, Taos Pueblo, New Mexico
At Right—A Pueblo Couple

THERE are many different ideas as to what constitutes civilization or a lack of it. In some circles, wearing pants and eating with a fork are the symbols of civilization; and in other circles it is represented by a plaster reproduction of the Victory of Samothrace and a keen appreciation of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach.

The gentleman whose interest in the drama is limited to the somewhat faded and opulent charms of the chorus of the Bowery Belles would resent deeply any intimation that he was uncivilized; yet the fact that Americans are addicted to the consumption of ice water with their meals has always caused our British cousins to suspect that American civilization has never emerged far enough from the depths to take a deep breath or to dry off behind the ears. There is no doubt in the minds of the white residents of the United States that the Indian population of the North American Continent is wholly and enthusiastically uncivilized. Any white child can tell us all about the Indian, even though he has never seen one. He knows that an Indian is dirty and wears a blanket over his shoulders; that he sits cross-legged in the dust and growls, "Ugh!" when forced to express an opinion on any subject.



Indians From the Pueblo of Zuñi Ready for the Stick Race

Pueblos

THE thought of differentiating between Indians seldom occurs to the white man. If he did attempt to differentiate between them, he would find that there is a great difference between Indian tribes. He would find some of them oversoiled and passionately disinclined to work; and then again he would find others with queer ideas in their heads about civilization. He would find some red men who actually believe that their civilization is superior to the civilization of the white man; who turn their faces in horror from his corrupt dances and his nerve-racking and destructive habits, and cherish the wild and well-concealed theory that he is destroying himself by his savagery and lack of control, so that America will eventually pass back into the hands of the Indians, from whom it was stolen by the whites many years ago.

Travelers who wish to encounter these strange and unconventional red men may do so by descending from a Santa Fé train as near as possible to the town of Santa Fé, and by making little trips out of Santa Fé to the pueblos that lie sprawled in the sun in the middle of the desert or along the banks of the Rio Grande.

The villages of the Pueblo Indians form a rough crescent in the northwestern section of New Mexico, starting with the pueblo of Taos, up near the Colorado border, swinging down through the pueblos of Picuris, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Nambe and Santo Domingo, around by way of Isleta, Laguna and Acoma, and over to the great and ancient pueblo of Zuñi near the Arizona border.

The origin of the Pueblo Indians—whose name is derived from the fact that they are the only Indians in North America who live and apparently have always lived in towns, villages or pueblos of permanent stone or adobe houses—is and probably always will be as hazy and indistinct as the origin of the Aztecs and the Toltecs and the mound builders and all the other early inhabitants of America, who were apparently too busy making pottery to bother with keeping diaries or records of any sort. Evidently they are the descendants of the ancient cliff dwellers, who nested in communities high up in the cañon walls of the Southwest in prehistoric days; and equally evidently their arts and their gods and their ceremonies and their theories of life are the same arts and gods and ceremonies and theories that were familiar to the ancient people of the cliffs 2000 years ago and more.

So far as the white man is concerned, the history of the Pueblo Indians begins shortly after 1493 when Pope Alexander VI issued his so-called Bull of Demarcation in which he very kindly presented Spain with all undiscovered country lying 300 miles or more to the west of the Azores. By so doing he gave North, Central and South America to Spain without consideration for anybody who might be occupying those undeveloped subdivisions—which might with reason be regarded as a world's bull-issuing record—and Spain at once proceeded to attempt to lay hands on everything in sight.

Gold Seekers

IT MIGHT be added that many of the troubles of the Pueblo Indians have been due to their singular thick-headedness in being unable to understand why Pope Alexander VI should be in a position to give away the land on which they and their forefathers had lived for centuries. They not only did not have the honor of the Pope's acquaintance but they had never even heard of him, and they did not care to have him give their property to total strangers. Their stupidity was very irritating to the Spaniards.

Since Spain had received the entire New World as a gift, it was only natural that Spanish explorers and adventurers should hasten over to take possession. These gentlemen had their nerve with them at all times; but they were severely handicapped by an eager willingness to believe everything that they heard and a passionate determination never to appear ridiculous in the eyes of their countrymen.

The object of the Spanish ventures in the New World was to procure tangible wealth in the form of gold or precious stones, and their flintlike medieval brains were incapable of imagining any other sort of wealth. Unless they were able to bring back gold and jewels, therefore, or unless they were able to locate gold and jewels for others to bring back, their expeditions were thought to be failures. Consequently they always found gold or jewels; or they knew

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A LITTLE CHILD

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Good." Florian Turned to His Attorney. "I is Playin' Square With Her, Ain't I?"

SHRIEKS of high glee rang through the stuffy projection room of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. From overhead came the clickety-click of the machine as the day's rushes were flashed on the screen, and dark faces in the dark room were decorated with broad and triumphant smiles.

The cause of the merriment was easily discerned. Upon the silver sheet members of the Midnight's resident company cavorted merrily about in the tried-and-true habiliments of slapstick comedy, but their studied professional efforts were totally eclipsed by the work of an eight-year-old boy who had been impressed into service solely because the scenario demanded the services of a child actor.

The roaring voice of Orifice R. Latimer, president of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, reverberated through the room as he stared fascinatedly upon the polished ebony countenance of little Excelsior Nix.

"Jes look at that boy, will you! Fling yo' eyes on him an' keep 'em flang. Ain't he a wonder?"

From the gloom came the answering voice of Director J. Cæsar Clump: "Di'n't I tell you, Orifice? Di'n't I say the minute we tooken that fust scene that Excelsior was gwine run away with the pitcher?"

"Golly Moses! Hey, you feller in the projection room—run them las' two scenes over again. I craves to laugh some more."

The screen was not cluttered with plot at the present moment; it was a mere showing of random scenes just as they had been filmed—chance bits of hilarious comedy, which, when all of the episodes should have been shot, would be cut and trimmed and titled and fitted into their proper places.

"See that li'l' boy work! Sufferin' tripe! Ise libel to bust a suspender laughin'. Never seen no sech actin' in all my life. Has you ever sawn a smile like hisn?"

The spectators agreed vociferously that they never had. The juvenile discovery was in the process of smiling—a slow, half-frightened, half-knowing grin which started tremulously at the corners of his broad-lipped mouth and spread infectiously to his very ears. It was a funny smile and a human smile and a smile which was utterly irresistible.

Adult members of the negro picture company were present in force, and for the nonce professional jealousy was forgotten as they united in praise of little Excelsior Nix. Within the room was the electric sensation of great events beginning to happen; each person there sensed that this impromptu showing marked an epoch in the history of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. The impossible had happened: a star had been discovered—a diamond in the rough—and not so very rough at that.

"Folks," bellowed President Latimer, "you is feastin' yo' eyes upon the cullud Jackie Coogan."

"Hot dam! Orifice, you sho' said somethin' that time."

"We has got in our midst the swellest chile actor of all time. When that fillum gits showed th'oo the country Midnight pitchers is gwine become famous. An' believe me, there ain't never gwine be no mo' Midnight pitchers which ain't got that angel face in 'em. Nossuh—nary one! Cæsar Clump, I suttinly got to han' it to you fo' 'scoverin' that boy. Where at did you git him?"

"Jus' foun' h m," retorted the director modestly. From the darkness came a disgusted snort, but the creator of that snort did not speak aloud. Instead, Mr. Florian Slappey camouflaged himself more effectually in the blackness.

"Jus' foun' him," mused Mr. Slappey. "Why, dawggone his ornery hide! I tol' him Excelsior was a chile wonder, an' tha's how come him to hire the boy."

But even when Orifice R. Latimer showered praises upon the head of the diminutive director, Florian Slappey did not unduly advertise his presence in the projection room. The gist of the conversation was immensely interesting to Mr. Slappey and he was desirous of hearing more—considerably more.

He heard it. Opus Randall, paunchy funny man, and Welford Potts, slender comedian, agreed clamorously that even their magnificent efforts were dimmed by the flaming genius of Excelsior Nix. They concurred loudly in the prophecy that Excelsior was shortly to become a screen sensation and that through the filming of the youngster's divine histrionic spark fame and fortune were to become the lot of Birmingham's own colored company.

"What we want to do," said Orifice Latimer, "is to train that boy tho'ough; an' meanwhile see that nobody else don't git their han's on him."

A dark figure sidled across the room. It moved cautiously and unobtrusively. A door opened and closed again. Latimer looked around.

"Who was that?"

"Florian Slappey."

"How come him to be heah?"

"I brung him in," admitted J. Cæsar Clump. "He was just hangin' roun'."

"Pff! He's always hangin' roun'. What I ain't got fo' that Florian Slappey is no use. Some day I is gwine step on him."

"Brother, I'll help," came the voice of Welford Potts, comedian. "Florian Slappey is the most uselessest cullud man I knows."

Even then J. Cæsar Clump did not bother to defend his friend. Cæsar was riding high on a tidal wave of approbation and he had no mind to give Florian Slappey any credit for that gentleman's considerable share in discovering the boy wonder who now smiled alluringly at them from the screen. As a matter of fact J. Cæsar Clump was glad that Florian had departed, for now—freed from Mr. Slappey's embarrassing presence—he could go into details of how and why and when and where he personally had discovered Excelsior Nix.

Meanwhile Florian edged out of the old warehouse which did duty as a studio for The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He walked to Eighteenth Street, turned right, and swung swiftly through the civic center of Birmingham's Darktown, continuing southward until he paused at length before a modest frame cottage which nestled cozily back of a row of shrubs. There he paused for a final summing up of his racing thoughts.

Mr. Slappey was on edge. His nimble brain was working overtime and he was experiencing difficulty in keeping up with it. He was very bitter against J. Cæsar Clump for appropriating all the praise for Excelsior's discovery, and he just naturally despised the other dignitaries of the Midnight. Also, Florian realized that opportunity was extending the hand of friendship, and Mr. Slappey was not disinclined toshake. "Ideas," murmured Florian beatifically—"ideas is the only things I ain't got nothin' else but."

He advanced to the porch and rapped on the door. It was opened by the Widow Nix, who smiled genially at sight of her sartorially superb visitor.

Florian gazed upon her, but his eyes were coldly critical and it was obvious that he was unimpressed by her youth and pulchritude. Mr. Slappey's interest in the Widow Nix was insultingly impersonal; she represented merely a vital cog in the business machine which he proposed to build.

"Mis' Nix," he opened, "how is li'l' Excelsior?"

"Fine, Brother Slappey; just fine. He's sleepin'."

"Tired fum wukkin' in the movies?"

"Uh-huh. But he loves it."

"He wan't skeered, was he?"

"No-o. That cullud chile ain't skeered of nothin'. An' actin' is the fondest thing he is of."

"H'm! He's kind of crazy 'bout me, too, ain't he, Mis' Nix?"

"Lawsy, yes, Brother Slappey. He thinks you is the grandest man—an' why shoul'n't he? Ain't you done enough fo' him sence he was knee-high to a drop of rain? Di'n't you teach him to play baseball an' swim an' shoot, an' ain't you tooken him on picnics? I guess, Brother Slappey, that Excelsior is 'bout as fond of you as he is of me, an' tha's a fack."

Florian smiled warmly. "Thanks, Mis' Nix. It shuah makes me feel good to heah you say such. I aims to be a friend to you."

"You suttinly is, Brother Slappey. Ain't nobody mo' friendlier than you."

"Good. Now lemme ast you some questions."

"Shoot."

"How much is the Midnight payin' you fo' lettin' Excelsior act fo' them?"

"Ten dollars a week," she proclaimed proudly. "Think of a eight-yeah-ol' boy makin' that much."

"Ise thinkin'. Ten dollars a week, huh? Fo' how many weeks?"

"Till they finishes needin' him in this pitcher."

"An' after that?"

"Shuh, Brother Slappey, they ain't said nothin' 'bout after that. I reckon they just schemes to use my li'l' lamb fo' this one pitcher."

Florian rose. "Tha's all, Mis' Nix. Guess I'll be driftin'."

"Won't you sit awhile?"

"Sorry, but Ise busy. See you in the mawnin', Mis' Nix."

From the Nix home Mr. Slappey pursued a rapid way to the pretentious residence of Lawyer Evans Chew, Birmingham's foremost colored legal light. Closeted with that erudite attorney Florian broke forth into a torrent of terse and pertinent questions, to which Lawyer Chew returned verbose and sonorous answers.

But eventually an understanding was reached and the two men repaired to the office of the lawyer on the seventh floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. There, until two o'clock in the morning, the goggled attorney labored heavily over a typewriter until certain very formal documents were duly and legally drawn. Then they adjourned

to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor to partake of bowls of steaming Brunswick stew.

The following morning Mrs. Nix was summoned to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew, where she found Florian Slappey, haggard but eager.

"Mis' Nix, you tol' me las' night that this heah company was on'y payin' you ten dollars a week fo' li'l' Excelsior."

"Only! Ain't ten dollars a week enough?"

"Not hahdly. Leastways I don't think so."

"Golly! You suttingly got big-thinkin' idees 'bout my honey boy."

"Yassum, I has. An' as you know, I is fearful fon' of him. Now I asts you this straight out, Mis' Nix: Would you be willin' to sign a contrac' fo' Excelsior's pitcher-actin' fo' one year at fifteen dollars a week whether he wukked or not?"

Mrs. Nix leaned forward excitedly. "Fifteen dollars a week—fo' one whole yeah?"

"Presac'ly."

"No matter didn't he wuk a-tall?"

"No matter that."

"Brother Slappey, you talks foolishment. Who gwine make any such of a contrac' fo' my Excelsior?"

Florian's eyes flashed. "I am!"

"Says who?"

"Says I am. An' Ise comin' straight with you, Mis' Nix I aims to make a profit on li'l' Excelsior. If I c'n git mo' fo' his services than fifteen dollars a week, I plans to pocket the diff'ence, but if I is payin' you that fifteen a week fo' one yeah, I reckon tha's fair, ain't it?"

"Mistuh Slappey, you said somethin' that time."

"Good." Florian turned to his attorney. "I is playin' square with her, ain't I?"

"You are most decidedly doing same, Brother Slappey, an' I commend you unrestricted. You binds yo'se'f fo' fifteen dollars a week fo' fifty-two weeks, come which might. If you gits mo' than that, you makes a profit. Does you git less you is plumb out of luck—but any way you look at it, Mis' Nix gits her money."

Mrs. Nix made it quite clear that she was enthusiastically agreeable. Thereupon they proceeded to the courthouse, where in a short space of time Florian Slappey was made the legal guardian of little Excelsior Nix for the period of one year from date. He was empowered to enter into contracts for Excelsior's theatrical services, and the judge approved the contract clause which protected the child's mother by providing that should Florian default in two consecutive weekly payments, his guardianship would terminate and the contract become null and void, provided Mrs. Nix elected to have it do so.

When they left the courthouse Florian handed Mrs. Nix fifteen dollars—advance payment for the first week. Then, treading on air, he strolled languidly downtown to await developments.

They were not long in coming. Two days later Orifice R. Latimer cornered Mrs. Nix. The two days had developed conclusively that Excelsior was a gold mine—provided he was properly exploited.

"Mis' Nix," volunteered Orifice, "li'l' Excelsior ain't such a rotten actor."

"What you mean—rotten actor?"

"Well, I mean he's all right; on'y he don't know much an' you never can tell 'bout chillun. Now us has got an idea that maybe we is willin' to teach him somethin', previded we gits a long contrac' fum you."

She frowned slightly. "'Splain yo'se'f, Brother Latimer, 'splain yo'se'f."

Orifice was crafty. "What us craves to do, Mis' Nix, is to sign Excelsior up fo' a long period of time at ten dollars a week, an' ——"

Resentment flamed in the maternal breast. "Ten dollars a week? Where at does you git that ten-dollars-a-week stuff, Mistuh Latimer?"

"Tha's a heap of money fo' a li'l' boy to make."

"Well"—firmly—"I ain't gwine sign no contrac' with you fo' no ten dollars a week, an' tha's final."

Orifice was puzzled. This was not at all the reception he had expected, and for the moment he was nonplused. But at the same time he was desperate. There had been many conferences among the Midnight executives, and they were unanimously agreed that Excelsior was a genuine discovery and that immediately upon the release of Sake and Forsake, his first picture, there would be a descent in force upon Birmingham by representatives of standard picture companies. It therefore behooved the Midnight to tie up Excelsior under a long-term contract before Sake and Forsake was distributed.

"You ain't gittin' but ten dollars now, Mis' Nix."

"Ain't gittin', but don't mean I won't git more."

"H'm!" Orifice rubbed the palms of his hands together unctuously.

"We offers you a th'ee-yeah contrac' at ten dollars a week. Tha's one thousand five hund'ed an' sixty dollars cash money; an' all you has got to do in all that time is nothin'. Excelsior learns how to act, an' ——"

"Mistuh Latimer," said Mrs. Nix firmly and politely, "you is just th'owin' good breff after bad."

"S'posin' I said twelve dollars a week."

"Nothin' stirrin'."

"Fifteen."

"Nope."

"Seventeen-fifty."

Mrs. Nix hesitated; a gleam appeared in her eye. Seventeen-fifty a week for three years! That was wealth comparable only to that possessed by the late Mr. Crœsus. Orifice hastened to press his advantage. He talked long and fluently, but when he finished it was upon her nod of negation.

"Sorry, Mistuh Latimer, but I cain't."

"Mean you won't, tha's what."

"Don't mean nothin' of the kind."

"I don't see ——"

"Well, the truth of it is, Brother Latimer, does you crave to have Excelsior act in some mo' pitchers fo' you, you have got to see his legal guardeen."

"Says which?"

"His legal guardeen, app'inted by the jedge of the co't."

Orifice was dazed. "Wh-who is this guardeen, woman?"

"Florian Slappey!"

Mr. Orifice R. Latimer sat down suddenly and completely. The full measure of the catastrophe did not strike him immediately, but he did know that something very terrible had happened, with himself and his company as happenees.

"Florian Slappey! That no-good, dressed-up, non-workin', brown-skinned piece of ——"

"Don't you go straducin' Mistuh Slappey. He's my friend, also Excelsior's, which is crazy 'bout him."

"Yeh—crazy is right. Since when did Florian git to be Excelsior's guardeen?"

"Day befo' yestiddy."

"How?"

Briefly and graphically she imparted details, and when Orifice Latimer returned to the offices of The Midnight Pictures Corporation it was to pour his woeful tale into ears which wagged in sorrow.

"Tha's what you done, Cæsar Clump, inwitin' that skinny buzzard into our projection room to see them rushes. He hear'n us talkin' 'bout what a Jackie Coogan Excelsior was gwine be. An' now look where he has got us; just look!"

"Ise lookin', chief; but I don't see nothin'."

"You ain't got the 'bility to see nothin' nohow. Where is we at? I asks you that. Minute us releases Sake and Forsake somebody is gwine grab off that youngster at 'bout fifty or maybe even a hund'ed dollars a week. P'raps more. That means we has got to buy out Florian's contrac' no matter how much price we has to pay, an' you know good an' well Florian ain't gwine let us down easy sence that last time we ruined his best pair of pants escortin' him out of the studjo."

"Tha's right." It was Welford Potts speaking. "Florian shuah ain't lovin' us none, an' he's gwine stick us heavy as he can."

J. Cæsar Clump looked up suddenly. "You say he has got to pay the Widow Nix fifteen dollars a week?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' he gits whatever li'l' Excelsior makes?"

"Yeh."

"Then," snapped Mr. Clump, "it's up to us to see that Excelsior don't make nothin' after we finishes with Sake and Forsake."

"But we want him."

"Sure we do, but we ain't cravin' to git helt up, is we? You know good an' well Florian is figgerin' that we is gwine keep Excelsior busy an' that we must do it at his price. That gives him a good profit right away. All we got to do is to keep the boy fum earnin' any money, an' then I asts you where will Florian git that fifteen dollars a week at?"

"Shuah! He can git it somewheres."

"Yes, he can—not! He's broke as that last pitcher comp'ny you promoted, Orifice, an' his credick ain't wuth one cent on the dollar. On'y way he can get fifteen a week is fo' us to wuk Excelsior, an' does we lay off that lad his contrac' of guardeenship exterminates. Then we sign the kid up fo' th'ee years an' either use him to git our company famous or else peddle him to some big concern."

There was a ripple of indorsement, but President Latimer shook his head. "We got to do it in six weeks, Cæsar."

"How come?"

"Tha's the release date for Sake and Forsake. Does we hold it beyond that, us pays a forfeit to the distributor, an' we is operatin' on a too close margin fo' that. And if we once releases the pitcher—blooey!"

"Hmph! Florian cain't raise no fifteen dollars a week fo' six weeks. Remember, he has got to live too."

Orifice was melancholy. "Ise willin' to make talk with you-all ag'in after I has sawn Mistuh Slappey. But if he'll take thutty dollars a week fo'

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They Argued With the Child: They Begged and Pleaded and Cajoled. Excelsior Nix Was Very Youthful But Firm

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

By James J. Corbett

Fighters and Friends

THE sports writers had their wish, and finally Choynski and I met at a newspaper office, in the room of the sporting editor. As supporters and backers, I had with me Porter Ashe, who had married into the famous Crocker family, and Judge Lawlor, now supreme-court judge of the state and the one who later sentenced Abe Ruef to prison. With Choynski were several faces familiar then and since in the sporting world, among them Ed Grainey, boxing referee and politician; a successful cigar manufacturer, an enthusiastic ring follower; and Tom Williams, the horseman.

Porter Ashe and Williams grew so excited during the wrangling over the arrangements for the bout that they backed myself and Choynski respectively for $1000. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that this was a big bet in those days. In fact, the relative value of money then and now must always be kept in mind in this story. Championship purses of those times would be scorned by pork-and-beaners today, but there was more color to the game then, I am sure, and a great deal more of love for it, and professional pride.

There certainly was enough of each in this fight. I do not believe there ever was one that caused such excitement. It was a local affair, and at the time no one knew of it outside the state; but it has been told and retold since hundreds of times in sporting histories and reminiscences. To give an idea of the intensity of the interest, I will list the various factions that fought in the fight. There were to be more than just the two fighters in the ring. The antagonists really were: Choynski versus Corbett, California Club versus Olympic, professional sport versus amateur, labor versus capital, Golden Gate Avenue—his neighborhood—versus Hayes Street—mine.

So you see there was quite a line-up of little feuds and grudges on each side. I had perhaps better explain the labor-and-capital slant by telling you that Choynski at the time was a candy puller and all the factory people were rooting for him, while my bosses at the bank and the wealthy business men who belonged to the Olympic were pulling for me to win.

A Friendly Stratagem

THE preliminary fights billed with an important bout usually take place between eight o'clock and ten or ten-thirty on the same night and in the same ring; but there were scores of preliminary bouts that were fought, in the weeks preceding our battle, in the streets and barrooms, started simply by arguments over the chances of the two principals.

No place had yet been arranged for, and as such an affair was outside the law, finish fights being permitted only in licensed clubs, Judge Lawlor and Eddie Grainey were selected as a committee to find a place reasonably safe from interference by the police. The next day Choynski set out for a town about ten miles from San Francisco, where he was to train, I in the opposite direction, establishing my quarters at Sausalito.

The police, it seems, were determined to stop the fight, thinking they would gain some glory if they succeeded. Several in uniform or plain clothes came to both camps from time to time hoping to pick up some loose information about the place selected, but we didn't know that ourselves. As I was turning in on the night preceding the bout, one of my trainers slipped into the room and informed me that two detectives were across the street sleeping in an open lot, with one eye open, probably planning to follow us when we set out in the morning. How to escape them was the problem.

But a young fellow with us solved it. He was Hall MacAllister, Jr., whose mother had a summer home near by. He appropriated her rig, which was fortunately a closed carriage, and drove it over the lot back of the house that served as our training quarters; we slipped out of the rear door, entered the carriage quickly and drove off, unsuspected. The two sleuths never dreamed that that fine rig, spanking pair of trotters, frothing at the bit, finely appointed carriage and all, was carrying a pugilist and his seconds. The MacAllister boy got into some trouble over his generosity, for his mother, a society leader, heard of it afterward and was quite horrified, particularly when she read of it in the papers, for it was written up as a very interesting incident connected with the fight. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that ever before had a fighter and his handlers been conveyed to the ring in such a fashion.

Leaving Sausalito, we drove for about an hour and a half, until we reached an old barn somewhere out in the country—I never realized just where—and to my surprise saw about 100 people waiting for us. We were hustled into the farmhouse near by and into a room without any of the usual training equipment—nothing but an old bed, and that without mattress or blankets. They told me Choynski had arrived and was in another room of the house.

In those days a great many men in San Francisco still carried guns, and usually we were not worried about it, so I was surprised when Judge Lawlor said to me, "Jim, there is a lot of feeling over this fight, and I am afraid there will be trouble and someone may pull a gun. Don't you think we had better search them before they are allowed in the barn?"

Someone went to Choynski's room, and he agreed; and a few minutes later Judge Lawlor returned, his arms piled high with more guns than I had ever seen in one place in my life, and all loaded. I was told the same thing happened in Choynski's room, so there was no one in the barn armed.

Another surprise came to me then when the judge said, "Jim, they are certainly out to win this fight. Mose Guntz has just hired Jack Dempsey"—the original Nonpareil—"for $1000 to second Choynski."

As I knew Dempsey quite well and he wasn't very well acquainted with Choynski, I realized that the latter's backers were leaving no stone unturned to win the fight and the money they had placed on it.

At last they told me time was up, to come over to the barn. We were to fight in the loft, where a ring had been pitched. As I left the house I ran into Jack Dempsey, headed the same way. We shook hands and he said to me, "Jim, I'm going to second this fellow, but I'm only doing it because I am getting $1000. I don't know him at all, and it's not because I want him to win."

"That's all right, Jack. You can't make him whip me," I replied confidently.

Then we went up the stairs and found the ring pitched in the center of the loft and possibly a hundred men of all sorts, from high-class gamblers to prominent bankers, all leaders in their line. Choynski soon came up and we went into the ring.

Official Apologies

JUST before we were called up for instructions by Patsy Hogan, an ex-pugilist, who acted as referee, my friend Porter Ashe, who had bet one thousand with Williams, stuck $500 more into my hand, saying, "Now, Jim, when you go up there bet Choynski this $500 that you will lick him. If you win, keep it."

So I went up to the center of the ring and met Choynski with this $500 in my hand, and we listened to the instructions by the referee. When that was all over I said, "Joe, I'll bet you this $500 I'll lick you."

Choynski didn't seem any too anxious. He hung his head and shook it for "no"; so I turned to Dempsey.

"Jack, you're getting $1000 out of this. I'll bet you half of it I'll lick him."

He laughed and refused too.

"No," he said, "I don't want any of it."

But time was being called. We advanced from our corners and the fight was on.

When we came to the center of the ring, each of us about twenty years old, in great condition, full of vitality, and the picture of health, we went at each other in whirlwind fashion. During the first round we fought ourselves into a clinch, and Choynski said, "Jim, let's break away nice and gentlemanly."

Then, all in a flash, the conversation I had had with him about a year before came into my mind, when he told me of the time he had won his fight with the colored fellow Wilson and a lot of others, and how he would say the very same thing he had just said to me—"Break away nice and gentlemanly"; that he would do this two or three times, then shoot his right over.

I didn't wait for him to do that two or three times; no sooner had he come out with this break-away-nice-and-gentlemanly idea than I shot over my right, hitting him on the chin and dropping him for a count of five. There was almost a riot, and it was a good thing that those guns were lying on the beds in the farmhouse.

We continued that furious style of fighting for three more rounds; and in the fourth, in hitting him on the head, I knocked my right thumb out of joint. So things kept up until the sixth, when the sheriff climbed up into the loft and stopped the fight. He seemed embarrassed.

"Boys," he said, "I thought the fight would be over by this time. I'm sorry to stop it, but if you will go over into the next county I'll sit in; but I have to stop it, now that I'm here."

So we tried to get a train at San Rafael and go to the next county, but when we reached the station we found it crowded. The people in all the little towns around had read the stories in the San Francisco papers telling about the fight and had also seen the many carriages and wagons driving up to this barn. So the news was spilled and it spread like wildfire. The crowds would have followed us if we had gone over the county line, and the police would have been on our tracks again. Therefore we decided to go back to our training quarters.

Before we left the ring the referee had ordered Choynski and myself each to take care of his own gloves, to make sure the next time we met we'd have them with us, for boxing gloves had to be made to order to fit a boxer's hands and could not be procured at a moment's notice.

For the next few days the committee was busy looking for another place for the continuation of the bout. It took them about a week to find one, and by that time my thumb was in very bad condition and very sore. Finally Porter Ashe and Judge Lawlor phoned me in the evening to come to San Francisco, as they had the place all arranged. That night they put me on a train for a little country town called Benicia. From the station I was taken to the fine country home of Wilson Mizner, author of The Deep Purple and other famous plays which later had long runs on Broadway. They told me we were to fight on a barge in the middle of the bay the following morning at eight o'clock, then put me to bed, telling me to go to sleep at once and get a good rest.

Can anyone in his wildest moments imagine a fellow going to sleep in a strange bed, with about twenty-five chaps outside walking around, some of them right outside my window, and all talking about the fight and thinking they were whispering, but getting so excited that I could hear every word they said? I did not close my eyes all night, but I didn't say anything to them about it, for I knew they would worry more than I had.

Almost Killed by Kindness

THEY had a fine steak they wanted to give me, but the question was, how to cook it? The country house was deserted, all the family being away, and there were no servants, and, of course, no fire in the place. But someone built a fire out in the field and they broiled this huge steak for me, which they thought would bring victory. You see that in training I had graduated now from egg and sherry to steak, although if there's anything I detest it is a rare steak, and all those trainers insist on giving it to you almost raw. By the way, it was cooked by a boy who was raised with me, called "Forty" Kenneally. He was given this nickname because a horse that could go in 2:40 in those days was considered pretty fast, and Kenneally was a good sprinter and could travel in quick time himself.

No one in the world wanted me to win more than my friend Forty, for he had been given one of the worst beatings he ever had in his life by this same Joe Choynski. They had fought several times in boxing tournaments, and terrific fights they were; but Choynski had always come out on top. Naturally Kenneally had looked forward to this fight ever since it had been talked about, and he would have given up ten years of his life rather than not be on hand to see me defeat Choynski. And no one but himself must cook the steak. He not only cooked it but stood over me, making me eat every mouthful, almost to the T bone; and that operation over, he never left my side for a second.

Breakfast over, we received notice to leave the place for the shore, then to row to the barge where we were to fight. Now, if I do say it myself, I have always, even in bad moments, had a sense of humor—possibly it's the Irish in me. As we were starting I looked around at all the boys, who were very nervous by now, and said with a solemn face, "Someone must stay here and watch this house until we get back—someone that I can trust." I looked over the heads of the rest at Kenneally and nodded at him. "Forty, you're the man. You stay here and watch this house until the fight is over."

His eyes grew bigger and bigger and I shall never forget the look on his face. I have told you about how Blub Gallagher looked when he saw me sitting in the drug store eating ice-cream soda with a fellow I had come to lick. Well, his look of disgust was bad enough; but it wasn't a patch to what came over Forty's face then. He always stuttered when he got excited, and, to add to his eloquence, his mouth was at the moment filled with bread. He said, "J-J-J-Jim, I-I-I'm a f-f-friend of yours, b-b-b-but I'd c-c-cut my r-r-right arm off b-b-b-before I'd m-m-miss this f-f-f-fight!"

I eased up on him then, told him he could go, and his face was all grin. The next thing we knew, we were in a rowboat, headed for the barge out in the bay, and I can remember so well a part of the conversation in this boat. A dear loyal little friend of mine by the name of Gene Vancourt, talking of the coming battle, said, "Jim, do you think you can stand a licking? You have only one hand, you know, and you're certainly going to take a lacing, even if you win."

"Gene," I said, "I don't know myself whether I can take a licking or not; I never got a really good licking and don't know how I'll act under fire, but I hope to find that out today."

After rowing a while, we reached the flatboat, which was anchored in the middle of the bay, and saw people on deck and the ring already pitched. We climbed up and everybody we knew seemed to be there; Choynski and all his friends, and possibly 100 people besides—the same crowd that had attended the previous struggle in the barn.

I found out afterward that five of these very prominent gentlemen from San Francisco had fallen in the water while being transferred in a rowboat from the tug to the barge and had very nearly been drowned. But that didn't seem to dampen their spirits.

Mrs. James J. Corbett. From a Photograph Made in 1892

The Fight on the Flatboat

CHOYNSKI and I got our clothes off and stepped into the ring. Obedient to the referee's instructions, I had taken care of my gloves and had mine on my hands. But though I didn't know it until afterward, Jack Dempsey, having learned about my bad hand, had determined to turn the fight into a bare-knuckle contest, in which Joe would have the advantage, and had tied a rock to Choynski's five-ounce gloves and thrown them overboard. So it was that Choynski stepped into the ring without any gloves.

"Where are your gloves?" asked the referee.

"Lost them," Choynski mumbled, looking a little sheepish.

Then the referee came over to me and said, "Choynski has no gloves."

"Well," I replied, "you told us to bring our gloves and I have mine. I am here, ready to fight."

"Jim," he said, "you don't want this fight without fighting for it, do you?"

"That's right, I don't," I told him. "I'll keep these gloves on and let him fight with his bare knuckles."

At this there was an uproar and someone suggested that Choynski wear skin gloves, and a prominent business man who was present threw in his driving gloves, and these they put on Choynski's hands.

All of which sounds very brave on my part, but I had quickly figured to myself that my injured hand would be better off with a five-ounce glove than bare. He put on the skin gloves, which I noticed had three heavy seams running down the center, and the battle started.

As we stood there in the broiling sun—we didn't get started until noon—little did I figure that this was to be the very toughest battle that I had ever

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James J. Corbett at His Training Quarters, Surrounded by a Group Including Charley White, Sam McVey, Billy Delaney, Trainer, and Jeffries, Rubber

THE JADE SPIRIT GONG

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IT NEEDED the eyes of little Miss Timmins, eyes trained almost from babyhood to perfume curious and beautiful things, to see the disk. Not more than three inches of it was in sight; the rest of it was hidden by a pile of phonograph records which had been set on it. That three inches was of a somber color. The dirt of years, black dirt, brown dirt, gray dirt, yellow dirt, had formed a blackish-brownish-grayish-yellowish film on it; and it was a thick film. Only eyes as keen as little Miss Timmins' could have seen the faint pattern under that film. The disk, whatever it might be, whatever it might be made of, was carved.

Miss Timmins entered the shop with all a hunter's excitement at the sight of a strange beast. She was hunting, hunting through the junk shops; it was part of her business.

At the sound of her entrance a large, round, odoriferous, slatternly woman, with a red nose and a watery eye, came from the room behind the shop. At the sight of Miss Timmins' pretty face she seemed to bristle slightly, like a cat suddenly confronted by a strange cat.

"What's that round thing under the pile of phonograph records?" said Miss Timmins, pointing to the protruding edge of the disk.

Displaying her contempt for female attractiveness by an aloof and *dégagé* air, the woman shoved the phonograph records aside and raised the disk with a hand covered with as somber a film. Miss Timmins saw that part of the disk was pierced—carved *à jour* is the technical phrase—and the carving looked to her to be Oriental.

The woman moistened a dirty thumb with a gray tongue, rubbed away a little of the film of dirt on the disk and disclosed a dirty-gray patterned surface.

Then, in instructive, patronizing but faintly hostile accents, she said, "That's hallybaster, that is."

"Oh!" said Miss Timmins in the tone of one receiving information respectfully.

"There's a lot of collectors of hallybaster nowadays and it's gittin' dearer and dearer every day—most hexpensive it's gittin'," said the woman.

Miss Timmins took the disk from her and examined it. Neither her eyes nor her fingers could tell her of what it was composed. Only the texture of caked dirt presented itself to them. But the pierced part of it looked like a dragon's head, and it was heavy—stone or glass.

"I'm afraid it would be too expensive for me if it's alabaster," said Miss Timmins.

The woman's eyes brightened at the prospect of a sale, and she drew the back of her dirty hand across her lips with a gesture that conveyed the odd suggestion that her thought had flown to a half quartern of gin. She took the disk and examined it with the air of an expert.

"Hallybaster it is," she said. "An' I couldn't take less than seven bob for it."

Miss Timmins knew the kind of woman too well to accept the offer out of hand. To do so would have aroused the woman's suspicions that the disk was a really valuable object of art, and she would ask more, or refuse to sell it at all. Therefore she suggested that she should pay four shillings for it. The protracted negotiations which followed ended in her acquiring it for five and sixpence. The woman wrapped it up clumsily in a dirty piece of newspaper, and as she took the five and sixpence from Miss Timmins she passed the back of her hand across her lips in the same gin-suggesting gesture.

Miss Timmins came out of the shop in a pleased excitement; she might have done a very good morning's work. It was past twelve, and she walked briskly home.

The shop of Mr. Timmins in Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, was narrow and dark, a poor mart in which to traffic in beautiful things. But unlike most little curio shops hidden away in back streets, it was neither dirty nor crowded. There were few things in it; but they were well displayed, objects of art for a collector of moderate means, half of them European, half Oriental.

Mr. Timmins was sitting at the desk at the back of the shop, reading. His dim blue eyes looked upon the world through old-fashioned horn spectacles; his lank gray hair hung halfway down his Gladstonian collar; his black tie was narrow; his frock coat was dingy; his slippers were of felt.

He was reading the literature of his subject, the literature which embellishes the theory that the honest Anglo-Saxons are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel.

"Lord Scredington came in to see if you had found any more hard stone," he said in his gentle voice. "He said he was disappointed not to find you in, and if you did come across a nice piece would you take it round to his flat."

Miss Timmins flushed. She told herself that it was just like the cheek of that cheerful and wicked young nobleman. He knew that nothing would induce her to take anything around to his flat. She had once taken a jade jui plaque to it and had been horrified and frightened by the manners of its owner. Apparently he had taken the cave man as his model. She flushed, and then she scowled. As she had not been at hand to tease, he had used her innocent father as his teasing mouthpiece. She added this last offense to the long score against him she kept in her mind. He was always trying to tease her!

She said nothing; she went into the kitchen and began to cook the dinner, eager as she was to discover what her disk was. They talked little at the meal. Mr. Timmins was pondering what he had read; Miss Timmins was pondering many things, but chiefly Lord Scredington and his cheek.

As Lord Scredington Started Toward Them, One of Them Broke From the Group and Rushed to the Bottom of the Street

After dinner, still curbing her eagerness, she washed up. Then she did get to work on the disk, with hot water, soap and a nailbrush. Naturally she began on that part of the disk which was carved *à jour*. The dirt was loath to leave it; but at the end of five minutes' scrubbing she had cleaned three inches of it, to find, to her joy, that it was composed of milky jade. She knew now what she had got—one of those spirit gongs which the Chinese priests strike in their temples to call up spirits; or rather, to be exact, devils. She had been lucky indeed! She brushed away; twice she had to change the blackened water; the dirt of years put up a gallant fight. At last the disk was clean.

It was three-sixteenths of an inch thick and about seven inches broad. On one side were a few little red flecks, where, during the lapse of centuries, the iron in the stone had oxidized. The other side was fleckless. It was a lovely piece; a dragon with a fish's tail—the king of the dragons. In Japan it has the body of a carp; in China, according to the experts, the body of a sturgeon. The body was curved so that the head and tail met.

The carving, in low relief, was the quiet carving of a good period. Miss Timmins liked it exceedingly; as she phrased it to herself, there were no squiggles about it. For an inch below the head the body was adorned with a kind of collar of conventionalized scales; below the spines in the back it was adorned for two inches with a charming pattern of starry blossoms. The lines of the openwork head and tail were admirable.

The hole in the center was of the right size—half the breadth of the body encircling it. From the quietness of the carving and the red flecks in the stone she judged it to be fairly old—sixteenth century, or perhaps even late fifteenth.

Triumphantly she showed it to her father. Mr. Timmins studied it with a faint air of disapproval and said doubtfully, "I've no doubt it's a good piece. But it doesn't appeal to me. I never can see these Oriental things."

"It is a good piece," said Miss Timmins, stroking it fondly.

She went upstairs and put on her prettiest frock and hat. Then she put the disk in the green Russia leather attaché case in which she carried objects of art to wealthy customers, walked briskly to the Museum, asked to see Mr. Webster, the expert in jade.

Mr. Webster was busy; but he knew Miss Timmins and told his clerk to admit her. Quite unconsciously experts in objects of art are kinder to pretty girls than they are to those so often richly bearded collectors and dealers who consult them. Quite unconsciously he smiled upon Miss Timmins as he had never smiled on a bearded collector. She took the spirit gong from the attaché case, unwrapped it and handed it to him, saying that she had come to ask if he could tell her the date of it. He took it from her and examined it with shining eyes.

Then he said in reverent accents, "That's the finest spirit gong I ever saw. The carving is delightful, of a really good period—early sixteenth century at the latest."

"That was what I thought," said Miss Timmins, pleased to have been right.

He pointed out to her, with enthusiasm, those various beauties she had already seen for herself. She thanked him.

Then, not guilelessly, she said, "I thought I would bring it round to you first in case the Museum would like to buy it."

Mr. Webster's face clouded, and he said grumpily, "Of course the Museum would like to buy it! But it hasn't got the money. If I were to ask for a hundred pounds to buy a jade spirit gong they'd think I was mad."

"It is a pity," said Miss Timmins, with difficulty keeping her surprise and exultation out of her voice.

She had not dreamed that the disk was worth anything like a hundred pounds.

"It's a shame!" said Mr. Webster in a tone of warm indignation.

Miss Timmins was sympathetic. Then she thanked him warmly for the information he had given her and walked home on very light feet. A hundred pounds for the gong would indeed make things easier for them. She would be able to lunch out a little, buy better pieces at sales and make a greater profit. She had visions of a shop in a street which collectors actually used.

She turned to the consideration of how to get that one hundred pounds—or more. If the gong was worth one hundred pounds to the Museum it was worth more to a collector. Lord Scredington was the obvious person to sell it to. If it took his fancy he would pay one hundred and twenty pounds for it without a murmur. It would take his fancy; she knew his taste. But the cheeky message he had sent by her father was still rankling in her mind, and her violent desire to score off that cheerful and wicked young nobleman was stronger than usual. Then a happy thought came to her. His uncle, Sir Charles Goulceby, was as ardent a collector as Lord Scredington. Why should she not pit them against each other? Sir Charles was much richer than his nephew, and though a man of quite uncommon meanness, quite as obstinate when it came to acquiring a piece on which he had set his fancy. When she reached home she wrote two post cards. They ran:

"I shall have a very fine milky jade spirit gong here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning.

"Yours faithfully, BEULAH TIMMINS."

She went out and posted them. They would reach their destinations that evening within a few minutes of each other, since Lord Scredington and Sir Charles Goulceby lived in Mayfair. Bar accident, the two of them should arrive at the shop at eleven next morning, together.

There was a happy but wicked smile on her face as she turned to go home. She disliked Sir Charles Goulceby much more than she disliked Lord Scredington. He was mean—a hard bargainer who would never give a fair price if he could help it. Nowadays she always asked him double what she intended to take for a piece.

On her return to the shop she polished the spirit gong with a wash leather for a long time. Then she set it in the window on a square of black velvet. It was not at all likely that a collector who would give a hundred and twenty pounds for a piece of jade would find his way into Devonshire Street. But Miss Timmins, like all thoughtful persons who traffic in objects of art, was an almost fervent believer in luck and she rarely missed a chance. No wealthy collector did find his way into Devonshire Street that afternoon; and when she shut up the shop for the night she carried the precious gong up to her bedroom and locked it in a drawer.

She brought it down with her next morning and again put it in the window, at about half past eight. It did not bring a wealthy collector into the shop, but at five minutes to nine it brought in a young Chinaman. He was dressed in good quiet English clothes, cut by a good tailor. He asked her, in very good English and with a cultivated intonation, if he might look at the round piece of jade in the window. She took it from the window and handed it to him.

His face was expressionless; there had been no note of excitement in his voice. But as he took it from her, her keen eyes noticed that his fingers were trembling a little.

He examined the gong carefully; then he drew his pocketbook from his pocket. From it he took a folded square of rice paper and spread it flat on the glass case on the counter. Miss Timmins saw on it a drawing of the gong. He laid the gong on it. The drawing was of exactly the same size as the gong.

"It is it," he said gravely. "What is the price?"

Miss Timmins hesitated; then she said "A hundred and fifty guineas."

He looked at her, and she perceived that the veil of Oriental impassivity was no longer drawn across his eyes. They were keen, shining, rather piercing eyes.

"It is a great deal of money, but not too much," he said gravely. "Certainly not too much. But I am a student at your university," he said, waving his hand toward the north, "and I have not so much money at the moment. Yet I must have this piece of jade."

He hesitated, looking at Miss Timmins. She liked him. For all the rather flat nose and slanted eyes, it was a good face; and the forehead was very good indeed.

"No, I haven't the money today. But I could get it"—he paused to make the calculation—"in thirteen days from today. My grandfather, who would cable it, lives five days from the nearest telegraph station. Six days for the cable to reach him, six days for his cable to reach the telegraph office, and today and another day. Yes; in thirteen days from today."

"I'm expecting two customers at eleven, and one of them is sure to buy it," said Miss Timmins reluctantly.

"At eleven?" he said sharply, and paused, pondering. Then he said, "If you will wait thirteen days I will give you two hundred guineas for it, and I will bring fifty guineas of it as a deposit before eleven o'clock."

Two hundred guineas! Miss Timmins' heart fairly leaped in her. This was beyond the dreams of avarice!

The young Chinaman looked at her with anxious, rather imploring eyes.

Miss Timmins liked him; she told herself that he was a nice boy. He could not have been more than five years older than she was. She wanted to oblige him. Besides, two hundred guineas! And to score off Lord Scredington and Sir Charles Goulceby too!

"Very well," she said, "if you bring me the fifty guineas by eleven o'clock I will keep the gong and wait till the fourteenth day for the rest of the money."

"Thank you," he said in a tone of immense relief, and smiled at her—such a nice smile, Miss Timmins thought.

He put the drawing back in his pocketbook and hurried out of the shop.

She put the gong, on its square of black velvet, into the glass case on the counter. She took the small objects of art out of the case and put them into a drawer. She wished the gong to have its full value.

At a quarter to eleven the young Chinaman reëntered the shop briskly. He gave Miss Timmins fifty guineas in notes and received her receipt for them

"It is the most beautiful spirit gong I ever saw. I don't wonder you want it so badly," she said, smiling at him.

"Ah, you know what it is, do you?" he said, smiling at her. Then he added gravely: "But it is more than beautiful. My family consider it holy. One of our ancestors gave it to a temple three hundred years ago. Forty years ago it was stolen. It was very powerful; at least the priests of the temple believed it very powerful. They did not catch the thief. Later they learned that he had sold it to an Englishman in Canton. Ever since then, whenever one of my family has been in England, he has looked for the gong. None of them ever came to England without the drawing, in case there should be another gong like this one, but larger or smaller, and he should make a mistake.

"My family believe that the ancestor who gave the gong to the temple is angry with us because we do not recover it. They will be greatly pleased to restore it. But whether it will still help the priests with the spirits I do not know." He shrugged his shoulders, paused, then added: "But it would be better not to talk about it. There are countrymen of mine in London who would want the gong very much indeed; and there are other people, Europeans. The gong is well known."

"They wouldn't get it from me," said Miss Timmins quickly. "I've sold it to you."

"If they could not buy it from you they would try to steal it. Those countrymen of mine are not—er—quite nice. And those Europeans are dangerous people."

He gave her his name, Yu Chi Ting, and the address of his rooms, higher up the street, and bade her good morning.

As he went out of the shop Miss Timmins smiled happily. She had not only sold the gong for an undreamed-of sum; she had also scored off Lord Scredington and Sir Charles Goulceby. Her smile grew rather vengeful as she waited for them.

They were not punctual. It was a quarter past eleven when Lord Scredington's car drew up to the curb and he came briskly into the shop, tall, slim, with a clear, tanned skin, a thin, high-arched nose, eyes very nearly as blue as Miss Timmins' own, and an air of astonishing distinction. Miss Timmins tried not to like the looks of him. She failed.

(Continued on Page 51)

"If You Will Wait Thirteen Days I Will Give You Two Hundred Guineas for It, and I Will Bring Fifty Guineas of It as a Deposit Before Eleven o'Clock"

THE BLACK CARGO

XIX

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I HAD an indefinable knowledge of the lateness of the hour when I was called from blackness into something blacker still, a knowledge which comes only of a restless life, a life of unexpected wakings. I knew it was late, very late.

I remember a tapping on the door, and the chill darkness of the room as I listened, but I had no sensation of being awake. My head was light. My hands were devoid of any sense of touch. I heard the latch raised. I heard the door creak open, but I had no feeling of apprehension. I was not even stirred by curiosity I heard Jim Lowes' hoarse whisper in the dark, but it might have been the whisper of my thoughts.

"Charles. Are you there, Charles?"

As I told him that I was, he seized my wrist.

"Speak low," he whispered, "or you'll wake him up. Speak low and come downstairs. It's time now. The old man's in the kitchen."

There was the same musty smell in the hall outside, but I did not feel awake. The darkness seemed too thick, and our footsteps too soft and vague. The hall was black. Everything was black. There was no relieving lightness from any window, not a crack of light beneath a door to steady us, to show us we were in the Anchor House and not floating through the air. I was glad it was so still, for I had a tense desire for silence I was glad of the dark, because he could not see me. I was afraid. I was still afraid as he led me along the passage We were going down the kitchen stairs.

I remembered the kitchen. I had often sat there with Jim Lowes when the hour was late and his guests had gone to bed. There were two candles and a lantern on the table that held the serving dishes. Their flames were soft and yellow and far from bright, but they gave me a sensation of unholy brilliance as I came in from the dark. At first I could not take my eyes away from those lights on the table. Then I saw the fireplace still glowing warm, and the rows of kettles along the wall. But I still felt only half awake.

A man was standing beside the fire. I watched him as the blindness from the candles left my eyes, and I saw it was Captain Murdock. He appeared to me unnatural, only a travesty of himself. His face was as puckered as an apple on the ground when the wind has seared it and its juice begins to go. It bore only a trace of its old complacent rotundity. He saw me, but he seemed to have forgotten that any unpleasantness had passed between us. He was fidgeting and blowing on his fingers. He was like a man awakened from a bad dream. His eyes kept narrowing and widening again, as though the sights of the dream were still about him. He was like some fantastic recollection, but not the Murdock I had known. He was like all the rest, a part of fantasy. Jim Lowes was different too. He was imbued with a new alertness, with a heightened intensity that placed him on a level with the night. I had never seen him look so sharp, so unbelievably sharp.

And then quite suddenly I knew I was awake, wider awake than I had ever been before. It was not the light, nor Murdock, nor Jim Lowes. Someone had been standing behind Murdock. As I came into the kitchen he had moved forward. It was Eliphalet Greer. Beside Murdock he looked very tall and thin. He was wrapped in his black cloak, just as I had seen him on the day when the Felicity set sail. It was thrown over his shoulder in folds, like the folds of cloaks I had seen where the air is soft, and the sun is bright. His hat was off. His hair was back from his forehead, leaving it high and white. Except for his cloak I might have thought he was some divine, called into the night to minister at the bedside of the dying. He gave me the same detached greeting, the same look of a man whose mind is on greater things.

"Charles," he said, "you're cold. Step over by the fire. You'll be better warm before we start."

I was cold. As I spoke a shiver ran through me, which seemed to communicate itself to Captain Murdock also.

"What he needs is a drink," said Captain Murdock suggestively. "It isn't the outside of him that's cold. It's his insides—all our insides. Now how about it—a little something all around? It never hurt nobody."

Eliphalet Greer did not so much as look at him.

"Is he up there?" he asked. "Are you sure he's up there now?"

"Mr. Greer," said Jim Lowes, "he couldn't have sneaked out without I heard him. I've been listening all night long."

Eliphalet Greer was no longer like a preacher or a prophet, in spite of all his black.

"Then he'll get it," he choked. "He'll get it. Why didn't he go? Why didn't he go and leave me? Why did he bring it on himself? He only had to go. He only had to leave, and I'd have never touched a hair of him. He only had to leave me here in peace."

It was unpleasant to watch him standing with his head upraised, lost in the mystery of his own thoughts while we stood still and waited. It set my nerves on edge, and the vagueness, the uncertainty of it disturbed Captain Murdock also, for he stepped toward Eliphalet Greer and jogged him familiarly and irreverently with his elbow. "Hey!" he said uneasily. "Now don't go gettin' like that! Ain't we all waiting here? Ain't we all ready to put him on board? You ain't going to stop when everything's all ready?"

Eliphalet Greer's shoulders wrenched forward as though someone was pulling them.

"Keep quiet," he said hoarsely, "or I'll break your neck!"

I thought he was going to do it. I could almost hear the place ring with its noise. I saw Jim Lowes draw a deep breath as though he was about to cry out. I saw Captain Murdock jump backwards and snatch up an empty bottle.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" Jim Lowes whispered. "For the love of the Lord, be quiet!"

Captain Murdock moved away, and I wanted to follow him. I could hardly repress my desire. The fear I had felt alone in my room was back upon me. Eliphalet Greer was looking at me now. He was moving toward me, and I understood my fear. I was afraid of him. I had been afraid of him all the while. I was afraid as I tried to meet his glance. I felt a loathing of the darkness in his eyes. I loathed the weakness and the strength that drew the wrinkles of his mouth. I hated his black coat. I hated the loose skin on his hands.

"Charles," he said, "you're not giving way?"

If my limbs had not refused me I think I should have run. Instead I only stood dazedly, trying to face him squarely, and then I started away until my back came against the wall. Eliphalet Greer had reached forward. His hand had come down on my shoulder.

"Charles," he said, "are you coming?"

I found my voice. It rose in me as my revulsion rose—into an unreasoning crisis that was beyond my mind to fathom or suspect.

"Take off your hand!" I said chokingly. "Why should I be afraid? Take off your hand!"

"Hush!" Jim Lowes was pleading. "Hush! Or you'll wake him up."

"Why should I stop now?" I was saying wildly. "Doesn't it mean I'll see the last of you? I'd go upstairs and cut his throat, as long as I never see your face again. Take off your hand!"

I had wrenched his fingers free of my shoulder. I had flung them back, and his lips moved convulsively, but he stood quite still.

"So that's the way it blows!" he said, and then he paused and his voice sank very low.

"It's better," he said, and his voice was an old man's voice. "After all, it's better." And he turned away.

"Come here," he said, nodding at Jim Lowes; and Jim Lowes moved nearer. "What room is he in?" he asked.

"As you go upstairs, the second on your left," Jim Lowes answered.

Eliphalet Greer nodded.

"Who else is in the L?" he asked.

The Door With Two Shivered Panels Was Lying Across the Carpet; and There Was No One There, No One But Eliphalet Greer and Me

"Mr. Jervaile's the only one," Jim Lowes replied. "Yes, sir, he's the only one. I'm doing what I set out to do. It's quiet, like I promised it would be, all locked off from the rest of the house, all locked like a family vault. No one can come out or in without they use these stairs."

Eliphalet Greer rubbed his chin.

"It won't disturb anyone," he said, "if there's a noise?"

"Everyone's asleep in front," Jim Lowes said. "They wouldn't be like to hear; and if they did it wouldn't mean nothing."

I heard Eliphalet Greer draw in his breath in a deep quavering way, as though something had hurt him

"Take off your coat, Charles," he said. "You'll be better without it. You say he's asleep?"

"I've been listening," said Jim Lowes, "and he hasn't made a sound"

"Give me that rope on the table," said Eliphalet Greer, "and the lantern."

Then he leaned toward me so close that I could feel his breath, and though he was whispering, his words seemed to echo through me.

"Listen," he said. "Are you listening? Then look at me. What's the matter? You're not afraid to look!"

I looked at him. Except for his mouth the muscles of his face were motionless as stone

"He's quick. I know him. He's like a cat. There won't be any time. He mustn't know, till it's too late. Don't try the latch. When we're up at the door, smash it in. You're strong enough to do it. Smash it in and get him by the throat. I'll hold the light."

Eliphalet Greer drew another sobbing breath.

"He's strong! I tell you he's strong, and he's like a snake. Get him by the throat, I say, and let him have your fist in his face. I want him still. That's all I want—to have him still. Don't let me hear him call. Hold him still. I'll do the rest."

Every motion he made was suddenly smooth and accurate. There was nothing ungainly about him any longer. His feet made no sound on the floor. He was folding his cloak about the lantern.

"Open the door to the stairs," he said.

It is curious how values change when thought becomes an act. I had sickened at the thought of it, but it was different now that we were moving up the stairs. I wonder whether the old man was right when he said that I was unfitted for the pursuit of peace. I wonder if he knew more about me than I have ever known. The lantern was under his cloak. The light was almost entirely hidden, but as we moved up into the dark, an occasional ray from the oil flame would dart from under his cloak, and would cover him with a dull light and disappear again, like the light of some fire within him that he was striving to conceal. My eyes were on his back, always on his back, and I was moving after him. As I went up those stairs, as I tiptoed along the hall, I felt a strange elation. It had nothing to do with conscience. It was apart from right and wrong. It was a joy in my strength, in the sureness of my step. Life was strong within me. I was curiously light and free. I knew it was wrong. I remember thinking I was lost to everything I knew and hoped as I followed him, but it did not cast me down. I drew a breath of the musty air, and it set my blood tingling. I wanted to laugh. I wanted to feel the door against my shoulder. I wanted to hear it crash.

That night has never seemed like life. It has never been a rational memory. I could hardly hear his tread upon the stairs. His cloak made a rustling sound, but even in the dark, where hearing is unnaturally acute, it was hard to hear. I wanted something to break the silence. I wanted it to end, no matter how it ended. I wanted it to end, though I seemed lost to all time and space.

Eliphalet Greer had stopped. I could see his dark cloak ahead of me, an unearthly garment with the rays of the lantern shining through it. He was whispering to me. It sounded like the rustling of half-dead leaves

"There's the door," he whispered. "Stand back and smash it in."

He had moved his cloak. The hall grew brighter. I could see it before me, a dim panel of white with a black old hand-wrought latch. As I hesitated, the rays of the lantern had ceased to be steady. Eliphalet's arm was swaying back and forth like a bit of seaweed in a rip of tide

"D'you hear me? Smash down that door!"

It was his voice that made me do it, his voice as it burst out of him. It sent me off my feet. It sent my body hurtling forward, and I remember that the hall was light. Eliphalet Greer had dropped his cloak

The door went down like paper. I carried it off its latch and hinges, and it crashed into the room ahead of me. I stumbled over it and then regained my balance. The room was small. There was not a corner but was clear under Eliphalet Greer's lantern, and it was no different from mine—a bed, a chair, a table, a bowl, a pitcher, and that was all. The window was half open. The door with two shivered panels was lying across the carpet; and there was no one there, no one but Eliphalet Greer and me

I turned toward him. He was glancing wildly, uncomprehendingly, at the bare walls. I thought he would drop the lantern, and I snatched it from his hands.

"He's not here!" he cried hoarsely. "He's not here!"

But I hardly heard him. The crash of the door was still in my ears. It seemed to have blotted out all other sound I saw Jim Lowes. He must have followed behind us, for he scurried in as Eliphalet spoke, and stared at us vacantly. Then he pulled some tobacco from his pocket

"He's gone!" he said, cramming it into his cheek. "Right out through the window. I always knew that something queer would happen, but who'd of thought that he would get away? Who'd of thought it, and me listening all the time?"

Eliphalet Greer snatched roughly at his shoulder.

"Spit out that tobacco," he cried "and tell me the truth! Is he hiding in some other room? Give me the lantern"

"He couldn't be anywhere else," Jim Lowes protested "The L is locked and every chamber in the L is locked, excepting his and Mr. Jervaile's"

"He can't be gone!" cried Eliphalet Greer. "He can't! Show me the other rooms. West and Young would have seen him go"

"I tell you," said Jim Lowes, "the other rooms are locked."

"Unlock them," said Eliphalet Greer. "Unlock them every one."

I wish it would not stay by me still, but I can see it all Yes, I can still see it, that long narrow hall growing large and growing small as the lantern swayed back and forth, while our shadows loomed up like specters and dwindled back to nothing with each swing of the light, and Eliphalet Greer, who was black as any shadow, but who never changed. As each door opened he darted in with his lantern as though the secret of life lay just inside. As each door opened I could almost feel his excitement mounting like a wave, and the sound of our footsteps rose and fell in our hearing as though they were part of some invisible sea, and I was following, not through any will of mine, but because I was in some current beyond myself.

There were eight rooms in all. We entered them every one. They were so much alike that they might have been the same room, and each was empty, stark and empty.

Eliphalet Greer strode back into the hall. His mouth had fallen open. His eyes were glazed and blank with incredulity. He was hurrying toward the stairs that led to the inn kitchen As I followed him I heard him catch his breath. He stumbled down the stairs. He strode across the kitchen and placed his lantern on the table. He was curiously changed

I thought he would be angry. I thought he would be restless and apprehensive. If Mr. Parton was not in the Anchor House he could not be far away. I wondered why he waited if Mr. Parton was not there. His eyes were wide and incredulous, and his voice was incredulous as he spoke

"He's gone." He said it very softly, more gently than I ever guessed he could speak. "He's gone. I don't have to send him there. He's gone."

He said it like some prayer, some prayer of thanksgiving.

"He ain't gone far," Jim Lowes objected

But he did not seem to hear

"He's gone," he said; "gone like a watch in the night. I'll never have to send him there—never now."

Had he halted in the road at last, the road he had trod so long? Had the burden grown too heavy? Had he finally set it down?

"Mebbe," said Jim Lowes suggestively, "I ain't saying, but mebbe I could help you find him."

(Continued on Page 60

"I Intend to Kill Him," I Said

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1924

Political Transit

ONE reason, it may be suspected, for the long-suffering attitude which the public so often shows is that instinct warns against expecting real saviors. In the great cities a pressing major problem is that of rapid transit, and no man can say whether its solution is more hindered by past financial jugglery on the part of a breed now pretty well extinct, the so-called traction magnates, or by the continued exploitation of these past evils by present self-seeking politicians.

In one great city, the very continued existence of which must depend upon a sane and orderly carrying out of comprehensive transit plans, several of the companies were at one time grossly overcapitalized. But they went through reorganization and reached a detailed agreement with the then existing state and city authorities. Political changes, however, have brought new administrations, which regard the plans with various and unstable eyes. The forms and character of state and city regulation of the operating companies have changed several times. There has been endless bickering between city officials and at least one regulative body; also among different city officials themselves; and between certain of these officials and certain of the operating companies.

The city itself has a huge investment in transit facilities which the private companies are supposed to operate. Certain of these facilities are not in use; others are not being expanded as fast as they should be. For this condition the most important of the city officials blames one of the companies, and the company blames the official.

Curiously enough, however, the city has one hundred and fifty million dollars of its own money invested in transit facilities which this particular company uses, and the largest individual owner in the corporation itself is the United States Government, which through the War Finance Corporation has twenty-one million dollars invested there. In addition sixteen thousand private investors, many of them daily passengers, are stockholders, and eight out of every ten employes are stockholders. Few persons in the city can reach their places of work without riding on this company's lines.

Surely here is a situation in which the old distinctions between public and private interests have been wiped out. First of all, such a company must come before the public with clean hands. It must prove beyond doubt that it is not merely fighting for time and chance to bring about a change in political administration from which it might hope for a complaisant validation of past financial excesses. It cannot develop properly its own facilities if it still carries a burden of overcapitalization, or even if the public believes it does. But on the other hand such a city has grown too complex to be governed safely by men whose stock in trade is mere denunciation of the interests. Politicians who set up a daily clamor against corporations, which are almost as much a part of the people as the Government itself, are survivals dangerous to the intricate metropolitan body politic.

City governments must not be the tools of corporations; and they need not be. But what cities need more than soap-box oratory is the sternly consistent coördination and development through a period of years of all the facilities of transit. This cannot be done by guerrilla political warfare or the cheap empty mouthings of blatant nonentities. It requires a rare form of statesmanship; and if the cities do not command such a commodity, in the needed quantities, there is perhaps no blame attaching except to the citizens who prefer golf to ballot boxes on election day.

Silent Saviors

AT A RECENT meeting of savings-bank representatives a speaker, whose interests roam over a wide and varied field, made a brief but telling speech in words somewhat as follows:

"As I sat here this evening I thought what an impressive thing it is that you people are gathered together, representing ten million savers and $7,000,000,000 of savings. The most important thing that is going on in the world is not the thing that is in the headlines of the paper, but is the quiet thing that is being done, day by day and week by week, by the simple, old-fashioned people of the world; the people who do not get into the headlines; the people who do not commit crimes and do unusual things; the people who merely do without something in order that they themselves may be safer in their old age, in order that their children may be a little better off.

"The savers of the world—the millions of savers of the world—they are saving the world today, as they have saved it in the past. They are the people who are bringing it back to normal; they are the people who are rapidly pushing the war further and further into the background; they are the people who are replacing the wasted capital fund that was thrown away in such reckless manner during four years of war. Long before there was any such thing as a savings bank, long before there was any such complicated civilization as we have now, the gradual uplifting of nations out of savagery resulted from saving; resulted from the man who got something out of the ground and did not use it all, but put something away for a rainy day."

Opinions differ as to the extent of Europe's recovery from its last war. But all must agree that the measure of its present and future recuperation consists of work and thrift. Only thus have nations risen from despair in the past. Now and then, in the midst of high standards of comfort and luxury, talk of thrift may seem old-fashioned or unfashionable. It does go out of style with some people, but it can't be kept out very long, any more than can the multiplication table or time and tide.

Winning Promotion

ONE of the penalties of increasing national wealth and expanding opportunity is an enhanced degree of impatience on the part of young men with what so often seems the snail's pace of promotion. Too great an eagerness for advancement may hinder its orderly achievement as well as the best interests of the employer. A great manufacturing concern that sells its product directly through the medium of several thousand salesmen has found so many of them champing at the bit that it has issued two pamphlets, one developing the theme entitled Promotion Not Essential, and the other dwelling upon the idea Develop Your Present Position.

Another employer is so beset by the ardent youth in his employ that he is forced, in denying their more precipitate requests, to call attention to the fact that if all the persons in the United States who actually receive the incomes asked for were gathered together in one place, the Yale Bowl would be big enough to hold them.

Rome was not built in a day, but much of the education technically known as inspirational, which the young men are receiving, has pretty well blotted out the memory of any such historical and mechanical fact. There is danger in so blazoning forth the splendor of the goal of success that thoroughness in training is either minimized or overlooked. Not only are foundations essential to a sound structure but it is doubtful if life be really fruitful unless there is knowledge of struggle and hardship. Such things as promotion and success are, after all, inferior to the spirit in which work is done. Wealth and position have a valued place in the cosmic scheme, but they can never give the happiness that springs from the consciousness of honest craftsmanship, which is to be found both in the high places of life and in the low.

Philosophers' Stone

WE HAVE not discovered the elixir of life, but we have succeeded in finding certain methods of prolonging the appearance of youth. The electric iron and the face-lifting device of the beauty specialist have replaced the test tubes and hell broths of the alchemist. The search of centuries failed to evolve a life-giving potion, but as substitutes we now have Steinach and Coué. Perhaps, after all, a pair of barber's shears is the real philosophers' stone.

Men and women, particularly women, are going to extreme lengths nowadays to maintain or regain the outward semblance of youth. Special exercises, skin treatments, transformations, rigid diets! Faces are lifted, noses straightened, bones replaced. Armies of specialists have come forward. There is something new all the time to cheer on the ardent youth seekers—the long-lost toilet secrets of a royal courtesan, the latest Parisian bob or the dietary wisdom of the Ibro-Sanjakers, who never die under one hundred and ten. Time is being turned backward in its flight. Lithesome figures and youthful complexions have become the outward guise of middle-aged bones and tired tissues.

All in the new movement that has to do with proper exercise, the care of the body and skin, and the conservation of strength cannot be too highly commended. The hygienic truths we are discovering are rapidly adding years to the average span. But can we condone the other side of this craze for youth, the side which is all sham and pretense? Is there anything admirable in the hypocrisy which hides sallowness under rouge, covers baldness with artificial curls, and replaces the honest earmarks of one's age with a superficial and standardized mask?

Youth is a brief stage of life when we enjoy high spirits, voracious appetites, great expectations and a freshness of beauty which maturity can never match nor science give back. But youth, after all, is merely the period of preparation for life. The freshness of youth is its compensation for the lack of power and responsibility that goes with it. Every age has its own compensations. Middle age has the stability of a settled purpose in life, the zest of fulfillment, the satisfaction of matured outlook and understanding. The woman who destroys the charm of the middle years in order to ape youth can never be other than ridiculous. Callowness goes with peach bloom, while the greater charm of mental maturity is not to be expected in a beauty-parlor debutante. A woman who retains her full beauty at an advanced age should not be an object of admiration and envy. Can she have lived a full and proper life or taken her share of the work and stress and suffering that living entails? There is proof of passivity in an unlined face, and there is dignity in wrinkles. Every age has its own beauty. The face of seventy, lined, gracious and benign from long years of working and loving, can seem more truly beautiful than the fresh face of youth. Nature never fakes a green foliage in the fall, but allows us to enjoy the serene and mellow beauty of her autumnal russets and reds.

Healthful living is the only real beauty doctor.

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ALL that I did after I was admitted to partnership in the firm of Bronson & Barnes, continued John K. Wing, was to work hard and to benefit by Joe Williamson's industry and advice and his priceless friendship. We increased the number of our customers and the volume of business grew so that we were compelled to find larger offices. We were able to get the entire floor formerly occupied by Charles G. Carney & Co. I drove a good bargain with the agents of the building. Times were hard and the outlook was so gloomy that our rental was fixed at only one dollar and a half per foot per annum, and at that we got one year free of rent. When after some years our lease expired, we renewed it at three dollars for a long term of years. Today we probably should have to pay five dollars a foot. In some of the newest buildings uptown I understand some of the offices rent for seven, eight and even ten dollars a foot.

The crisis of 1907 was bad for everybody. We were no exception. The Street escaped by the narrowest of margins one of the worst panics of our financial history. In October call money, following the banking troubles, loaned as high as 125 per cent, but even at that rate there was practically none to be had. It got so bad that a premium was paid for cash money over bank deposits represented by checks. We resorted to clearing-house certificates, as you doubtless remember. It was the last of the old-fashioned, senseless, needless crashes, and I think it did a great deal to turn sentiment all over the country in favor of a more intelligent banking system. It made it easier for the late Nelson W. Aldrich to overcome prejudices and make converts for his project. Without Senator Aldrich's preliminary work there would be no Federal Reserve System today.

There are some things about the panic that I can recall with pride. On the one hand we had the rapid spread of fear and distrust unworthy of Americans; and more, the growth of downright disbelief in our destiny and in the stability of our commercial structure. It was no cheering sight—scores of gray-haired bankers losing their heads, of able business men acting like cowards and fools, of brokers willfully closing their eyes to the obvious trend of the money markets of the entire world; of men acting like hysterical women, and women acting like overindulged children. We had rumors and runs on banks and failures of financial institutions that need not have gone under, and the collapse of banks that should have been put out of business months or even years before. But on the other hand we had the richest country in the world, and a national habit of quick recuperation that has been a perennial source of wonder and envy to Europe. We had all that; but over and above those things we had also the masterful leadership of J. P. Morgan the elder, and the disinterested coöperation of the very men whom the political demagogues invariably accuse of crass selfishness and of criminal efforts to influence legislatures, political bosses and political parties. And the battle was won by those same execrated interests.

The crash was so severe that it was naturally followed by extreme dullness in the securities markets. Our firm's individual problem while the panic raged was to keep our heads and our solvency and try to get our customers to do likewise. After the panic the problem became: What shall we do to get business when there is no business to get?

It always helps us to solve a problem if we, as a first step, state it clearly to ourselves. Joe Williamson and I were agreed on what our problem was and on the answer, which was: A substitute business. Our firm had done almost entirely a stock business. In our New York office our customers nearly to a man were stock traders. That being the case, the outlook was gloomy, for there was no stock market to speak of and improvement looked to be pretty far away. We had to find something to take the place of stock trading as an income producer.

Of course bonds naturally suggested themselves. If the public—our customers—didn't or wouldn't or couldn't trade in stocks we might develop a bond-buying clientele. To do this we must enlarge our sphere of influence. We must find, not alone in New York and Boston but in various sections of the country, new customers, whom we might interest in bonds if we couldn't in stocks at the moment. And when the improvement in the stock market came, as it must some day, we should have those new bond customers to interest in stocks. Speculators and investors are always with us. They are to be found everywhere, but they are more abundant at certain times than at others. On the principle of rotation of crops, if no other, we must have one to fall back on when the other was not in evidence. In good times all speculation is called investment, and in bad times all investment is speculation. The average man admits that he has been speculating if he loses money. But if he wins he tells you he has been investing.

In 1907 everybody was still doing business in the traditional way, although the country

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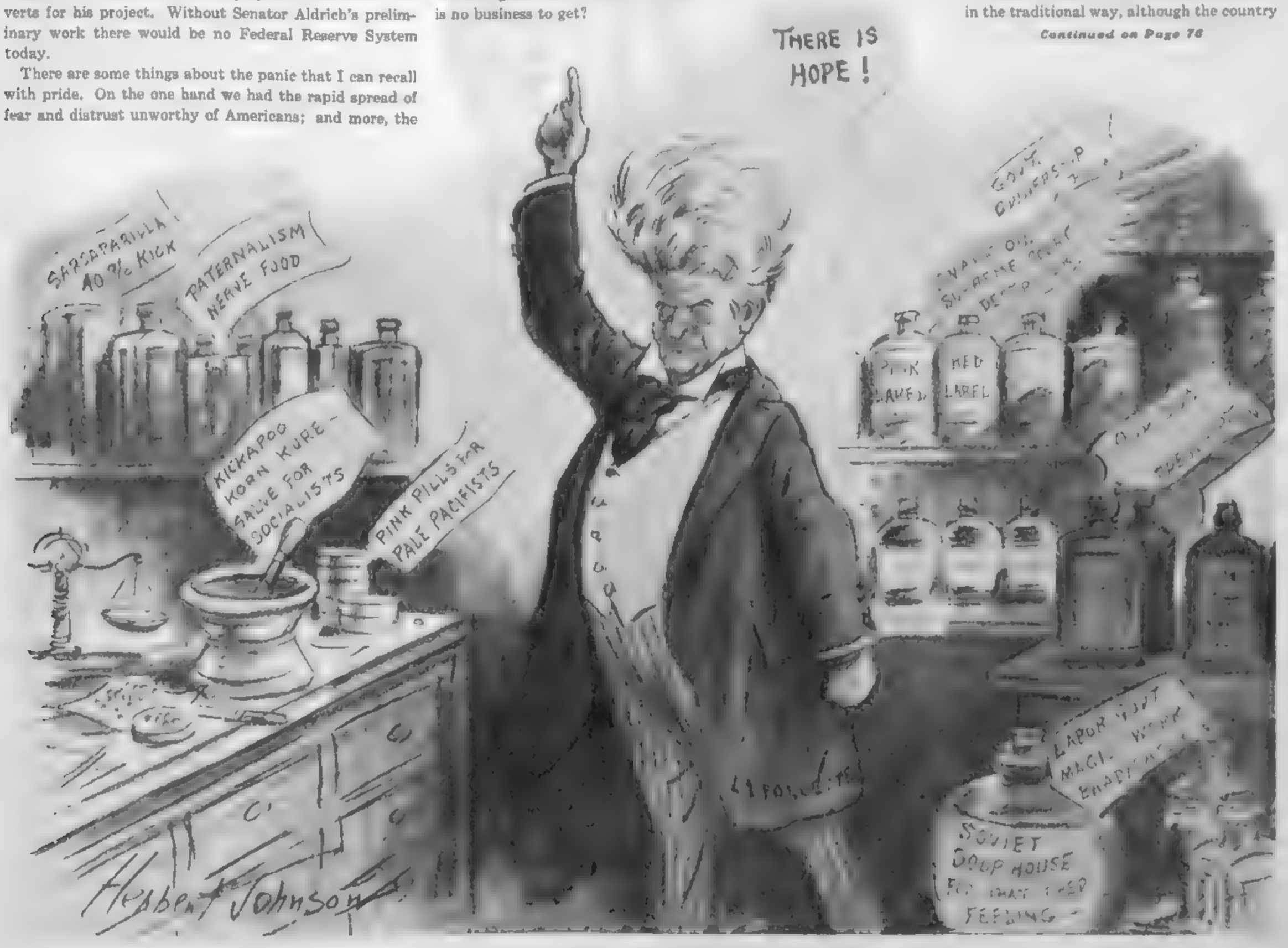
THERE IS HOPE!
SARSAPARILLA! 40% KICK
PATERNALISM NERVE FOOD
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PINK PILLS FOR PALE PACIFISTS
SOVIET SOUP HOUSE FOR THAT TIRED FEELING
Herbert Johnson

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Swat

WHEN the last trumpets sounded
And the seas gave up their dead
As firmaments rolled like curtains
And mountains sank like lead,
When the roll of mighty thunders
Ceased and silence came instead,
Clear across the quiet spaces
Came the voice of one who said,
"This reminds me of the time when ——"
Then they bashed him on the head!
—Robert Fellows Wood.

The Salome Sun

BILL BRANNIGAN has sued the new Buzzard's Roost Bunk House for Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000.00) Damages, all on account of a Shower Bath he took in their Bath Room. I'll bet it was the first Bath he's had for a Good Many Years—but I didn't think it would hurt him That Much. Water has always been scarce up at Buzzard's Roost, and Folks has generally used a Wash Basin or a Tomato Can to take a Bath, but when they built the new Bunk House—Built More Hotel, they call it—they drilled a Well and put up a 10x12 Tent House at the Back End of the Bunk House for a Bath House, on account of Strangers some times asking to Take a Bath, something most of the Natives had hardly ever thought of yet.

Jud Patterson's Wife who runs the Bunk House and has Been Back East and wants to be Up to the Date saw a Picture in some paper of a Shower Bath Dingus which you put over your head and Hook around your Neck on the end of a Rubber Hose, and she sent for it, because it said it didn't use Much Water. Jud he took an old galvanized iron tank out of the Cow Corral and cut it in two and set the Bottom Half in the Bath House, to stand in and Save all the water they could, and laid an iron pipe from the tank at the pump over to the Bath House. The morning it was finished every body Laid Off to take a Bath that after Noon and Drew Cuts to see which come First. Jeff Turner drew the first chance and Bill Brannigan give him $10 for it.

That after Noon every one went out back of the Bunk House to see Bill Take the 1st Bath—or to see How he Looked After he had had One. Jud went in with him to Show him How to Work it. There wasn't any Regular Faucet to turn it on and Off with, but Jud had got a Cut Off Valve out at the Mine and a Monkey Wrench to turn the valve with and a piece of Hose from one of the Machine Drills to fasten the Shower Bath business to the end of the Pipe with, which run to the Tank at the Well. Jud's Wife made him put in two Valves, 1 marked "HOT" and the other "COLD" because she said that was the way they did Back East and maybe Some Day they might want to connect the Hot one up to the Kitchen Stove in the Winter time.

Well, Bill he goes in to the Bath House and shuts the Door and takes off his 3 Piece Suit—Shirt, Pants and Shoes—and Climbed up into the Galvanized Iron tank about 3 feet High and 5 Feet across while Every Body in Town stood around outside and looked at the Iron Pipe laying on the Ground running from the Tank to the Bath House where Jud hadn't had time yet to Cover it Up and wondered what it would Sound Like when Bill Took his Bath. Bill opened up the Shower Collar arrangement and fastened it around his Neck and turned the Cut Off Valve on with the Monkey Wrench and the Water Come squirting out through all the little Holes just like the Picture in the Paper said it would. Neither Jud or Bill had stopped to think about that Black Iron Pipe laying out in the Sun full of water for Half a day at 118 Degrees in the Shade soaking up Heat and getting up Steam.

The Water come squirting out of the Shower Collar Hot enough to Scald a Hog, but it had been so Long Since Bill had had any Water on his Back he didn't know at First how it Ought to Feel. It didn't Take him long to Find out though, and make up his Mind that either he Didn't Want a Bath or else that Jud had made a Mistake and connected up the Pipe to the Boiler at the Pump instead of the Water Tank. He let out a War Whoop that made half the Turkey Buzzards fall off the Corral Fence and grabbed at the Monkey Wrench to Turn it Off and his foot Slipped and he Fell Down and the Monkey Wrench fell off the Cut Off Valve and Bill jumped Up again and tried to tear the Shower Collar off but forgot the Combination, and then he tried to get the Monkey Wrench back on the Cut Off again but the Water was so Hot and he was so Excited with it Squirting all over him that he couldn't get the Wrench on, so he finally Tore the Hose in Two and jumped out of the Tank after falling down a couple of times he was in Such a Hurry, and then he Busted the Door down and come running out as Red as if he was Painted without Nothing on and run and Jumped over the Corral Fence and Dived head first into the Stock Pond to Put the Fire Out.

And now Jud Patterson can't get Nobody in Buzzard's Roost to Take a Bath in his New Shower Bath and Bill is suing him for Ten Thousand Dollars Damages and says if he had Turned On the Valve that said Hot Water he would have been Cooked Alive before he could have Got Out. All of which Proves that you can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks and it Don't Pay to try to Throw Too Much Style A Way out Here in the Wilderness.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Boss Plumber.

The Revenge Complex

The Revenge Complex Can't Sleep. He Hisses Through His Teeth and Waits His Chance to Get Even With Somebody. This Complex is a Favorite Mascot in Scenarios and Melodrama Generally. In Real Life He is a Very Undesirable Pet

Billings Takes Up Song Writing

I HADN'T seen Billings for about a month when one morning he burst into my office with his customary gusto.

"You haven't such a thing as a grand piano around here?" he exclaimed.

"That darned office boy seems to have mislaid the office piano," I said apologetically. "I'll have to fire that kid; he's always losing things."

"It's too bad," said Billings "I wanted to play my new song for you. It's a wow."

"Since when are you a song writer?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard?" said Billings. "I took a correspondence course. I cut out a coupon and mailed it to them with a specimen of my work. 'You have unmistakable talent,' they wrote."

"Well, that's just dandy."

"Yes," said Billings. "There's millions in it. One of their pupils wrote Take Me Back to My Dear Old Mammy Where the Mississippi Flows. You remember what a riot that was."

"No," I replied.

"Sold four million copies in round numbers. I've just finished a little number myself. It's a mother song. They're always sure-fire. Would you like to hear it?"

"No," I said, settling back resignedly in my chair, "but I'll have to, I suppose."

"It's too bad you haven't a piano here," said Billings. "It starts in with a vamp."

"I thought you said it was a mother song," I said.

"Vamp is a technical term that we song writers use. The name of the song is There's No Pal Like Your Mother."

Billings cleared his voice and in what once was called a whisky tenor, sang:

"A dog is known as man's best friend
But that is hardly true,
For where's the dog who'd do the things
Your mother does for you?
A college chum may have his points,
That truth you can't deny.
But there's no pal like your mother, boys—
No matter how you try.

REFRAIN:
"Oh, there's no pal like your mother, boys!
She'll stick through thin and thick;
When life seems blue she'll stick to you,
You'll find she is a brick.
'Neath every cloud is sunshine,
So whatever may befall
There is no pal like your mother, boys—
She's the finest pal of all."

"It's rotten," I said.

"I expected you to say that," said Billings. "Of course I should have had a piano. Here's another one—a patriotic song for use in case there's another war."

I closed my door softly as Billings once more burst into song. My office neighbors had seemed to be somewhat annoyed at his last outburst.

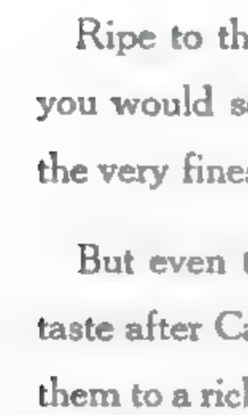
(Continued on Page 49)

~but taste tomatoes as Campbell's blend them!

Ripe to the very heart! Just the kind you would select if you could pick from the very finest tomatoes that grow.

But even then, how much better they taste after Campbell's skilful chefs strain them to a rich tomato puree, blend in the fresh country butter and season them to tempt and delight your appetite!

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.



Rich Cream of Tomato!

Never does it taste so good as when you make it with Campbell's. Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich Cream of Tomato. Just taste it!

Soup for health—
every day!

21 kinds · 12 cents a can

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

XIV

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

WHEN Yorke opened the door of the automobile he saw Virginia sitting bolt upright in the far corner of the seat. In the dim light of the curtained interior her face was indistinct save for the wide, terrified eyes.

"It is I, Pendennis Yorke," he cried, suddenly realizing that she could not know whether he was friend or foe. "You are safe! Don't be afraid, Virginia. Everything is all right now."

The lower portion of her face was covered with a tightly drawn towel or napkin which was knotted at the back of her head. Her wide-open blue eyes were streaming with tears while she looked mutely into his face as he sat down beside her and began clumsily to untie the coarse bandage. Strands of her dark disordered hair brushed against his face as he leaned close in his efforts to undo the stubborn knot. Her arms were bound to her sides at the elbows in a not uncomfortable position. The wrists, however, were strapped tightly together, one on top of the other. A rope, wound loosely about her ankles, was fastened securely to the foot rail, allowing a few inches of play to her legs. A skillful and even considerate job, thought Yorke.

Presently the bandage came away. As he flung it from him, he heard her murmuring thickly through dry lips, "Thank God! Thank God!"

"Don't try to speak yet. Take it easy, princess. Be patient just a few minutes longer. I'll soon have these beastly things undone."

"Water!" she half sobbed. "Please, give me some water."

Dropping everything else, he unslung his small army canteen and a moment later was holding the dripping nozzle to her lips. She drank thirstily, eagerly. Then in a bewildered silence she watched him untie the bonds.

"There!" he cried, straightening up. "You are free!"

"Where are we?"

"Never mind now. I'll tell you everything by and by."

"There was shooting. Are you hurt?"

"Not a scratch. . . . That's the ticket. Move 'em a little. The blood will soon be going through them again. Try your legs. Good! Now you stay here while I have a look outside. That fellow may take it into his head to come back and ——"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes; I just happened to be riding past when they came up this road."

She began to tremble as if in a chill.

"Where—where is he—Michael Rodkin? Don't leave me. I am afraid of him."

"He will not trouble you again, princess. He's gone. You are absolutely safe so far as Rodkin is concerned. Here, take a nip of this. It will buck you up a lot. Brandy. Can't hurt you. Come on now, there's a good girl." He was speaking to her as if she were a child.

She drank a little from his flask, coughed and made a wry face.

"Let me get out of this car!" she cried. "I cannot bear it any longer. Help me out. My legs feel as if they were dead."

"No, you stay right here," he ordered, more sternly than he thought. "I must have a look around first. Don't be afraid. I'll not be gone more than a minute or two. Then I'll get this car started and we'll be off for Edelweiss in no time."

He thrilled under the touch of her hand on his arm. If she swayed a little toward him—and he was sure she did—he attributed the action to weakness; there was still a faint odor of chloroform in the car. He was always to wonder at the tremendous self-restraint that had kept him from clasping her in his arms and from pouring out words of love to her when he first flung himself in beside her. The impulse to strain her to his heart was well-nigh irresistible.

If he had but known that she was prevented from throwing her arms about his neck only because of her inability to use them, or had she been able to utter an articulate sound when she realized who he was, he would not have been forced to exert his self-control at all.

For Ten Minutes She Pleaded and Importuned and Cajoled, All to No Avail

He found Michael Rodkin's lifeless body at the edge of the road. He had been shot through the head. For a few seconds he stood looking down at the sprawling figure of his one-time friend; it was rendered weirdly grotesque by the empty sleeve of the partially removed overcoat and the spraddled legs, evidence of an attempt to struggle to his feet after pitching forward on his face.

He carried the body off into the underbrush, arranged the garments and covered the face with the empty sleeve. Then he hurried up to the highway. With scant ceremony he dragged the victim of his own bullet out of sight among the bushes lining the road, but not before he had confiscated the well-stocked cartridge belt.

His horse was dead. Hastily removing his pack from the saddle, he grabbed up the assassin's rifle and rushed back to the car. There was nothing now for Virginia to see except the dead horse, and he could make light of that.

She was rubbing her wrists vigorously when he appeared at the open door. Her hair had been hastily put in some sort of order during his brief absence; a tight-fitting little brown hat was pulled well down upon her head, and a feminine observer would have remarked other signs of a reviving interest in her personal appearance. She leaned forward eagerly.

"Are we quite safe? Have they really fled?" she asked in a tremulous half whisper.

"We are safe from Rodkin and his friends," he replied. "But it will soon be dark, princess. We must be on our way. It's forty miles or more to Edelweiss ——"

"How did you happen to be here, Mr. Yorke?" she broke in. "When did you hear that I had been carried away? Have you been trailing us since last night? Please tell me everything."

In as few words as possible he related his story, reserving certain gruesome details for another day's recital.

"Just the sheerest luck, princess. Five minutes later and I should have missed you; you would be far away and I would still be jogging along toward Arlak on my trusty steed. It seems like a miracle. To think that I should be the one who —— But we haven't time to talk about it now. Time enough to talk later on. And at the same time you can tell me how all this came about. You poor girl! I could ——"

He swallowed hard and abruptly withdrew from the door. As he stooped over to pick up the weapons and other objects lying on the ground he heard her getting out of the car.

"I heard them talking only a few minutes before the shooting began," she was saying. "The man who was driving shouted back to Rodkin that the gasoline tank was almost empty. He was urging Rodkin to let him fill it up from one of the reserve cans they've got strapped on the top of the car. But Rodkin wouldn't consent to the delay. So you'd better see how much there is, Mr. Yorke. . . . Oh, it feels good to stretch my poor aching legs and back. I wonder if I'll ever be able to walk again."

Yorke found the gasoline very low and was preparing to climb up to the top of the car for one of the cans she had spoken about when it occurred to him that he would have observed them before if they were up there. Stepping back for a view of the top, he was dismayed to find that it was absolutely bare except for a luggage-protection rail and net. He sprang upon the front seat for a hasty examination. Mute testimony of disaster was revealed in a glance. The rail at the back had been torn away, evidently by the heavy oil cans as they were swept off the top by the limb of a tree. Loose strands of twine lay upon the top; they were attached at one end to the guard rail and had given way under the strain of impact.

He was lowering the hood after an inspection of the engine, when Virginia came hobbling down from the highroad.

"Bad news," he called out grimly as he pointed to the top of the car.

She stopped, aghast.

"Gone? Isn't there any —— Oh, I remember! Sometime this afternoon I heard an awful ripping and scratching on the top of the car. Rodkin and one of the men had run on ahead to see if the road was passable. I heard them talking about the damage the mountain torrents had done. Well, what are we to do about it?" She seemed to be quite unconcerned.

"It's the deuce of a fix we're in," he said, frowning. "There isn't enough gas to take us a mile, if that. And no way to get any, or to find help, so far as I can see."

"Heaven knows, we can't walk back to Edelweiss," she mused aloud. "Goodness, Mr. Yorke, I am always getting you into a mess, am I not?"

It struck him that she was in surprisingly buoyant spirits for one who so recently had experienced all that she had been through, and who was still in a far from comfortable situation.

"Never mind about me," he said rather gruffly. "Really, you know, princess, it isn't a laughing matter."

"I know it isn't, Mr. Yorke," she admitted contritely.

"We're likely to be here all night."

"And it has started to drizzle again. Oh, dear me, I thought it had stopped raining for good."

"You'd better hop into the car. I'll see if I can start her up. Maybe I can get her up to the main road where ——"

"—— where some motor lorry would smash us all to splinters if it happened to come along," she interrupted.

(Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"No, Mr. Yorke; I think it would be safer to stay right where we are; unless, of course, you want to go back over the road to see if you can find a gasoline can."

"I don't care to leave you alone."

"I was only joking. I wouldn't be left alone for worlds."

"I can't for the life of me see what there is to joke about, princess. You seem to find the situation amusing."

She was by now inside the car, arranging herself snugly in the far corner of the seat

"It is a great deal more amusing than it was," she retorted, and then sighed comfortably. "Do come in out of the rain, Mr. Yorke."

"This coat is waterproof," he muttered, and proceeded to climb into the driver's seat. For five minutes he tried in vain to start the engine. Finally he looked over his shoulder and shouted through the glass window, "No use. Dead as Rameses I."

He stopped in amazement, blinking. By the rapidly failing light he made out a large, unwieldy box or basket on her knees. She was studying the contents, occasionally inserting her hand for the obvious purpose of exploration. Suddenly she looked up, smiling, and catching his eye, beckoned to him with her forefinger.

"Food!" she cried. "Thank heaven, they didn't put this basket on top of the car. Take off that wet coat before you come in here with me. Yes," she went on as he slid in beside her, after tossing the coat into the front seat, "Michael Rodkin had no intention of starving me into submission. He had two baskets of sandwiches and cold chicken and ham; and see! Two bottles of red wine. They emptied one of the baskets this morning, he and his companions. They tried to force me to eat, but I—I couldn't. I haven't been hungry till this minute, and now I am as hungry as a bear."

He would have given his soul at that moment to take her in his arms. But he remembered that he was her protection. She must not for an instant feel that she was unsafe with him.

"I'm hungry too," he remarked. "I hope you are going to invite me to have dinner with you, princess. Or is there enough for two bears? Come to think of it," he added eagerly, "there must still be some hot coffee left in my vacuum bottle, and I know I have a corkscrew in my pack. My word," he went on rather fatuously, "we're as snug as a bug in a rug, aren't we? Listen to that rain trying to get at us! Cats and dogs! Pitchforks!"

"Of course there is plenty for both of us," she cried, a new thrill in her voice. "We may eat and drink, but how can we be merry?"

"Well, to be sure, it isn't the Regengetz, or even that queer little café in Budapest," he acknowledged; "but it's rather jolly just the same. We seem fated to dine with each other in awfully unexpected places, don't we?"

"Here is a sandwich, Mr. Yorke," she said quite gayly, as she fished the article out of the basket and thrust it into his hand. "You wouldn't mind eating a few mouthfuls just to see if it's poisoned? You are always going about saving me from some dreadful fate, you know, and what could be more chivalrous than to save me from an ignominious death by poison? Take a big bite out of this end, please."

He did so, and she instantly snatched the sandwich from his fingers and sank her teeth into the side of the commodious crescent he had created. She smiled up into his eyes, and her mouth was full as she purled, "We can be silly, even if we can't be merry."

"Hand that sandwich back to me," he commanded. "You've no right to be swallowing my poison." He was desperately afraid that he wasn't going to be able to withstand the shock to his noble intentions. Tantalus was never so tormented as he.

She obediently gave it back to him, and after inspecting the sandwich he deliberately included in his next prodigious mouthful the dainty little gap her teeth had left.

"This will never do," he muttered desperately.

"What did you say?"

"I—why, I —— Oh, yes; the coffee," he fenced, and springing up began to yank at the forward window strap. His belongings were piled on the front seat.

He took what seemed to be a preposterously long time in locating and producing the things he was searching for. When he sat down beside her again he had considerably more confidence in his ability to resist temptation. Still, he meditated, there was a long night ahead of them.

"It's almost dark," she said, munching a sandwich in her corner of the seat. "I can barely see your face."

"See here, princess," he burst out, "I've just got to do something about this car. We can't stay here all night. It's out of the — "

"Can't you wait till after we've finished our dinner?" she inquired with provoking calmness. "You haven't eaten a thing; you haven't opened the vacuum bottle and you haven't —— Will you please tell me what we gain by worrying? It seems to me we will just simply have to trust to luck. It's dry and warm in here, and if Michael Rodkin and his men don't return to ——"

"I may as well tell you, princess, that Michael Rodkin is dead, and so is one of his men. The other has fled. I didn't mean to tell you now, but ——"

She grasped his arm.

"Did you kill Michael Rodkin?" she asked.

"No; he was shot from behind by one of his own men. I did not have to kill him; but I should have if it hadn't been for that treacherous shot. They killed my horse. I got one of the scoundrels. He's dead. The other escaped—wounded, I am sure. Now you know the situation. You have nothing to fear from Michael Rodkin."

She was silent for a long time and motionless. Finally she said, "I don't believe I can eat any more. Those—those dead men lying out there, so near."

He busied himself pouring the hot coffee into the cap of the vacuum bottle.

"You must drink this, princess. I was a fool to tell you before you had finished your supper. I might have known. My own appetite is—well, I haven't much to speak of."

She drank the coffee without protest.

"I am glad you did not kill him," she murmured. "He was your friend. He really loved you, Denny."

"He was out of his mind. He wouldn't have done this if he had been sane."

"I must differ with you there," she said quietly. "He had this thing in mind for months."

"Even so, he did not abuse you?"

"No; he was as considerate as he could be under the circumstances."

"I shudder when I think of what would have happened to you if those two men had succeeded in killing both Rodkin and me," he said, more to himself than to her.

Presently they fell to discussing the prospect ahead of them. There was not a doubt in the mind of either as to the immediate future; they were beyond question doomed to spend the night in this wild, unfrequented part of the pass. There was the possibility, but a remote one, of their being discovered by a patrol party or by a detachment of troops moving down from Arlak. There was comfort in the conviction that Graustark forces lay between them and the Axphainians; the likelihood of raiders venturing this far into the pass was dismissed by Yorke.

Virginia was completely in the dark as to the activities of the authorities in Edelweiss. She had not the faintest knowledge of what was happening there, nor could she give an intelligent account of the movements of her abductors for a long time after she was seized. The means and the route they took in leaving the city were unknown to her. They must have passed through one of the four gates in the city wall, and that was no simple matter in these days of caution.

Food and wine were reviving her spirits. She insisted on relating the story of her capture, contrary to his earnest plea that she wait till another time. It appears that she and Princess Bevra, with many other noble ladies, devoted a great deal of time to the care of wounded soldiers brought down from the front to the military hospital. It was her custom to go to the hospital at four every afternoon and remain until eight o'clock, when a squad of guardsmen came to escort her back to the castle. Yesterday she had started out alone in her car shortly after three, meaning to visit the home of a young woman, Mrs. Ober, whose husband had been killed a few days before at Ganlook. She lived in what was known as the Twin Gates Quarter, a district of somewhat humble character in the vicinity of the most westerly gate in the city wall. Virginia remembered seeing a big gray car standing in the quiet street almost directly in front of the house when she drove up yesterday—or was it yesterday? A man and a boy were loitering on the curb near by.

As she got down from her roadster, the former approached and informed her that a young woman was very ill in the house and advised her not to enter. There was some talk, he said, of the plague. His car had been engaged to convey the patient out of the city. The boy spoke up and said that everybody had been warned to keep away from the house.

Undaunted, Virginia hurried in to the sick woman. A strange man, apparently a doctor or an assistant,

"In Plain Words, You Think It Would be Much Nicer to Go Out With Me Alive Than to Go Out Dead All by Yourself"

opened the door for her. She turned to question him as he closed the door quickly behind her. At that very instant she was seized and a thick cloth thrown over her head. As she struggled to cry out, a hand was pressed against her mouth and the stifling fumes of chloroform assailed her.

She knew nothing of what happened after that until she came out of the stupor and slowly realized that she was in what appeared to be a dark, swaying, jostling little room. After a time she became aware of the presence of the man who was seated beside her, and presently discovered him to be Michael Rodkin the Red.

From that time on she existed as if in a nightmare. She remembered traveling at high speed for what seemed to be ages; stopping at a peasant's hut far along in the night, where Rodkin pleaded with her to partake of food; the resumption of the journey, the coming of daybreak, the progress over deep-rutted wagon roads, the delay of several hours due to a fallen tree which blocked their path and had to be chopped away by the swearing henchmen; Rodkin's dread of being overtaken, his solicitude for her, his arguments with the men; the never-ceasing patter of rain on the top of the car; the wild hope that sprang up within her when the car stopped and she heard loud voices on ahead; then the shooting.

"And you looking in at the door and calling out my name," she concluded. "I thought I was dreaming. It couldn't be real—but it was."

What she did not know, and therefore was unable to incorporate in her account, may be told in very few words. Michael Rodkin was aware of her daily visits to the house of Mrs. Ober. He planned cunningly and daringly. The young widow and her mother were surprised to receive a call from three agents of the war-insurance department—a clerk and two doctors. They came at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, announcing that they had been commanded to take depositions. By this ruse they gained admittance to the house. They overpowered the women, bound and gagged them and locked them in an upstairs room.

A few inquisitive neighbors were informed that Mrs. Ober was ill of the plague and was to be removed to the pesthouse outside the city walls. It was, of course, Princess Virginia who was bundled up and carried out to the big gray car. Her own little runabout was found the next day in an alley not far from the scene of the abduction. A forged order from the health department enabled the conspirators to pass through the city gates.

"I've been dreaming ever since I crossed the Graustark frontier, weeks ago," said Yorke.

"Then, my dear man, it's time you woke up," she cried breathlessly. There was a queer, agitated flutter in her voice, as of one about to dive into cold water.

He utterly misconstrued the sense of that capitulating admonition. He took it as a rebuff. She must have guessed his secret and —— Well, it was time he woke up.

"You're right," he agreed, somewhat harshly, and was thankful that she could not see his face. "It's time I stopped dreaming. I ——"

"Shall I pinch you?" she half whispered out of her corner.

He said something under his breath and then incontinently bolted out of the car, mumbling that he would have a look around to see whether that fellow had taken it into his head to come back with reenforcements A moment later he stuck his head in through the door to say:

"Here is my electric torch, princess. Take it. Now curl up on the seat and go to sleep. Don't be afraid. I'll keep watch —— Eh? Yes, I know it's raining, but it's letting up. I will sit out here in the front seat and —— I beg pardon? No, I'm not foolish."

And while he was splashing around in the wind and rain she was saying to herself in an ecstasy that seemed to be suffocating her:

"He does love me! I know he does! I know it! I know it at last! But why can't he see? How can he be so blind?" A strange exasperation possessed her. "Oh, what a stupid thing he is! The most hopeless idiot in all the world would have seen through me long ago. Good heavens, I wonder what he expects? Does he expect me to throw my arms around his neck and —— Oh, dear, if he only would wake up'"

So, from these reflections, it may be seen that the Princess Virginia was quite as elemental in her thoughts and desires as any other maiden in all the land, and no doubt as illogical

She furtively studied her wrist watch by the aid of the little pocket torch Eight o'clock The long night had just begun. Heigh-ho!

Ten minutes later he slid into the front seat and resumed his futile efforts to start the car. She settled back in the corner and smiled faintly as she watched him. After a while he gave up in despair and prepared to make himself snug in the partially exposed front seat. Her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, took in these preparations. First, he fastened a rain curtain in place on the right-hand side; then he unrolled his pack and produced a pair of army blankets, one of which he proceeded to wrap around his legs; the two rifles he placed beside the wheel within easy and instant reach. After wasting half a dozen matches in his cupped hands, he succeeded in lighting his pipe. This accomplished, he turned his head to peer intently into the interior of the car. It was too dark for him to see her face; his contemplation of the motionless, indistinct figure, however, was needlessly prolonged. Satisfied that she was asleep, he continued to gaze pensively at a vague shadowy patch somewhat lighter than its surroundings which he was content to believe was her dear, troubled face. He pictured the lowered lids and the long dark lashes, the gentle rise and fall of her breast, the relaxed droop of her head, and his sense of desolation grew and grew and grew.

But she was not asleep. She was gazing straight into his eyes out of the favoring darkness, and there was a soft, dreamy appeal in her own.

Presently down through the gap from the north came a freshening wind, bringing with it a new downpour. The wind, increasing in violence, sent swirling sprays of rain into Yorke's shelter; it began to tear savagely at the protecting rain curtain. In an incredibly short time—seconds, it seemed—it had grown to the fury of a gale, shrieking and roaring through the trees, battering all creation with a remorseless, unending volley of liquid canister.

He was struggling with the curtain when he heard a sharp rat-a-tat on the glass behind him. At the same moment a wavering circle of light played about him. Looking over his shoulder, he beheld her face close to the window; a thrilled, eager, excited face it was in the glow of the torchlight which she held above her head. She was smiling as she beckoned to him with her forefinger. He was still clutching the curtain when she began lowering the window.

"Come in here, Denny!" she cried the instant she could make herself heard. "Crawl in through the window. Do as I command you this instant! Please, Denny!"

Flop went the curtain. He cast off his raincoat and started to wriggle awkwardly through the window. When he was halfway through the light went out.

"Where are you?" he cried a moment later as he stooped, blinking and irresolute, in the darkness.

"Here," came the answer in a faint, almost inaudible voice.

He was vaguely aware of stumbling over the forgotten basket as he dropped down beside her on the seat. Their knees touched. The contact broke down every barrier. In another moment she was in his arms.

"Virginia! Virginia!" he whispered. "Forgive me! I can't help it!"

"Oh, Denny, Denny, my dear," she cried trembling with the rapture of complete surrender. Her free arm stole up about his neck and their lips met in the kiss that they had both craved so long.

After a time she gently, even reluctantly, withdrew from his embrace and sank back into the corner of the seat. They had murmured countless words during that incalculable period of oblivion, but her beatific remarks from the corner were the first to indicate the return of what may well be described as lucidity. What she now said was astonishingly material and beyond a doubt rational. It betrayed her innermost thoughts.

"Thank goodness, dearest, now we shan't have to go on with that wretched divorce. We can just stay married."

Pendennis was startled. He seemed suddenly to come to his senses.

"Oh, Lord, but that's just what your father will insist on our doing, Virginia!" he groaned. "He will never let me have you."

"I dare say we shall have to be married all over again," she went on dreamily, paying no heed to his lamentation; "just for the sake of appearances and all that. But, Denny dearest, we are married now. I am your wife."

"You darling!" he cried, lifting her hand to his lips. "So we are, if we are to believe the learned justices. But I've still got to ask the Prince of Dawsbergen for the hand of his daughter Virginia in marriage. And he is set on our being divorced. It looks hopeless to me."

She was silent for a long time. Then she said, "When he comes to know you as I do, my father will not ask me to give you up."

XV

THE city of Edelweiss was in the throes of excitement almost as great as when the news of the invasion spread like wildfire from the riverside hovels to the Monastery of Saint Valentine on the top of Mount Ganlook. In less than twelve hours after it became known that Princess Virginia was missing, every man, woman and child in the city not only was aware of the fact but was interested in the search being made for her

When the castle guardsmen appeared at the hospital at eight o'clock to escort her home, they were told by the surprised officials that she had telephoned sometime during the afternoon to say that she would be unable to report that day because of a hastily arranged trip that she and the Princess of Graustark were to make to one of the field stations not far from the front. The officer in command of the squad, knowing that Princess Beyra had not left the city, promptly telephoned to the castle. He was put through to the princess herself, who immediately became panic-stricken. Within the hour Baron Gourou's men were scouring the city, messages had gone through the War Office to Prince Robin at Ganlook headquarters, the city gates were closed and guarded by troops. Beyra herself spoke with Robin, who late in the night reported to her that his sister-in-law had not appeared at either of the temporary field hospitals. A large force of men had been sent out from army headquarters to search the highways between Ganlook and Edelweiss.

Long before this, however, Gourou himself had traced Virginia to the home of Mrs. Ober. He discovered the two women bound and imprisoned in an upstairs room. Their story was illuminating, although they knew nothing of what had happened below stairs. The men who overpowered them were strangers; they had never seen them before. Gourou jumped at once to the conclusion that they were in the employ of Prince Hubert, who was known to be in Vienna. The crafty baron never for an instant considered Michael Rodkin in his swift deductions. He was convinced that Hubert had planned the abduction and that he was waiting at some point along the southern frontier for his hirelings and their captive. People living in Mrs. Ober's neighborhood were unceremoniously routed out of bed and questioned by the police. The story of the bogus doctors, the black-plague warning and the removal of the sick woman came out. A small boy told of seeing the fine young lady enter Mrs. Ober's house just before Mrs. Ober was taken away to the pesthouse, and a number of people observed a short, black-whiskered man driving off in a little runabout directly behind the big gray car. The keepers of the Twin Gates reported the passage of the gray machine and produced the forged order from the health authorities directing them to permit the car to go through without delay and to keep as far away from it as possible in view of the nature of the malady with which its occupant was afflicted—the bubonic plague. After passing the gates the car sped northward in the direction of the bridge which spanned the river half a mile above.

Inside of an hour after these facts became known to Gourou, every town and post along the southern and western frontiers had been warned to be on the lookout for the abductors; a number of high-powered automobiles, filled with armed men, were off on a wild-goose chase in exactly the opposite direction to that taken by Michael Rodkin. So it was that the great Baron Gourou lost many precious hours because of his very astuteness. It was not until late the following day that woodsmen in the foothills reported having seen a strange gray car creeping up one of the rarely traversed wagon roads far to the north of Edelweiss, headed toward Axphain.

The waning struggle along the Axphain frontier was overshadowed in importance by the new sensation; indeed, the latter took on the momentousness of a real calamity. A royal princess had been seized and spirited away; a royal visitor from the friendly house of Dawsbergen had been carried off under the very noses of the vaunted police force of Edelweiss! A blemish on the proud name of Graustark! But as the day wore on there was much headshaking among the people, and many were the wiseacres who professed to have said over and over again that something was sure to happen to the beautiful headstrong princess if she kept on gallivanting about all alone in her little car.

Prince Dantan and Princess Beverly were on their way to Edelweiss by special train, summoned by the distracted Beyra, and Prince Robin had hurried down from Ganlook in response to her appeal. It was he who headed the company of soldiers that set forth late in the afternoon to follow the now accepted trail of the abductors. Troops engaged in the Arlak sector were ordered by wire from the castle to block all of the roads leading to Axphain and to invade that principality in force if the fugitives had succeeded in crossing the border before the instructions could be put into effect.

The first glimmer of dawn was filtering down into the Pass of the Two Kings when Prince Robin's outriders came to the rim of the forsaken quarry and dismounted. There was unmistakable evidence here that the car they were following had taken the wrong fork and had been backed with considerable difficulty down to the junction, where it was turned into the road that wound up the steep trail to the main highway over the mountains. All night long the pursuers had blundered through the darkness and the rain over the treacherous lower road, urged and encouraged by signs that proved they were on the right track.

By the light of lat terns they had found the battered can of gasoline and portions of guard net, they had come upon the fallen tree through whose trunk a gate had been hewed; a discarded tire, a basket containing broken dishes and the soggy remnants of sandwiches; great gashes in the earth where the car had slid off the edge of the road; and at one place, a few miles back, indications that the fugitives had attempted to turn the car around in the narrow road with the obvious intention of seeking a less hazardous way out of the valley

The tired outriders waited at the quarry until Prince Robin joined them with the rest of his party. It was the general opinion that the kidnapers had been forced to delay

Continued on Page 42

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(Continued from Page 40)

their flight here until daylight came to their relief. If such were the case, they must now be close at hand. Indeed, it was more than likely that they had taken alarm but a few minutes before the first of the dragoons rode up to the dilapidated sheds and shanties constituting the stonecutters' camp, and were even now making their way up the quarry road to the main highway.

Just as the jaded but now hopeful pursuers were on the point of starting up the wretched wagon trail, shouts from one of the shanties detained them. Men assigned to the task of searching these ramshackle buildings had come upon a wounded man hiding in one of them. He had been shot through the right arm and was too faint from loss of blood either to resist or to make any effort to evade the searchers.

He was at once recognized as a Red of the most virulent type, one Nicholas Spantz, whose uncle many years before had been one of the leaders in what was known historically as the Marlanx Plot. He refused to talk.

"Put him up on a horse," commanded Prince Robin, "and bring him along. Waste no time with him. Forward! We are hot on their heels!"

Half an hour later the leaders of the toiling cavalcade drew rein and excitedly signaled to those behind. Rounding a bend, they had sighted the big gray car in the road not a hundred yards ahead, stationary and apparently deserted.

"Dismount!" was Robin's command. "Spread out! Close in on them from all sides! They will put up a fight. There will be shooting, men. But on your lives do not fire in return. The princess is in the car with them. We must rush them."

The advance was slow and wary. At any moment a fusillade might be expected from the interior of the seemingly empty car. Not a sign of human life was visible, not a thing to indicate that the car was occupied or that the fugitives were aware of the proximity of their pursuers. Creeping cautiously up to within a few yards of the car, a dozen men at a sharp command from Robin hurled themselves forward. Springing upon the running boards from both sides of the road, the leaders, with revolvers ready for instant use, peered inside the car. Robin and the rest of the men were close behind.

Now this is what the doughty sergeant and his fellows beheld: The Princess Virginia and a strange man huddled down in the corner of the seat, the former's head pillowed in the hollow of the latter's shoulder, the latter's head drooping limply over till it rested against the crown of rumpled brown hair. The occupants of the car came to life with startling alacrity. Before Robin and his men had even partially recovered from their stupefaction, Virginia was sitting bolt upright and gazing at her brother-in-law with blinking eyes.

"Robin!" she cried out wonderingly.

But Robin's face was stern and forbidding. Like the great Baron Gourou, he, too, jumped to a conclusion.

"Don't move, Yorke!" commanded his highness. "Stay where you are, sir! Come out, Virginia! Of all the scurvy, contemptible —— Virginia, how could you have done this thing? Bevra is almost crazy; your father and mother are ——"

"What the devil are you talking about?" demanded Yorke with scant courtesy.

"I was damned badly mistaken in you," grated the prince. "I thought you were a gentleman. And now I catch you running away with this foolish girl who hasn't ——"

"Robin!" cried Virginia, her eyes blazing. "How dare you say such a thing?" She pushed her way past him and sprang to the ground.

"How dare you, Robin Lorry, accuse Pendennis Yorke of planning this?" she cried furiously. "Why, if it had not been for him I should now be God knows where—and God only knows what my fate would have been. And listen to me, all of you! I love Pendennis Yorke. I am going to be his wife—his real wife. Hand me my hat, Robin," she went on loftily. "It's pinned to the back of the front seat."

Further explanations were made, and in due course the Prince of Graustark apologized to Pendennis Yorke, fairly hugging him in his fervor.

"I am terribly sorry to have made that crack," he said, so feelingly that he allowed the American half of him to speak for the Graustark half. "I'd let you kick me if I weren't afraid these fellows would stop cheering you and fill you full of bullets."

"They certainly wouldn't shoot me if I were to kick you, Bobby," said Virginia, and immediately favored her brother-in-law with a kiss. "There! Let them shoot me!"

"Do you call that a kick, Virg?"

"Good gracious! I'm so happy I don't know whether I am standing on my feet or my head," she cried rapturously.

Messengers mounted on the strongest and swiftest horses in the command were soon galloping off down the pass to the nearest patrol post to flash the news of the rescue to Edelweiss Castle. Shortly afterward Prince Robin set off in more leisurely fashion with a dozen men. Perched behind him on the charger rode Virginia, clinging to his waist with one arm while with the other hand she threw kisses to Pendennis Yorke, who stubbornly had refused to abandon his trip to Arlak.

"I can't allow a little mishap like this to divert me from the path of duty," he declared whimsically. "My natural chivalry interfered with my progress yesterday and last night; but now that it isn't necessary for me to be gallant any longer, I must perforce resume the humdrum life of a war correspondent. My motto is and always shall be, Never Lie Down on a Job. I witnessed the beginning of the war and I want to be in at the finish. I rather suspect that the next day or two in the Arlak sector will see the end of hostilities. You wouldn't have me miss the last and best act of the show, would you, princess?"

For ten minutes she pleaded and importuned and cajoled, all to no avail. Most of this time had been spent in walking back and forth, arm in arm, in the highway a short distance beyond the spot where the prince and his men impatiently awaited her pleasure.

"I suppose I must let you have your own way, Denny," she said finally. "My sister says it's the only way to keep a husband in good humor. Heigh-ho! Poor dear, she's had a lot of experience."

Just before they rode away she leaned over and reached her hand down to him. As he pressed his lips to it, she sighed again, and then, with a mischievous little smile—"Don't get your feet wet, dear, and be sure to come home early."

"Regular wife stuff," remarked the prince soulfully if inelegantly. "However, I believe she'll make you a good wife, Yorke."

"At any rate," said she, "I've been a good one for the first five years, and they say they're the most difficult."

Yorke watched them until they rounded a bend in the road far below. Then he spoke to the trooper who was holding the horse he was to mount.

"By gad, I'm happy!" was his rapt though perfectly incomprehensible exclamation. The unenlightened trooper had the grace, however, to beam in return.

Three of the soldiers remained to guard the big gray machine until gasoline was sent down from the camp at Arlak. Accompanied by the two remaining troopers, Yorke rode off toward Arlak within ten minutes after the departure of Prince Robin's party. The sun had broken through the morning mists; the air was laden with the mild, dank breath of the steaming earth and the pungent odor of sweating pines.

It was close upon noon when Princess Virginia and her escort rode wearily up to the military station near the mouth of the Pass of the Two Kings, where they were received with much excitement and the word that Prince Dantan was hastening from Edelweiss by automobile to meet his daughter.

Prince Robin and his troopers fairly dropped out of their saddles. They were too tired to partake of the feast that had been prepared for them; within five minutes they were all fast asleep in the patrol barracks. Not so the Princess Virginia. She was very wide awake and ravenously hungry. Robin fell asleep on a couch in the commandant's office while that worthy was earnestly advising him that a breakfast fit for a king was ready and awaiting his pleasure.

"Do go to sleep, Robin, dear," said Virginia, passing her fingers through his dishevel hair with loving gentleness. "Poor boy, you've had a horrid time of it. Bless his heart, colonel, he's sound asleep already. Sh-h-h! Please don't rattle your spurs and scabbard like that. And do tiptoe, colonel—like this," she whispered, suiting the action to the word by tiptoeing daintily out of the room, an example that the stalwart soldier tried his best to follow, but with ill success.

A couple of hours later Virginia, physically refreshed and mentally rehabilitated, sat in the watchtower regarding with some trepidation the approach of three motor cars which could be seen far below in the distance winding their way up the mountain road. Nevertheless, there was resolution in her soul and defiance in her eyes. She was prepared for battle. She had made up her mind to throw down the gauntlet at once.

No use skirmishing for position, no use waiting for a more auspicious occasion to cast her bombshell. No matter what he said or did, she was going to marry Pendennis Yorke and live happily ever afterward! Indeed, if he became too troublesome about it, it was her intention to remind her father that no less a person than the great Chief Justice Mavorak was of the opinion that she could live happily ever afterward with Pendennis Yorke without bothering about getting married to him again. But to please the family—and incidentally to please the righteous Mr. Yorke—she would consent to a state marriage and all that sort of thing. Under no circumstances, however, would she consent to a divorce!

Nevertheless, when the time came, she failed in every one of these highfalutin' resolves. She wept unrestrainedly in his embrace, and was so meek and docile in the presence of his great joy that she forgot everything else. How could she defy a father who was so glad to see her that the tears streamed down his cheeks; and how could she possibly be defiant if she were laughing and crying at the same time, and couldn't find her pocket handkerchief? So it was necessary to postpone indefinitely Prince Dantan's evil hour.

She was strangely humble and subdued most of the way down to Edelweiss. She had heard from her father's lips a great deal about the agony he and her mother had suffered. No, thought Virginia, now was no time to be selfish or high and mighty, or even argumentative. So she was very quiet and very thoughtful as she sat between the two princes all the way to Edelweiss and listened dreamily to the conversation that went on between them and the redoubtable Baron Gourou, who sat facing them on one of the little front seats, and who for once in his life was acutely garrulous. He dwelt at great length upon the situation at the front and the latest inside news from Axphain; not once, be it said to his credit, did he allow the conversation to revert to Michael Rodkin or to the experience through which Virginia had just passed.

His spies in Axphain were authority for the news that young Gregory, heir presumptive to the throne, was already in the capital, where he was awaiting the psychological moment to wrest the reins of government from the tottering commune and restore the monarchy. The people were ready and eager for the return to old conditions and they were clamoring for Gregory to lead them out of the morass into which their own greed and stupidity had led them.

He watched Virginia furtively out of the corner of his eye; or perhaps it was through the fabled eye he was credited with having in the back of his head; he watched for any sign of interest or agitation on her part at the mention of Gregory's name. He was rewarded by the most pronounced indifference. She was staring moodily out of the car window.

Finally Prince Dantan cleared his throat and said, "That is all over, baron, years ago. My daughter is no longer interested in Gregory."

"I am glad to hear it, sire."

"A passing fancy, inspired by a young girl's sympathy, baron."

Here Virginia squeezed her father's arm and murmured, "Wasn't I a dreadful little idiot, daddy?"

"You were," said he very succinctly.

"But you must admit that Gregory was a nice boy and—and frightfully good-looking."

"I grant you all that, my dear."

"And everybody was fond of him, including you, daddy; and everybody was sorry for him, isn't that true?" All three of the men nodded their heads and smiled. "Fate had played him an abominable trick, hadn't it?"

"Well, I am not so sure that Fate had anything to do with it," began her father dryly.

"Anyhow, it wasn't Gregory's fault, was it?" she persisted.

"Certainly not. I, for one, will be glad to see him where he illegitimately belongs—on the throne of Axphain. Still, my dear, I am even more glad that you are not to share it with him."

"And so am I," said Baron Gourou feelingly.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "When I think of what might have happened, I —— Wake up, Bobby!" She nudged her brother-in-law violently. "I want you to promise me one thing. You're a member of the family, you know. Promise me you'll not tell Pendennis Yorke about Gregory and me. He—he might put it in his old newspaper."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her father.

"Bosh!" grunted Robin, and subsided into silence upon catching a look of warning in her eyes.

"The Americans have very queer ideas about things," said she sagely. "They're awfully old-fashioned in spite of their newness. I am afraid Mr. Yorke wouldn't understand. In any case, I don't see any reason why he should be let into the family secret."

"I don't think that's fair, Virginia," said Robin, grinning. "He's supposed to be a sort of a member of the family, you know."

"Vicariously," said Baron Gourou.

"I see no reason why he should be told," said Prince Dantan seriously. "We have kept it to ourselves all these years and——"

"I never could look him in the face again, Robin," declared Virginia.

"Don't look at me like that, please," said Robin. "I've not said I was going to tell him, have I?"

"No; but you might. You've taken quite a fancy to him."

"Oh, I have, have I?" cried he ironically.

"I mean, just at this time when Gregory is bound to be in the limelight, with everybody talking about him and hailing him as the man of the hour, you might let something slip about Gregory and me, Robin, without thinking, you see. And Mr. Yorke would probably jump at the chance to get what he calls heart interest into the story he will have to write about the new Prince of Axphain. He says no story is complete without heart interest and ——"

Her father interrupted her:

"I think, Virginia, Mr. Yorke has proved himself to be a very gallant gentleman. It ill becomes you to ——"

"Don't you worry, Virgie," broke in Prince Robin, a twinkle in his eyes. "If Mr. Pendennis Yorke prints anything scandalous about you in his newspaper, I'll call him out and run him through. I'll challenge him to mortal combat, and before I've finished with him he'll wish he'd never seen or heard of my little sister-in-law."

"Idiot!"

"My dear Robin," said Prince Dantan rather severely, "there was nothing scandalous in what Virginia did. She was headstrong and all that, to be sure; but as for ——"

"And she was very young and impressionable and ——" began Baron Gourou.

"Good Lord!" cried Robin, throwing up his hands in despair. "Is it possible that neither of you understands that I'm trying to be funny?"

"Ahem!" coughed Baron Gourou.

Virginia now squeezed Robin's arm.

"They're both frightfully old and dense, Bobby," she cried. Then she suddenly became serious. "It wasn't fair of me to say that Mr. Yorke would print anything about that silly affair, even if he were to find out about it. I'm not afraid of that. But I am afraid that he might not understand the—circumstances. He asked me once—and only once—how I came to be in Budapest. When he realized that I did not want to explain, he never referred to it again."

No one spoke for a long time. Each was occupied with thoughts of a remote day, when the royal houses of Dawsbergen and Graustark were racked by anxiety and despair over the whereabouts and the fate of the selfsame girl who for the second time had just been delivered out of peril by Pendennis Yorke. The unwritten history of Dawsbergen contains the following chapter:

In the winter of 1919, Gregory, the son of the Countess Valerie Yanzi, came with his mother to Shenzarm Castle, the ancient home of the rulers of Dawsbergen. It was no secret that the beautiful countess, a sister of the Duke of Mizrox, one of Axphain's most beloved noblemen, had once been the mistress of Prince Hedrik of that

(Continued on Page 44)

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Watch This Column

"First in the fight and every graceful deed." —POPE

REGINALD DENNY

REGINALD DENNY and LAURA LA PLANTE, two of the most popular young people on the screen, make a great bid for your love of pure fun and exciting action in ***"The Fast Worker"***, which is our title for George Barr McCutcheon's fine story, "Husbands of Edith." They must have enjoyed their roles to their limit. Their acting is spontaneous and spirited. And I predict this will be one of the sparkling pictures of the year. Ask for it at your favorite theatre.

At our West Coast studios we are now reproducing the magnificent Paris Opera House for use in Universal's forthcoming spectacle, ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** the thrilling mystery story by Gaston Leroux. I can't announce the cast as yet, but LON CHANEY will play the "Phantom." Can't you imagine him in a role like that? The picture will be gorgeous in the extreme and very mysterious.

I am convinced that ***"Wine,"*** Universal's dramatic production of bootlegging in high society, will do a great amount of good. While necessarily some of its scenes are sensational, they are so skilfully handled as to be entertaining without offense. The picture is in line with our campaign for clean pictures, its purpose is laudable, its lesson desirable to the whole human family.

If you have not yet seen ***"Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** see it. And keep watch for ***"The Signal Tower,"*** with VIRGINIA VALLI; ***"The Reckless Age,"*** with REGINALD DENNY. If they have not come to your favorite theatre, ask the manager to book them. Let him know what you like. It will please him.

Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

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principality. In justice to the lady it may be said that she was in love with and secretly betrothed to the prince long before his ambitious and avaricious father succeeded in bringing about a loveless marriage between the young man and a Montenegrin princess, an alliance which was expected to be of vast consequence in course of time. Hedrik was the second son of old Prince Bolaroz. At this time the crown prince was living and still unmarried. Shortly after the marriage of his younger brother Hedrik to the Montenegrin, the crown prince was assassinated while on a visit to the capital of Graustark. Whereupon Hedrik automatically became the heir to the throne and soon afterward succeeded his father. But the love story of Hedrik and Valerie did not end with the former's marriage and subsequent elevation.

But this is not supposed to be the chronicle of court life in Axphain, nor is it the story of the loves of Hedrik and Valerie Yanzi. Suffice it to say that Gregory was born on a December day at Castle Mizrox and that all Axphain knew who was his father.

The crown prince was four years old and his brother Hubert was two when Valerie's son came into the world.

Young Gregory grew up at Castle Mizrox. He was recognized and acknowledged throughout the land as the son of the Prince of Axphain, although his name was Gregory Yanzi, Yanzi being the Mizrox family name. He was popular; he was received everywhere; the bar sinister was ignored. When he was eighteen his mother established a residence in Italy and they spent most of their time in that country. It was from Rome that he and his mother came to visit at friendly Shenzarm Castle in the winter of 1919, at a time when there were vague rumors that Hedrik and his sons were about to be forced to abdicate.

Now at that time Virginia was eighteen. Gregory was twenty-three. They fell in love with each other; or at least they imagined they were in love. When the time came for the countess and Gregory to return to Rome, the former prevailed upon Virginia's parents to allow her to accompany them for a month's visit. Neither Prince Dantan nor Princess Beverly suspected the existence of a love affair between the two young people. They still looked upon Virginia as a child; and though they admired Gregory, nothing could have been further from their minds than the thought of permitting their daughter to become his wife. If the Countess Yanzi had any such thought in mind, she was careful not to reveal it by word or action.

Virginia was tender-hearted. She easily persuaded herself that Gregory was the victim of a most unkind fate; pity and resentment served jointly to aggravate what she was pleased in her romantic soul to define as love. True, there were times when she was sure that she did not love him: times when she realized that a jolly, affectionate friendship was all that she felt for him. If she had been certain that it was love, she would have gone to her parents with the confession. Nevertheless, she had half promised Gregory that she would be his wife; and he, being wiser than she, was importuning her to marry him secretly in Rome. He at least knew that her parents would object to him as a son-in-law.

Now Gregory was not unlike other young men of his age and propensities. He had induced his mother to stop off for a few days in Belgrad on the way down to Rome, explaining that he had business matters of importance to transact in the Serbian capital. It happened, however, that a certain young and very attractive Italian singer was playing an engagement in Belgrade at that time. Virginia was not long in discovering the true nature of his business matters of importance. She was stunned, disillusioned, revolted. Without saying a word to the countess about her intentions, she boarded a train for Vienna, accompanied by her maid, who had surreptitiously packed a few bags for the hurried flight.

She left a letter for the countess, explaining her action and requesting her to forward her trunks to Serros.

Traveling northward from Belgrad, she reached Budapest on the day of the revolution. She could go no farther. Train service was disrupted and travel by any form of conveyance was practically impossible. Virginia bethought herself of a Hungarian countess who had visited at the court of Dawsbergen on several occasions prior to the war, and announced to her maid that they would both set forth in quest of this lady, who was known to reside in a fashionable part of the city.

The maid was a native of Budapest. Her parents, she said, lived in one of the river streets. She suggested that they first seek their house for refuge, the city being then in a state of riotous turmoil. She conducted the frightened princess to a rather pretentious looking house down by the river, and there Virginia remained for nearly a month, virtually a prisoner. The treacherous maid had delivered her into the hands of a couple with whom she had lived in service before going to Serros, a broken-down sportsman and his wife, whose reputations had never been any too good and were fast becoming worse. For years they had lived by blackmail.

But it was not they who conceived the idea of profiting by the temporary misfortune of the young Princess Virginia. To their former maidservant belonged most of the credit. She showed them the light and they were soon basking in it. Ransom, heavy ransom from the golden coffers of Dawsbergen—that was her idea.

Virginia was in ignorance of the plot for many days. She believed the stories they told her of vain efforts to communicate with her father by telegraph or post. The letters she wrote were never posted, nor were her telegrams sent. She believed them when they said that if she ventured from the house she would be seized by the communist devils and —— Well, they did not leave anything to her imagination. Particularly did they impress upon her the fate that would befall her if it ever became known to the rabble that she was of royal birth.

And terrible would be the price that her protectors would have to pay if it were discovered that they sheltered a princess! That was the excuse they gave for taking away all her own garments and supplying her with dresses which they declared to be from the wardrobe of a niece.

Meanwhile the whole of Europe was being combed by the cleverest men in the secret service of Dawsbergen and Graustark, aided by the police departments of every city in that section of the Continent. In Budapest and other Hungarian cities controlled by the Bela Kun government search was practically impossible, owing to the prevailing conditions. If the authorities in those cities were aware of the efforts being made to find the missing girl, they paid no heed to them, nor did they allow the news to be published in the press. The royal houses of Dawsbergen and Graustark —and even of Axphain in those days— were not only in disfavor with the Red government but the people of those principalities were still looked upon as enemies. The conspirators bided their time. They could afford to wait until the searchers were ready to give up the task as hopeless. When all hope was lost, then would be their time to move. One hundred thousand gavvos was to be their price.

Then came a night when she happened to overhear a conversation between Herman Spreck and the two Braggas. They addressed him as count. What she heard of that conversation from the top of the dark stairway filled her with terror. They were talking about her. She stole up to her room and bolted the door. The next morning, long before the household was astir, she crept downstairs and escaped into the street by means of a window.

Somehow she succeeded, hours afterward, in finding the home of the countess to whom she originally had decided to appeal for help. The palace itself was closed but the lodge keeper and his wife took her into their cottage and made her comfortable. The countess and her family had fled at the beginning of the revolution and were now in Bukharest. Virginia remained hidden in the lodge for several days, and it was only when the aged servitor brought the news that the Braggas had been thrown into prison that she plucked up the courage to venture into the streets. At the old man's suggestion she posed as their niece, Rosa Schmitz, and it was he who earnestly advised her not to reveal her identity or to attempt to communicate with the castle at Serros. Through a friend he learned of the kindly offices of certain Americans, and after long deliberation went timorously to Etnelbert Higbee to solicit his aid in getting Virginia out of Hungary. In course of time—a fortnight, more or less—the strange marriage of Pendennis Yorke and Rosa Schmitz took place, and thereby hangs the tale that is now approaching its end.

XVI

WHEN he left London in February Pendennis Yorke promised himself that he would be back in England by the first of May. He was in a Ganlook hospital on that day and for many days thereafter. The month was more than half gone before the doctors would consent to his removal to Edelweiss Castle, where his first weeks of convalescence were to be spent at the urgent demand of Prince Robin. He had been critically ill with pneumonia contracted at Arlak.

Late one afternoon, well toward the end of May, he sat in a corner of the balcony overlooking the parade ground which faced the castle. The day was warm and sunny; there was a drowsy whisper in the breeze, a lazy caress to the shade that fell upon him from the lofty tower at his back.

Graustark's hospitality was being taxed in a most unusual manner in behalf of the rapidly recuperating American. Fresh air and sunshine were what he needed, and there was an abundance of both. But, it appears, he was so far behind in his work that he was obliged to spend several hours out of each glorious day pegging away at his typewriter in the close seclusion of a room that had been set apart for his use in the tower.

On this particular afternoon, however, he dawdled. The faithful typewriter, perched somewhat rakishly on a jog in the stone balustrade, was idle for long stretches at a time. There were occasional fits of activity, but they were short, spasmodic and, sad to relate, wasted. His thoughts were following his eyes, and his eyes were following Virginia, who was playing tennis with Robin and Bevra and a young nobleman from Serros. The courts, over against the ramparts, were some distance from the castle, but in plain view from his position.

On the little lacquered table beside his chair—which, by the way, was not a chair conducive to hard labor, being one of those contraptions with an adjustable back—on this table, held down by an empty flagon, was a cablegram from his Aunt Belle, in far-off Montana. It was a hasty response to the long letter he had sent to her from the hospital, and this is what the dear old lady said to him through thousands of miles of sea and air:

> I knew Rosa would turn out to be a princess. It sounds like a fairy story, and I love fairy stories. Uncle George joins me in best love, but says you ought to give up roving now and settle down on our ranch out here in the Wild West, where everything is peaceful. The only danger we have out here on the plains now is being run over by automobiles or getting elected to Congress. Letter following.
>
> Lovingly, AUNT BELLE.

He was waiting to show Virginia the cablegram. The smile that had welcomed this characteristic message from the beloved old lady still lurked in his eyes and upon his lips as he dreamily watched the graceful, spirited girl who had turned out to be a princess. He was pleasantly idle now, because he could not write and watch for the frequent wave of the racquet which indicated that her mind was not entirely on the game she was playing, and it would have been grossly impolite of him not to wave his hand in reply.

Give up roving? When Virginia wanted to see the world and was willing to rove with him to the farthermost reaches of it? When she was willing to be poor with him and to live in queer places? And while they were both too young to settle down anywhere, least of all on a ranch out in —— Ah, but there was something alluring about the prospect of loafing for a year or so with her in the tame, peaceful security of the Wild West. After that—the wide world again.

He had watched the roses come back to her cheeks and the glow into eyes that had been filled with anxious shadows for so many days. She had been wonderful, magnificent. He was convinced that his recovery was due entirely to her ministrations. The doctors had nothing to do with it; nothing at all. Nature had nothing to do with it either. She did it all! And now he was as fit as a fiddle; able to ride horseback, play golf, romp with the children, eat three prodigious meals a day and still be hungry; and he was filling out his clothes again with alarming rapidity. He liked being doctored and nursed and scolded by princesses. He liked everything in life. There was nothing

(Continued on Page 47)

The most important development since the cord tire itself—that's what they're saying of SUPERTWIST, the remarkable new cord fabric perfected by Goodyear! The superiority of this enduring material lies in its greater elasticity —it far *o-u-t-s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s* the breaking point of standard cord fabric. Hence it affords Goodyear Tires extreme protection against stone bruise and like injuries. SUPERTWIST is used *only* by Goodyear, and is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new wheels, or the wheels now on your car.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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Oct 20 *to* Oct 25

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1. Fill the whole house with even hot-water warmth from a radiator in each room.
2. Cost little—and pay for itself in the fuel it saves compared with old-fashioned heating methods.
3. Almost run itself by means of a dependable automatic damper control.
4. Be beautiful and as easily cleaned as a piano; an ornament in any living room.

THE new ARCOLA realizes this four-fold ideal. It is ready. Heating Contractors are celebrating its arrival by displaying it in their stores, and furnishing complete estimates to home owners.

They are inviting you to expect the last word in the science of small home heating. Visit *your* Heating Store with this expectation; it will be fulfilled.

The new ARCOLA for parlor or living room

The gray enameled jacket of the new ARCOLA blends with the furnishings of a fine parlor or living room. It can be kept clean and handsome always.

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You put in a little fuel a few times a day. The automatic, dependable self-regulator watches over the fire and keeps the temperature just right.

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Through the Pyrex glass door panels the hot coals glow with all the friendliness of an open fire.

Almost runs itself

ARCOLA'S one fire warms the room in which it stands and the whole house by sending hot water through small pipes to American Radiators in the other rooms.

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Ask your Heating Contractor for an estimate

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

DEPT. 196 1803 ELMWOOD AVENUE BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 44)

wrong with life, nothing wrong with the world. The only thing that ever could be said against the good old world was the way it allowed the human race to abuse it.

He recalled the closing paragraph of a letter he had received but yesterday from the Prince of Dawsbergen at Shenzarm Castle. It was significant, it was prophetic:

Civilization, my dear Yorke, goes forever toward the West. The strength of the world that used to be ours continues to slip away from us toward the setting sun. We call ourselves the East, and yet we look longingly toward the sun as it goes down, for off there lies the New World. The sun is always traveling away from us, and it is taking the thoughts of our young with it on its ceaseless journeys. In our mind's eye we see the sun coming to rest for the night in the land called America. Always to the west of us! And here we have sat for centuries, gloating because we cannot conceive of ourselves as being anywhere except east of the setting sun! What simpletons we are!

She was leaving the next day for Shenzarm Castle in Serros, accompanied by her sister, the children and a retinue of maids, nurses and guardsmen. He was to follow in three weeks. The wedding in the chapel at Shenzarm was to be a quiet affair. That is to say, it was going to be what royalty considered a quiet, unostentatious affair, with nobody present except the family and a few hundred of the nobility from both principalities!

His future mother-in-law had promised Yorke that it would be as simple as all that. She had taken a great fancy to him; a liking which was enhanced by the discovery that his mother was related—rather distantly, it is true—to Robert Buchanan Merriweather, of South Carolina, whose granddaughter, Polly Louise Prichard, had married Braxton Calhoun, a cousin of her—Beverly's—own father. Prince Dantan, on hearing of this, quaintly informed Pendennis that the last glimmer of doubt as to his fitness to become the husband of Virginia had now been completely wiped out.

Higbee was coming out from Paris to be his best man; good old Higbee, who had stood up with him, so to speak, at his first marriage. Princess Beverly had remonstrated a little at first, being rather dubious as to Higbee's own conjugal integrity. Wasn't he a bigamist, ten times over?

"You are frightfully old-fashioned, mother," Virginia had said. "I think it would be thrilling to have a nice bigamist like Mr. Higbee for Denny's best man. It isn't every bride who can say that her husband's best man was a hero with ten or twelve wives to his credit and not a single honest-to-goodness divorce."

"He deserves a Distinguished Service Medal," was Robin's comment.

The tennis game was over. Pendennis scrambled his papers together, put the tankard on them as a weight and hurried out to meet the returning players. Captain Sambo joined him on the parade ground. A squad of guardsmen trotted across the upper end of the plaza on their way to the barracks, the hoofs of the horses beating a thunderous roll on the graveled surface. Both men glanced at their watches. Six o'clock. Yorke sighed. That same squad of dragoons would be escorting the princess to the railway station in fourteen hours.

Virginia, flushed, radiant and breathing rapidly from the exercise, thrust her arm through Yorke's as the two parties met.

"You must not walk so fast, Denny," she said. "It isn't good for your heart."

"His heart's all right," panted Robin. "I can see it in his eyes. Gosh, Denny, she's starting to mother you already! If you let her have her way, old top, you won't be over that attack of pneumonia for ten years. They're terrible if you let 'em get the jump on you."

"You hustle in and get out of that wet shirt, Robin," commanded his wife. "You're dripping! I don't want you coming down with pneumonia."

Pendennis and Virginia fell behind the others, sauntering slowly. They purposely took the longest way up to the castle, veering off in the direction of the formal gardens which spread out from either end of the terrace. Several gardeners in green smocks were just completing the day's work among the vast pansy beds.

A shadow clouded Yorke's eyes. In speaking of tomorrow's parting she had wondered—and there was a little catch in her voice—whether she would ever see these beautiful gardens again.

"You are giving up a great deal for me, Virginia," he said soberly. "All this"—with a gesture—"and everything that goes with it. You belong in this little separate world."

"Last night I had a queer thought about all this, Denny. It seemed somehow to solve the whole problem. You are right when you say that I belong in a little separate world. But have you ever stopped to think that if I were to die tonight I should go out of this tight little world into a limitless world? The thought that came to me was this—I don't mind confessing I had been thinking of what I am about to give up, Denny dear, when I go away with you—the thought was this, and it was really such a sensible one: I shall have to go out of it one day, anyhow, all alone. It makes me shudder to think of going out simply because I am dead. Why therefore should I grumble about going out of it while I am alive? And when I suddenly realized that I would not be all alone, that I would not be going out into darkness when I left it with you, I—why, I was so happy I ——"

She pressed his arm very tightly to her side. His hand closed over hers.

"You darling! What profound logic!" He laughed softly.

"And then I went further. If I were not to go out of -of all this until I died of old age, why, I shouldn't be able ever to come back again. While if I go out when I am still young and awfully alive I can come back whenever I feel like it—for a visit, of course; and—well, don't you see what I mean?"

"Perfectly. In plain words, you think it would be much nicer to go out with me alive than to go out dead all by yourself."

"Don't laugh, Denny, please. It may have sounded very silly and very funny to you—I suppose it did—but I am serious."

"I am sorry, dearest. I know how serious it all is to you."

They were both silent for a moment, watching the men gathering up their implements.

"I've said it a dozen times to you, sweetheart," he began, the cloud returning to his eyes, "and here I am saying it again. We will be poor, Virginia. That is what I meant when I said you were giving up a lot for me."

She smiled up into his eyes.

"People who live in castles are not always rich, Denny. Kings and princes are sometimes paupers and live on the bounty of their subjects. Goodness," she broke off to cry in her old sprightly manner, "if you could hear father complain about the high cost of bringing up daughters, you'd soon realize how poor the people are who live in Shenzarm Castle! By the way, just to show you how thrifty I propose to be after we are married, I shall make use of a horribly cheap old traveling bag on our wedding journey. We can save a little money in that way, because the dear old thing already has my name painted on it—Mrs. Pendennis Yorke, U. S. A. I don't mind if you laugh now, Denny, because that will be funny, won't it?"

His hand tightened upon hers.

"And I shall be thrifty, too, Virginia," he said softly. "I shall make the same old dream last as long as I live."

A man and a boy crossed their path, pausing for a moment to bow very low.

"Hello!" exclaimed Pendennis, staring. "Is that you, Sharpe?"

Virginia answered for the man whose thin lips were shaping themselves into an amused smile.

"Yes, but not the Sharpe who used to dress you and give you your tub, Mr. Yorke," she cried merrily. "Since you saw him last he has gone up in the world, haven't you, Mr. Hobbs?"

"Hobbs?"

"Yes, sir, Hobbs," spoke up the beaming ex-valet. "Sharpe by nature, but not by name, if you see what I mean."

"Mr. Hobbs is now first deputy commander of the tower and chief of the secret service of Graustark," explained Virginia. "You didn't know that you were being brushed and combed and polished by the great Mr. Hobbs, did you, Denny?"

"Oh, your highness, I ——" began the embarrassed Mr. Hobbs. The boy beside him was grinning.

"And this is Mr. Hobbs' son, the gardener's boy," went on the princess.

"I remember him perfectly," said Yorke. "The gardenia ambassador."

"The same, sir," said Mr. Hobbs. "You see, Mr. Yorke, I was for a great many years Prince Robin's man. Ahem! As a matter of fact, if I may be pardoned for saying it, I sort of brought him up, in a manner of speaking. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I was the man from Cook's in Edelweiss a number of years back. Prince Robin took me in as a sort of valet when he was only seven years old. He has seen fit to dismiss me from a number of situations in the course of twenty-five years, but he has always been kind enough to see that I stepped into another one almost—ahem—immediately."

"You are very modest, Mr. Hobbs," said Virginia. "He developed into a second Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Yorke, and now he is second only in importance to the great Baron Gourou."

Yorke advanced and held out his hand.

"Put it there, Sharpe," he said warmly. "I've missed you terribly. I knew you were on Gourou's staff, but I never suspected that you were Hobbs, the man who unearthed Graustark for Cook's. But where have you been for the past two months, and what have you been doing as Sherlock II?"

"Well, sir," replied Hobbs obsequiously, "at present I am 'aving a bit of a vacation, so to speak; sort of watching the flowers grow in the garden." Then suddenly he divested himself of the manner of a servant. He spoke crisply, rather tersely, as to an equal. "I dare say Princess Virginia has already given you the latest news concerning Prince Hubert."

Virginia started.

"Oh, dear me! I forgot to mention it. How funny! It slipped my mind entirely. You see, Mr. Yorke, we are so accustomed to hearing of the horrible things that happen to princes and grand dukes, and even emperors, that nothing surprises us any more. How stupid of me! I should have known that you would be interested."

"You don't mean to say ——" began Yorke, looking hard at Mr. Hobbs.

"It's a way these Axphainians have," said Hobbs, as a brief preface. "Whenever they set out to do a housecleaning job they do it pretty thoroughly. You may remember, Mr. Yorke, that I did not report as usual on the morning of the twenty-fourth of March. You haven't seen me from that day to this. I was detailed by Baron Gourou to trail Prince Hubert. If we could by any hook or crook ascertain that he was actually responsible for the death of that miserable rascal who shot at you from a window across the plaza, Prince Robin was determined to make him pay the full penalty. To shorten the story, I followed him to Serros, where, you may be pleased to know, he met with such a chilly reception that he left almost immediately for Vienna. From there he went to Constantinople and then to Bukharest. Night before last he was assassinated, shot down as he was leaving his hotel. The assassins—there were four or five men in the group that fell upon him—escaped. It is known, however, that they had been trailing him for several days and that they were from Axphain. It is not for me to say that the new Prince of Axphain ordered this act, but the fact remains that the former royal house of Axphain has been completely wiped out."

"I am sure Gregory would not have sanctioned the murder of Prince Hubert," said Virginia.

"Even so, princess, young Gregory will go down in history as the founder of an absolutely new royal house of Axphain. There is not a trace left of the old one. The new broom has swept exceedingly clean. In any case, no matter who was back of the assassination of Hubert, the world is better off for the unwasted bullets." Turning to Yorke, he said, "May I be permitted to offer my congratulations, Mr. Yorke? I have already had the pleasure of felicitating the princess." His eyes twinkled. "And I must ask you both to forgive me if you hear that I am going about saying to everyone, 'I told you so,' because you see, I could have told you so at the very beginning."

Late that evening two shadowy, indistinct figures emerged from the gloom at the end of the great balcony and slowly moved into the soft radiance shed by the lighted windows of the castle.

"I must go in now, Denny dearest."

"But I shan't see you again like this for ages, sweetheart."

"Three weeks! And I waited five years to see you again!"

He drew her close. He could feel the throb of her heart against his breast. Her face was upturned, an arm stole up about his neck and drew his head down. And somehow, for one blissful moment, all the lights in the world went out.

(THE END)

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The Good
MAXWELL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

"Try to sing quietly," I suggested.

"It's called Here Come the Doughboys," said Billings.

"The enemy is trembling,
He's shaking in his boots
At our colonels and our majors,
At our captains and our loots.
But he shakes with holy terror
And he's filled with deep dismay
When he hears our boys in khaki
Are marching on their way.

CHORUS:

"So it's oh, boys! Ho, boys!
Here come the doughboys.
Spic and spick they're marching
To the tune the buglers play.
And it's hey, boys! Say, boys!
Everyone make way, boys.
For the gallant khaki doughboys
Are marching on their way."

"That's better," I said "It's only pretty rotten."

"Here's another," said Billings, suiting, as one might say, the action to the word "This is a blue song," he explained.

"I'm feelin' kinder lonesy,
Feelin' kinder sad,
Something seems to bother me,
But just what I don't know.
Maybe it's the scarlet fever
That I've had all week,
The smallpox, mumps and prickly heat
That makes me feel so weak.

CHORUS:

"I got them scarlet-fever blues,
I got them yellow-jaundice blues,
I got the mumps and the pip and house-maid's knee,
That's why I'm as blue as blue can be.
I got the blues,
I got the blues.
Three cheers for the red, white and blues."

"That's just lovely," said I, escorting Billings to the elevator and pushing him down the elevator shaft.

—Newman Levy.

Art is Beauty

SOFT purple and lilac lights
Flooded the stage.
She stood there, a graceful, girlish figure,
Drawing the bow to and fro
Across the violin strings.
She played with a technic
That the music critics would term Execrable.
But the big blue eyes and the kissable lips
Brought her round after round of applause.
She bowed and returned
With the violin and the bow
And the eyes and the lips.
They were loath to let her go.
Soft purple and lilac lights
Extinguished.
From the darkened stage
A voice in song
Rose, liquid, mellow,
And hauntingly beautiful.
The music and the voice
Died away
In a hurricane of applause.

Golden light, sparkling like wine,
Flooded the stage.
She who had sung the audience
To the mystic plane of rapture
Returned to sing again.
In the golden light
The music of her voice
Possessed the divinity of heaven.
Her face was plain,
Her hands were large,
She was stocky and fat.
The magical voice,
More beautiful than ever,
Ceased its song.

Three pairs of hands applauded
In some embarrassment,
While eighteen hundred eyes
Scanned the programs
For the next item.

A. A. Penn.

It Must be Said

I HAVE no patience with the churls
Who chaff the vanity of girls;
I hold them fools who feign to think
That petty pride makes maidens prink.

For she who knows her beauty's worth
And adds a loveliness to earth
By any gaud that gold can bring
Hath done a generous, noble thing!

And if she suffers by her art,
And if she smarts for being smart,
Shall we not hail her as a saint
For beauty's sake who suffers paint?

Sweet that a limb of lissom mold
For beauty's sake should brave the cold.
Ah, many a shivering silken shin
Speaks more of martyrdom than sin!

Surely not single is the heart
That scorns the priestess of an art.
Beauty is all. If vain is She,
Then truly all is vanity!

Ted Robinson.

To a Cigar Store Indian

OH! NOBLE redskin, tomahawk in hand,
Guarding the door of the tobacconist,
I see you yet, resplendent through the mist
Of two-score years. With shaded eyes you scanned
Invisible horizons—haply planned
Forays against the peaceful, cast-iron deer
That grazed upon the lawns, or scattered fear
Among the timorous clothing-dummy band.
Cosmetics, safety razors, bonbons, green
Coupons, the symbols of a weakling race,
Have driven you, brave warrior, from the scene.
A fitting effigy to fill your place
Would be the roadhouse savage, pale of face,
Who drinks bad rum and drives a limousine.

—Otto Freund.

Mother Goose for Infant Intelligentzia

HARK, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
The Community Chest
Will give a lawn fest
To shake the citizens down.

There was a man of our town, and he was wondrous wise;
He paid a psychoanalyst to psychoanalyze;
And when he got his complex out, with all his might and main
He promptly had his psyche psychoanalyzed again.

Paddy was a gunman, Paddy was a thief,
Paddy came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
Paddy got an alienist and proved himself insane,
And then he crowned the alienist and took his watch and chain.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
Both hated yeast and vitamins
And doted on caffeine.

Seesaw, Margery Daw,
The bricklayer's got a new master;
And he shall lay but a hundred a day—
The Union won't let him work faster.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, three bags full;
One for the interest on the Farm Loan Plan,
And two for the payment on the Super-Sedan.

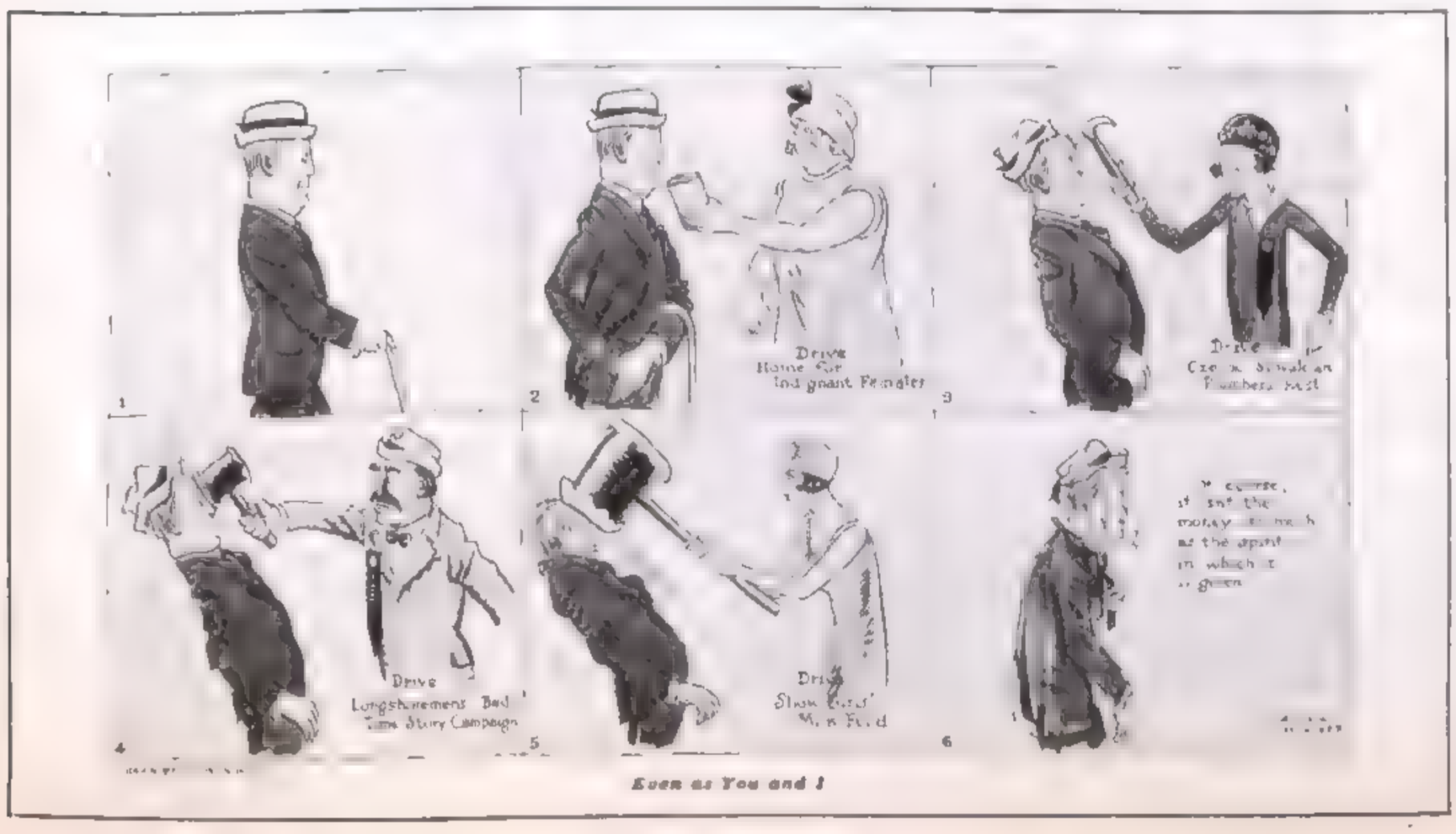
Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
But never got spanked for such vulgarity
From the absence of feminine sex-solidarity.

Doctor Foster
Went to Gloucester
On a summer's day;
While scorning a Detour
He hit a concreter—
But made the insurance men pay.

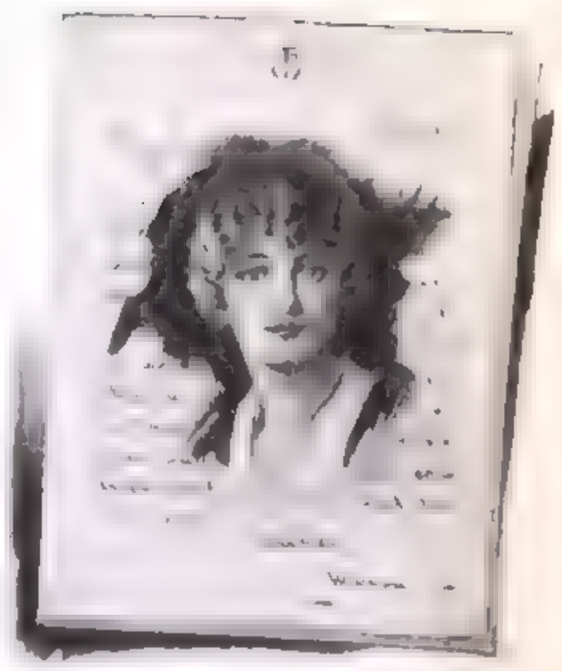
Hey, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The Experiment Station's
Inoculations
Had put all her glands in tune.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She works for the Banbury picture shows.

—Morris Bishop.



Even as You and I



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Have you forgotten the way to Pleasure Island?

It's a land that children enter easily, at a moment's notice. But most grown folks have lost the chart. Some of them even doubt that there *is* a Pleasure Island.

Here, in this storied box of chocolates—Whitman's Pleasure Island Package—is proof that the glamor of romance still lives—it gives to the dreamer's vision "a local habitation and a name." Pleasure Island is *real*.

So explore this pirate's chest. Lift the tray, packed with treasures from tropic shores, and feast both eyes and palate on the contents of the money bags beneath. Surely chocolates were never so sweet and so suggestive of their rich background of history.

Pleasure Island Chocolates are sold everywhere, in nearly every neighborhood, by those selected dealers who supply Whitman's Chocolates—each one of whom receives his supplies direct from Whitman's.

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"On Choosing Chocolates"

"Samplers Old and New"

Two illustrated booklets, either, or both, of which will be sent on request

THE JADE SPIRIT GONG

(Continued from Page 29)

Then, with his usual cheek, he began:

"Good morning, Beulah darling. I've nearly killed a policeman. I had to. I saw Uncle Charles' car in Hart Street and guessed you'd written to him too about this gong. You nearly got me hanged—out of sheer malice, you little horror; for you know he wouldn't pay you a decent price for it."

"Sir Charles is a good customer," said Miss Timmins coldly and untruthfully.

"I nearly killed him, too," said Lord Scredington with a slight increase of his cheerfulness. "But that wouldn't have mattered. It would have come under the Extermination of Vermin Act."

"It's very wrong to speak like that about your uncle," said Miss Timmins severely.

"Is it my fault that he's my uncle?" he cried indignantly. "I didn't choose him! You know I didn't! You know quite well that if he'd been the only uncle left in the world, I wouldn't have chosen him! I'd rather have gone without an uncle altogether!"

On his words Sir Charles Goulceby entered the shop, a man of sixty-five, with the Scredington nose, but with a small, thin-lipped, mean mouth. His face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling.

"You were within an ace of breaking my neck, you young ruffian!" he cried furiously. "I'll inform the police and have your license canceled, I will!"

"Don't talk such outrageous nonsense!" said Lord Scredington impenitently. "Everyone knows that I'm one of the most careful drivers in London. Go away! I've come to look at a piece of jade and you're disturbing me."

On the instant the collector's passion got the better of Sir Charles' righteous wrath, and he said loudly, "So have I. Where is it, Miss Timmins?"

Miss Timmins took the gong from the glass case and laid it on the top of it on the square of black velvet which gave it its full value.

They bent over it, examining it, studying it, handling it in turn.

Then Sir Charles said, in a tone by no means so indifferent as he tried to make it, "It's not a bad piece. I'll give you thirty pounds for it."

"You're right. It isn't a bad piece. In fact, it's the most interesting, though not the most elaborate, gong you ever set eyes on. I'll give you sixty pounds for it, Miss Timmins," said Lord Scredington.

"Seventy!" snapped Sir Charles, and then he groaned.

"Let's say a hundred," said Lord Scredington suavely. "A hundred, Miss Timmins."

Miss Timmins' time had come. With extraordinary sweetness, she said, "I'm afraid it isn't for sale any longer. I've just sold it."

"You've sold it!" they exclaimed with one voice, glaring at her.

"Yes," said Miss Timmins even more sweetly. "I wrote to you eleven o'clock; and now it's nearly twenty past. I sold it before you came—for two hundred guineas."

"But how can it be sold? You've got it here," said Sir Charles in distrustful accents. "No one would leave a piece like this when he'd bought it."

"The customer left a deposit on it," said Miss Timmins.

Lord Scredington studied the gong once more with a very mournful air; then he said, "Well, that's that. I'd have given you more for it."

Sir Charles, who had appeared to be choking, broke out, "But it's monstrous! Monstrous! I've come all this way for nothing!"

"Not for nothing, uncle. You've seen me," said Lord Scredington sweetly.

Sir Charles glared at him. Lord Scredington heaved a sigh that was almost a groan.

Then he said, with tears in his voice, "Good morning, Miss Timmins. Heaven forgive you! I must go! I must be alone with my bleeding heart."

He went out of the shop, drooping.

"I'm sorry, Sir Charles," said Miss Timmins in soothing accents. "But I couldn't miss a chance like that. I knew you wouldn't want to give two hundred guineas for the gong."

"A monstrous price! Ridiculous!" said Sir Charles.

Then his earlier grievance came keenly on him; and gazing through the window at his nephew, who had lost his droop and was sitting upright, smiling cheerfully, in the driver's seat of his car, he added fiercely, "That young man's a ruffian—a perfect ruffian! He's a throwback! There's a strong strain of viking blood in the Goulcebys. It's come out in him—all of it!"

This was news to Miss Timmins. But she had heard her father speak of the vikings, also descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. She looked through the window with a new interest at Lord Scredington, now moving off in his car, and said thoughtfully, "Then I suppose they were like cave men."

"Like gorillas!" snapped Sir Charles, and he stalked out of the shop.

Miss Timmins' so kissable lips were wreathed by a pensive, pleased and mischievous grin.

Then she took the gong upstairs, locked it in the bottom drawer of her chest of drawers and thought no more about it.

Unfortunately, Sir Charles did think about it; and he thought about it in the wrong place. He was dining at the Moldavian Embassy that night; the memory of his loss came upon him; and in bitter accents he told the party he had just missed the finest jade spirit gong he had ever seen. Mournfully he described the gong. He was accorded full sympathy.

After dinner a polished and agreeable young man with slate-colored, almond-shaped eyes, set too close together on either side of a thin, high, hooked nose, in a clear-skinned, pale face on which the thick line of eyebrows that met above that thin nose stood out very black, devoted himself to Sir Charles with an air of sympathetic and respectful interest. He talked about Chinese art in general and then discussed the jade gong, heard from Sir Charles the exact circumstances of his failure to get it, that the purchaser had paid a deposit on it, and then drew from him a more exact description of it. The young man talked lightly enough; and a most agreeable smile, which never rose as high as his eyes, kept wreathing his lips.

But when Sir Charles said that below the dragon's tail was a pattern of starry blossoms, the young man said sharply, "Yes, yes—starry blossoms! That is the one!"

"You know the piece?" said Sir Charles.

The young man hesitated; then he said, "Yes, I think so. It is in the tradition—the occult tradition."

"Oh, the occult!" said Sir Charles contemptuously, with his sneering laugh.

For a breath the smiling mask which hid the young man broke in a frown which turned him suddenly sinister; and running his finger in an odd gesture along the thick black line of his eyebrows, he said in a suddenly harsh, grating voice, "But things can be done! Immense things!"

Sir Charles stared at him. It was for all the world as if a flash of lightning had revealed an abyss. Then the young man was smiling again with an almost oppressive agreeableness, and asking where Mr. Timmins' shop was.

Sir Charles told him, and later asked his hostess who the agreeable young man was.

"Oh, that's Baron Gageschi," she said. "He's a Moldo-Wallachian, attached to the embassy. His friends call him the Vampire. The way his eyebrows meet, you know."

Sir Charles did not know.

At ten o'clock the next morning the agreeable young Moldo-Wallachian entered the shop, to find Beulah polishing an ivory netsuke. He smiled upon her a most agreeable smile, and, ungratefully, she took a dislike to him at once.

"I am told that you have a spirit gong in milky jade, a dragon with a fish's tail," he said, and again he smiled that agreeable smile. "Might I see it?"

The second agreeable smile was too much for Beulah, and she answered in almost ungracious accents, "It's sold."

"Yes, I know that it is sold; but I gathered that you still had it, and I should like to see it very much indeed."

She shook her head and said, "No, I'm afraid I can't show it to you. It's sold."

"But I want to see it very much. It will be worth your while," he said, and smiled a third agreeable smile.

It was too much. And with a tartness foreign to her nature, except when it was in contact with Lord Scredington, Beulah said, "Really, you know, I can't be bothered about the thing. I've sold it."

He did not smile a fourth time; his lips were set in a thin line; in his unsmiling face his eyes were hard. But his voice was soft and cajoling as he said, "But I will give you more for it—much more."

"I got a very good price for it, thank you," said Beulah coldly.

"Whatever the price was, I will give you two hundred pounds more," he said.

Beulah was taken aback and saddened—four hundred and ten pounds when she was only getting two hundred guineas! But there was nothing to be done; a sale was a sale.

"Why do you want it so badly? You're not a Chinaman," she said sharply.

"Oh? A Chinaman?" he said slowly, in a tone of enlightenment. Then he added, "So a Chinaman has bought it."

Beulah was yet more annoyed, and with herself; the spirit gong was now the young Chinaman's business; she ought not to have talked about it.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you; the gong is sold," she said in as indifferent a tone as she could command.

The young man beat a nervous tattoo with his long finger nails on the glass of the case; then he said, "I'll give you five hundred pounds—cash."

"I can't take it. A sale is a sale," said Beulah firmly, but with a note of regret in her voice.

He scowled at her; and she had very much the same impression as Sir Charles had had—the impression of looking into depths. Then he smiled another agreeable smile and laid a visiting card on the counter.

"You will change your mind—very likely," he said. "When you do, telegraph or write to me to this address."

"I shan't change my mind!" said Beulah angrily.

"Then you'll be a little fool," he said quietly, and walked out of the shop.

He left Beulah very angry, not only with him but also with herself—for having talked. She was even a little frightened; he had looked so dangerous. She picked up the visiting card and on it she read:

BARON GAGESCHI

THE MOLDAVIAN EMBASSY,
HANOVER SQUARE,
W. 1.

She was troubled about the matter for the next thirty-six hours. Then it passed out of her mind.

Three mornings later she was badly startled to find that the shop had been burgled. The drawers in the counter and a locked cabinet had been forced open and ransacked. Then, to her surprise, she found that nothing had been taken. She was not surprised long; plainly the burglar had been hunting for the gong.

A locksmith replaced the broken locks. She did not tell her father about the ransacking of the shop; why worry him? But she went about her work of dusting and polishing the works of art with a troubled face.

In the middle of the morning Lord Scredington came into the shop to learn whether she had found anything for him. He did not ruffle her dignity by calling her Baby or Beulah darling. He was in a polite and friendly mood. She seemed to him to be rather absent-minded, and he asked her what was the matter.

An impulse urged her to tell him her trouble. He might, as his uncle had so bitterly asserted, be a throwback to the vikings; but he did look a useful helper in an awkward situation.

She told him what was the matter, the story of the young Chinaman who had left the deposit on the gong, and of Baron Gageschi's offer of five hundred pounds for it and the way he had pressed that offer. Lord Scredington seemed most affected by the fact that the young Moldo-Wallachian had been rude to her.

Then she said, "But the thing is when I came down this morning I found that the shop had been burgled, but nothing had been taken. So the burglar must have been after the gong."

"The deuce he was!" said Lord Scredington, frowning. "I don't like the look of this. I know Gageschi a little, and he's a queer beggar. He's very thick with that set that goes in for the occult so strongly, and they call him the Vampire. And there are queer stories going round about them—devil worship and that kind of thing. I shouldn't wonder if that's what he wants the gong for."

"That is what he wants it for," said Beulah quickly. "The young Chinaman who bought it said that his people believed it to be very powerful, and Baron Gageschi evidently knew about it. And they do call up devils with these gongs, or try to."

"I don't like it," said Lord Scredington, shaking his head. "I don't like it."

"I can't think how Baron Gageschi knows that the gong is still here," said Beulah.

"Perhaps somebody told him that your customer had only paid a deposit on it."

"Someone must have," said Beulah, with a worried air. "And the Chinaman isn't bringing the rest of the money for—for ten days."

Lord Scredington also was frowning. Then his face brightened with a happy thought, and he added, "I must come and stay with you till the Chinaman brings the money and takes the infernal thing away."

"You won't!" said Beulah hastily. Then she added more graciously, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean that—not quite. But there's nowhere for you to stay."

"I'll stay in the shop. I'll sleep on the counter. I insist on it," he said with cheerful obstinacy.

Miss Timmins did not pursue this subject; she said in rather dolorous accents, "I'm afraid of their coming again; and there's only daddy and I in the house; and we shouldn't be able to stop them getting it."

"I've told you what to do," he said.

"But you'd be worse than a burglary," said Miss Timmins from the heart.

"Thank you," he said, with so many tears in his voice and such an air of dejection that, though she doubted very much their sincerity, she was forced to be apologetic and soothing.

He refused to be comforted and presently went away, drooping miserably till he was outside the shop.

Late in the afternoon he came back carrying a small box, and said, "I've brought you what is called a gat. Do you know how to use it?"

Opening the box, he disclosed a small automatic pistol.

Miss Timmins looked at it with the greatest disfavor and said, "No, I don't! And I don't want to!"

"But you must. It's the only thing to do if you won't let me stay here. Put on your hat and coat and we'll get along to a shooting gallery at once."

Miss Timmins did not realize that being taught to use a gat by a throwback to the vikings meant being taken possession of for the day, though she had realized that if ever she gave Lord Scredington an inch he would take a quarter of a mile or try to. They spent an hour at the shooting gallery. As she handled the gat her distaste for it wore off and she grew immensely interested in hitting the middle of the target. At the end of the hour she was hitting it with pleasing regularity. Later, to her surprise, she found herself dining at Thibault's and then in a box at Lilac Time. She was indeed glad she had chanced to be wearing her prettiest frock. With the greatest reluctance, she found herself enjoying herself immensely; not once did he ruffle her sensibilities. She had not dreamed—well, she had not dreamed. Next she found herself supping at the Italian Roof Garden and dancing with him. It was past two when he brought her back home. He made no attempt to ruffle her sensibilities when he said good night; not that—well, not that. Miss Timmins was a trifle bemused.

Two mornings later Lord Scredington came out of the Golden Cave at a few minutes past three. He came out of it in a cheerful, even philanthropic mood. Nothing would content that philanthropic mood but that he should go round to the shop in Devonshire Street to make sure that no one was burgling it.

As his car came quietly into the street his keen eyes caught sight of what looked like a shadow pressed against the door of the shop; and the car had not gone ten yards up the street when that shadow vanished.

He stopped the car and walked quietly to the door of the shop. He was not

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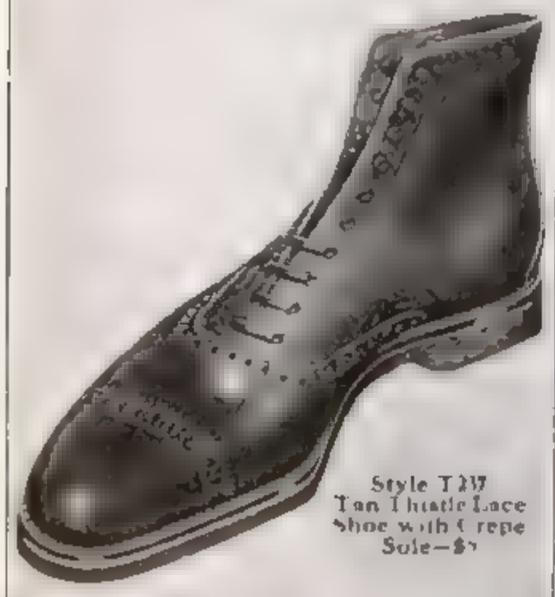

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surprised that it opened to the pressure of his hand. He entered noiselessly and stood still, listening. A stair creaked. There came five seconds of silence. Then another stair creaked.

He struck a match, found the switch of the electric light, switched it on and looked round for a weapon. Against the back wall he saw a broom. As he took it up another stair creaked.

He tiptoed noiselessly through the door at the back of the shop, slipped the handle of the broom through the banisters and held it firmly about a foot above the sixth stair.

Then he snapped, "Come out of it!"

There came a grunt of surprise from high up the staircase; then the burglar came out of it with a rush. He dashed lightly down the stairs till the bottom of his right shin found the broom handle. Then he dived clean against the door into the shop, drove it open and came a thundering cropper in the middle of the floor. The fact that Lord Scredington was sitting on him did not help him to get his breath back any quicker.

A door opened at the top of the stairs and Miss Timmins cried, "All right, dad! Don't bother to get up! It's only something fallen down. I'll see to it."

Light feet came pattering down the stairs; and Miss Timmins came into the shop, wearing a blue dressing gown, her little feet very white under its hem. Her hair was plaited in a thick, long pigtail. She looked scared; but she wore a determined air, and the gat was in her hand.

Lord Scredington took in the picture completely; then he said, "I've got your burglar. What would you like me to do with him?"

Miss Timmins stood frowning. Police proceedings would be unpleasant and waste her time.

"It seems a pity," she said. "But I think you'd better let him go."

Lord Scredington hesitated; then he said, "Well, I might give him a sporting chance."

He shifted his position, set a knee on his prisoner's back, emptied his pockets of several nasty-looking tools and told him to get up.

"I'll give you thirty yards' start and then I'll shout for the police," he said.

From the way the active young man bucketed down the street and round the corner Lord Scredington gathered that he had quite recovered his breath.

He stepped back into the shop and said cheerfully, "Well, that's that!"

"I'm so much obliged to you," said Miss Timmins in most grateful accents. "That brute might have cut my throat and dad's too! But however did you come to be here?"

"Oh, I just came round to see if there was anything doing."

"But it was good of you," she said, and her grateful eyes shone on him.

They were brighter than ever with sleep and excitement; her flushed face was charming. With her hair plaited in that pigtail, she looked very young indeed—about fourteen. Instinctively—his instinct was like that—Lord Scredington picked her up and kissed her and set her down again.

"Oh, dear! Why will you always do things like that?" cried Miss Timmins, almost in tears. "Just as I was beginning to like you too!"

Lord Scredington looked down at her with very serious eyes and said reproachfully, "If you could see yourself in a glass you wouldn't ask such a silly question. But I tell you what: You just run upstairs and fetch that gong. I'm going to take care of it for you till that Chinaman comes for it."

Miss Timmins hesitated, frowning at him. Then she went upstairs and brought down the gong. He shook hands with her and said good night with the most serious politeness. She bolted the door; then made some haste up the stairs to look at herself in a glass.

The next morning Yu Chi Ting came into the shop to tell Beulah that he had been cabled that his message was on its way to his grandfather. As he was telling her another customer came into the shop, a ferrety-faced young fellow who looked like a lawyer's clerk. Beulah thought it better not to tell Yu Chi Ting about the two attempts to steal the gong. She told him that it was safe in the bank and said that she would have it ready for him at the shop "at eleven o'clock tomorrow week." It did not occur to her that that ferrety-faced customer was taking any interest in their conversation; he was earnestly studying the china in a cabinet at the back of the shop. When Yu Chi Ting had thanked her and gone, the stranger asked her if she had any Crown Derby. She told him that she had none and he went out. It was only later that she realized he had come into the shop on purpose to hear that conversation.

On the appointed morning Lord Scredington's car stood at the door of Mr. Timmins' shop and Lord Scredington stood beside the counter, talking to Miss Timmins. They were taking their last look at the gong, mournfully pointing out to each other its beauties and deploring that it was being reft from them forever.

Then Yu Chi Ting entered. His air was not impassive, but eager and excited. His eyes grew still brighter at the sight of the gong. He greeted Miss Timmins politely and handed a small roll of notes to her. She counted the money with fingers that fumbled a little at handling so large a sum, locked it in a drawer, wrapped up the gong carefully and gave it to him. He thanked her warmly for keeping it for him, bade her good day and went out of the shop.

"And that's that," said Lord Scredington gloomily.

On his words there came a sudden outcry in the street.

"By Jove, they're getting it from him!" cried Lord Scredington, and dashed out of the shop.

Miss Timmins followed him. Twenty yards down the street a group of loafers were hammering Yu Chi Ting. Even as Lord Scredington started toward them, one of them broke from the group, rushed to the bottom of the street and handed the parcel to a man in the tonneau of the large blue car waiting at the bottom of it.

"It's Baron Gageschi!" cried Miss Timmins.

Lord Scredington swung round and jumped into the driver's seat of his car. How and why Miss Timmins tumbled into the tonneau she never knew. It must have been the human instinct to be where things are doing. By the time she had picked herself up the car was round the corner, racing after the blue car.

Then the baron looked back. He must have perceived that the car that was following was the car that had stood in front of Mr. Timmins' shop. He leaned forward and spoke to his chauffeur, and the chauffeur accelerated. So did Lord Scredington. The blue car turned sharply up Southampton Row, turned again at the corner of Russell Square, ran through the square into Percy Street, turned north again, then west. Sometimes losing ground, sometimes gaining it, Lord Scredington stuck to the blue car. He was not thirty yards behind it when it stopped, almost with a jerk, at the Moldavian Embassy.

The Vampire jumped from the car and scuttled up the steps. He was halfway through the door when Lord Scredington reached him. They entered the hall together, Lord Scredington's arm affectionately round the Vampire's neck, lifting him from his feet in the impressive gesture known as scragging him. They entered with a violent celerity and knocked the footman down before he could get out of their way. In his astonishment he yelled, and the two other footmen in the hall dashed forward.

Lord Scredington had torn the gong from the baron's grip and he fairly threw him at them. The missile stopped one of them, but the other gripped Lord Scredington. Then Miss Timmins appeared at the open door and very sensibly screamed.

At this unusual sound in those inviolate precincts doors opened all round the hall; and out came clerks and secretaries and attachés, and about fifteen voices asked in several tongues, "What's the matter?"

Then out of a door at the back of the hall came the ambassador himself.

"What's this?" he cried in a voice that dominated the tumult, and at the sound of it the hubbub died down.

"This gentleman was assaulting of Baron Gagesen," said the footman who had been knocked down.

"Assaulting one of my suite? In the embassy itself! What does this mean, sir?" cried the ambassador.

"Assaulting a thief!" snapped Lord Scredington hotly. "This young ruffian set a gang of roughs to rob Mr. Yu Chi Ting, a customer of this young lady, of a jade gong he had just bought from her. We followed him and I recovered it."

The ambassador hesitated, frowning. Lord Scredington's appearance added weight to this serious accusation. It was impressive. Miss Timmins told herself that he looked like -like a flaming sword, and then told herself that that was silly.

"Who are you?" said the ambassador.

"Lord Scredington."

The ambassador hesitated again. Then he turned to Baron Gageschi and spoke to him in Moldo-Wallachian. A sharp interchange of questions and answers followed. The voice of the ambassador grew sterner and sterner.

Then the ambassador turned to Lord Scredington and said, "Please come this way."

Lord Scredington hesitated for a moment; then he followed the ambassador. Sticking close to Lord Scredington, Miss Timmins followed too. The ambassador led them into the room out of which he had come and shut the door.

He turned to them with a somewhat worried air and said in his excellent English, "You have acted rightly, sir. It is a disgraceful business. My subordinate has been using his official position for his personal ends." He hesitated again, frowning; then he added, "I should prefer to deal with him myself, if it could be arranged."

Lord Scredington hesitated; he wanted the Vampire to go to prison.

Miss Timmins laid her hand on his arm and said, "The police are such a bother always."

"Oh, well ——" he said, hesitating

"You have recovered the gong. Therefore it is not essential that the affair should go to the police, or the press—if you could arrange it. I do not think that this Chinaman would want to press the matter," said the ambassador; and his tone was at once persuasive and urgent. "It would be such an ugly scandal."

Lord Scredington hesitated again. He had a personal dislike of scandals.

Then he said, "Very well, your excellency, I will try to arrange it. Though I should have liked ——"

His expression again grew vengeful.

"Thank you. It's very good of you," said the ambassador hastily, as if he did not desire any of Lord Scredington's second thoughts. "I'm very much obliged to you indeed."

"I'll arrange it, sir," said Lord Scredington; and half turning, he slipped his hand through Miss Timmins' arm.

The ambassador led them through the hall briskly. On the top of the front doorsteps he said, "I'm very much obliged to you. And this young lady?"

Lord Scredington explained that Miss Timmins' father kept the curiosity shop at which the Chinaman had purchased the gong. The ambassador made a note of the address. Evidently the embassy would purchase an object of art. Then he again thanked Lord Scredington warmly and shook hands with them.

"Good morning, sir," said Lord Scredington, and he led Miss Timmins down the steps to the car.

He found a motoring cap for her. It did not fit; but it was better than nothing.

They returned to Devonshire Street by another route. Lord Scredington did not want to meet any policemen who had seen the racing cars. On the way they discussed the affair in all its bearings with the liveliest interest.

Their business was now to find Yu Chi Ting. Miss Timmins put on a hat and coat and they went together to his rooms higher up the street. They found him in his sitting room in an easy-chair, with a bruised forehead and a blackening eye, looking very shaky and wholly disconsolate. The sight of the precious parcel restored him almost on the instant.

Lord Scredington offered to drive him to the office from which he proposed to dispatch the gong. He accepted the offer gratefully and packed it very carefully and tightly, with cotton wool, in the box he had ready for it. He sealed the box, on which the address had already been painted. They walked down the street to the car, bade Miss Timmins good-by and drove off.

On the way Lord Scredington explained that he had arranged that the overworked police should not be troubled with the matter. As the ambassador had suggested, Yu Chi Ting raised no objection to this. Indeed he seemed relieved.

The box was dispatched. Yu Chi Ting turned from the counter to Lord Scredington and said, "I'm very grateful."

"Not at all," said Lord Scredington; then he sighed and added, "It's a pity it's going such a long way off."

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Ben Ames Williams

WHEN any man is asked to write about himself, he should be permitted to put his sense of humor in the closet. I have done so

I was born in Mississippi, my mother a Southern girl, my father an Ohio man. They met at college in Ohio, at first intended to live in the South, but moved to Jackson, Ohio, when I was a baby. My father was for the next thirty years or so editor of the Jackson Standard-Journal there. He was and is a profound reader and student. My mother had always a devotion to the best things in literature. She had read aloud as a girl to her father; she read aloud to me, by the long hour, before I could talk coherently and for years afterward. Before I was six years old I loved the roll of words; by the time I was ten I was a voracious reader; by the time I was fourteen I was also an omnivorous one. Gluttony began to blunt any taste I may have had; and the fact that in school and college, according to the regular system, I was taught to regard the classics as tasks to be done rather than as pleasures to be enjoyed, completed the process. Out of college, because it offered the quickest adequate salary in sight, I hunted and found a newspaper job and held it for the next six years. In the course of that time I not infrequently wrote eight to ten thousand words a day. This deadly facility has always since been a handicap to me.

My roommate in Boston was a man who would have learned to write if he had lived; because he was beginning to try, I also began to try. My immediate ambition was to sell a story; and at the end of four years of work I did so. By that time I had been driven, by my own sense of what I needed, to try to read good books again. I found them worth reading, and have cultivated the faculty of enjoying them with more and more success since then. The process has taught me enough so that I begin to perceive how much I have undertaken to learn. It is as though I were canoeing up a meandering stream where each new bend, instead of showing me the goal in sight, shows instead only a longer reach of river to be ascended. Now and then I have written a paragraph which seemed to me good, and sometimes longer passages; and once I wrote a story with which I was well contented, but few agreed with me in my estimate of the tale.

Four or five years ago I came to believe that a background familiar to the reader makes a story richer; with this in mind I began to center many tales in a single locality. It is my purpose to continue this, to write about characters and countryside until they are so well registered that they may serve as the canvas on which to paint a picture of wider scope than any I have yet attempted.

I have tried for some years to hang all my stories on at least two pegs: The one, character: and the other, drama in the eternal sense of the word. It seems to me thus possible to approach most closely to a recognizable portrait of life.

The greatest discouragement I have encountered is that other people usually approve most highly those stories which seem to me least worth approval; and that they are indifferent to those tales which seem to me best worth writing. I cannot help feeling that since continued popularity is immortality, so present popularity, unless it demonstrably results from unworthy causes, creates at least a presumption of merit. I would rather write a best seller which the critics scorned than a story which they applauded but which left the people cold

But I would rather write a story which seemed good to me, whatever others thought of it, than any other sort at all; and by that rule I run

PHOTO. BY BACHRACH, N. Y.

A Story by Mr. Williams, Entitled The Missing Attribute, Is in This Issue

John Taintor Foote

THIS day's mail brings a sneering epistle from the editors of a certain magazine, the gist of which is as follows: "Can you stop fishing long enough to write a five-hundred-word biography?"

Can I stop fishing? You'd think I was an addict of some sort. Why, certainly I can stop fishing. As for dashing off a biography of five hundred words, the result shall speak for itself.

I began life in rather a small way—nine pounds four ounces, taken on a dry fly in —— No, that isn't right. I mean to say, I was a nine-pound little sucker when —— Oh, let it go. Anybody with any sense can see what I'm getting at.

It happened in Leadville, Colorado My mother also was there at the time. My father was not all there after he'd looked at me. He kept muttering, "Boiled lobsters in Colorado! It isn't possible! And yet——" He'd come and look at me again.

The event I'm describing took place in April. I don't care for April. You can take them on worms in April, but you can't expect trout to rise well to an artificial fly when the natural insects haven't begun to —— However, let it go. I must get on.

School days! Can I ever forget them? One school I attended for several years was not far from a body of water referred to in the catalogue as the Beautiful Kokosing. I used minnows and crawfish in the Beautiful Kokosing—for bass, of course, smallmouth. They'd go as high as four pounds. In thinking over this educational period of my life, it occurs to me that a casting rod and spinner would have been better. If I'd taken a light casting rod and dropped a spinner close to the banks, then worked it slowly across the stream, just letting the current —— But it's too late now. Too late! Ah, the heedlessness of youth! The neglected opportunities!

Marriage? Oh, yes! How indescribable those first days together! How truly indescribable! She hooked the guide with a backcast, I remember. He looked so strange with a Red Ibis in the end of his nose Strange and sad.

Came a day when I peered anxiously at what the nurse held up on a pillow and then I understood why father had paced the floor. Here was the same identical shade of boiled lobster. But that was merely as to color. The object of my inspection seemed to be a cross between Rameses II and a blighted chimpanzee.

I did not pace the floor. I crept from the room in a sort of daze. Presently I found myself alone with my trouble in God's out-of-doors. I was in a stream, strangely enough—quite a good stream, not far from our home. I had a fly rod in my hand Still in a daze, I began to wander up the stream, swishing the rod mechanically from time to time. At last darkness fell. In the twilight I examined the contents of my creel. I found that sixteen brook trout had found their way into the receptacle in some manner.

The great trouble which had come upon me suddenly seemed as naught. I was curiously elated. A thought came to me The little woman! She should share this

Mr. Foote, Author of The Wedding Gift, One of the Best Fishing Stories Ever Written

balm. I returned home swiftly, waved the nurse aside, advanced to the bed and lifted the cover of the creel without a word. I watched her face, hoping for a new expression of happiness and pride. It came there was no doubt of that. But she did not seem to be looking in the creel. She seemed to be looking at another basket covered with lace and ribbons and what not, standing in the corner. And this is what I heard: "Nurse says he has the most perfect features of any baby she has ever seen."

I gave that nurse one look. She met it with bold, unswerving eyes. I took my trout and departed in silence from the room.

Let's see. Birth, education, marriage children—all covered. A complete and workmanlike biography, I should say; one that should fill the writers of the previously mentioned sneering epistle with shame

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WARDERS OF THE WILD

By Archibald Rutledge

THIS story I have from a famous huntsman of Alabama, who, despite the negro aphorism, "A gunnerman *will* lie," is no relative of the late Ananias. The sportsman was shooting crows which, considering the general worthlessness of those black rascals, is a very worthy sport—when he noticed a flock alighting in a field near a fence. As the fence was grown to what in most Southern States most fences are grown, a good chance to approach the crows unobserved was given. The gunner negotiated the vital distance unobserved by the wary sentry perched on the top of one of the fence-row trees and silhouetted boldly against the sky. He managed to crawl so close that he did what is not often accomplished—he made a double on the wary birds. The flock, of course, rose in great confusion, cawing many distracted caws; and that these were angry as well is to be guessed from the sequel of this business.

The gunner, keeping his eye on the flying birds, noticed the so-called sentry rejoining the flock above the field. But his coming was not welcomed. Feeling themselves betrayed, the black-coated brethren had no glad hand for the recreant sentry. They turned on him in a dusky phalanx, and, cawing harshly, they buffeted him unmercifully, trouncing him soundly for what they apparently considered his going to sleep at his post. There never was a clearer case of outright berating because of the neglect of a vital duty.

I have seen the same punishment meted out to young dogs by their elders. Once I walked up three full-antlered bucks in comparatively open woods. They rocked away in their lithe and airy fashion. I had three dogs with me—an old hound and two puppies. I brought these on the leash to the trail and let them go. The puppies took the lead, but ran the back track. They yelped away eagerly, the old dog following them with a certain bored and silent earnestness. As soon as she overtook them she tumbled them this way and that, snarled and snapped at them, and finally managed to turn them in the direction in which the deer had gone. As I am sure that she had not sighted the stags, she judged by scent that the puppies had taken the wrong end of the trail; and she had her own method of reprimanding them and of setting them in the way they should go.

But it is not of such punishments as these that I want to tell—interesting though they may be; it is rather of the sentinels that wild creatures post for their protection. This business of warders is far more common than is supposed; and a careful consideration of it cannot fail to heighten our respect for the mental capacity of the children of the woods and the waters, the mountains, the plains and the swamps.

Nice Teamwork

Some of the great hunting clubs on the Southern Coast have permitted me to roam their preserves for the purpose of making wild-life observations; and both because of this fact and because of the opportunities for observation that come to the average hunter, I have been enabled to give this matter of what one might call wild outposts a considerable degree of careful study; but with what results it is in the reader's equity to judge.

About four o'clock one winter afternoon I greatly enjoyed, on a wild coastal island, watching two old bucks double-team it in the sentry business. They had come out of the dense red-cedar woods to feed in the marsh. At a distance of perhaps two hundred yards I saw the antlers of one glinting in the long rays of the setting sun. Stalking them up the wind, I got within an easy fifty yards; and from behind a screen of myrtles watched the bucks feed.

The deer on this island are molested very little, yet their behavior has apparently lost nothing of that exquisite wariness, that delicacy of attention to even the slightest sight or sound or smell, that clairvoyant alertness that is almost inseparable from genuine wild beauty.

As I was now quite close to the bucks, and as they were in full view, I could observe them minutely. For perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, until they moved off without having observed me, they fed on the short green marsh; but never once did they relax their vigilance. When one would bow his head for a mouthful of the succulent greenery, the other, perhaps munching thoughtfully the bunch of marsh that he had just pulled, would watch intently the dark forest whence they had come, the lone marsh before them, the long creek winding up through that solitary reed land. The alternation of the responsibility of this vigil was almost mechanical in its exactness; it was a silent, tireless watch.

But these were two old boys, wise in the perilous ways of a hunter's world. I have seen groups of younger deer feeding in concert; though even here there is usually one that stands a bit apart, and that feeds far less assiduously than the others. If a full-grown stag is present he is commonly on the alert, though on one occasion I observed a spike buck sentineling a herd of which an old hart royal was the indubitable head. His highness was enjoying himself tremendously eating acorns!

The Tail-Twitching Deer

Many observers have recorded a very peculiar yet natural habit of the Virginia deer in feeding; it is that just before lifting its head to give the haunted landscape the once-over, it will twitch its tail in a goatlike fashion. Many a feeding deer has been stalked through a hunter's watching the twitch of the deer's tail, and making himself very small as soon as this eccentric signal gave notice that the deer was about to raise its head. This flicking of the tail is no doubt a nervous symptom; for when the deer reminds itself that there may be an enemy near, and that it is high time to look about for safety's sake, the emotion of apprehension is shot along the nerves to the tail. The inevitable flick is the result. In the summer, when the flies are bad, the waving of the tail is almost as continuous with deer as it is with a mule. But a deer's whole attitude is different. I once watched three of them standing breast-high in sweet myrtles, fighting flies. There was much tossing of sprightly heads, impatient staccato stamping of feet, constant switching of tails. Under almost any circumstances, even so ignominious a one as fighting flies, deer have a pride, a hauteur, an aristocracy of birth and of breeding that distinguishes them as among the most attractive of all wild creatures.

On several occasions on a platform built in some pine trees I have observed deer by moonlight. As far as I could tell, they did not seem to relax their vigilance. The sentinel was posted as usual. Human sentries are valuable chiefly in the daytime. Except where the cougar and the timber wolf are still found, deer have few natural enemies to fear in the darkness. But it is their nature to be alert; and not only do they remain watchful but they sidle through bushes, float airily over obstructions, and otherwise pursue their eerie silent way. On a night intensely still I have had a small herd of deer—about seven in number—approach within fifty yards of my platform ere I was aware of their presence.

I used to mount this platform at sunset, so that my scent would be dissipated before the arrival of the deer—they generally came about eleven o'clock. Sometimes I would take a negro with me. We had a strict agreement not to smoke. But one night he ventured to take a chew. Just about that time a deer came almost under the platform. The negro had to relieve himself or else have a spasm. He managed to relieve himself with a remarkable degree of silence; the faint noise of the fall of the tobacco juice was hardly enough to alarm the deer. But he decided that the smell meant trouble. At any rate, he gave a whistling snort, wheeled, and was gone crashing away into the forest. When a deer is really running he is not careful about the amount of noise he makes.

I have often tried to discover the signs and signals given by deer to warn their fellows. Sometimes precipitate flight is evidently considered signal enough; but bucks, when alarmed, give a blowing snort, sometimes very loud, and apparently scornful and defiant and challenging; yet the subsequent attitude of the snorter does not usually indicate an excess of courage. I have noticed that when a buck, uneasy over something that he considered might be perilous, stamped sharply and impatiently, his feeding companions would look up quickly. This stamping certainly acts in a sense as a communication. With rabbits, it is a standard form of radioing. Occasionally deer will bleat timidly; there is hardly a fainter, a more pathetic sound in nature. But this note is not a warning; usually a doe is calling to her fawn or possibly to a buck. In the mating season, after a long pursuit by the buck and an equally long flight by the doe, she may suddenly turn feminine, and then call to him with demure, irresistible allurement. Once or twice only, in the heart of very wild country, I have heard this mystic, fascinating call. Deer in captivity have forgotten this thrilling note. When they essay it they achieve nothing but a fatally civilized blat.

What was to me a very curious example of the deer's unfailing watchfulness was called to my attention one day by a negro who was driving for me. He came out to my stand on the road and asked me to go back into a pine thicket with him, as he wanted to show me a sight. He cautioned me to be very quiet. We crawled on the ground for a distance of a hundred yards or more, and there came to a dense little holly tree. Gingerly parting the low branches, my guide pointed to a sunny glade far through the pine thicket, clearly visible under the dusky boughs. In absurdly plain view were lying two great stags; and they were lying back to back, yet each lying on his left side. The head of one was near the haunch of the other; and, of course, this arrangement compelled them to face in different ways. A more perfect scheme for watching could not have been devised; and I have no doubt that it was designed.

These splendid bucks were chewing the cud, drowsing, blinking, enjoying their siesta. I do not believe that deer do much sleeping—in our sense. They rest; but it is not in their nature diurnally to become dead to the world. The observation may have no scientific value, but it has seemed to me that the carnivorous creatures as a rule require and take more profound sleep than the herbivorous. None of the ungulates is inclined to indulge in the same kind of slumber as a dog, a cat, a man.

Stalking an Alligator

This business of wild warders put me one day into a curious predicament, the real meaning of which it is in the reader's judgment to determine. There was a famous old bull alligator living in a cypress pond near home; and on him I had long had pernicious designs. The shores of the lagoon were heavily wooded down to the water's edge; and, as during my military maneuvers the weather was hot and dry, I could not manage to make a noiseless way through the thickets; and the moment that my intended victim heard a stick crack or leaves rustle he would sink into the dark waters from his comfortable semisnoozing position on their surface or else would hurtle in a vast but swift reptilian wriggle from the log on which he had been sedately basking. On several occasions I had seen him take the plunge—the antithesis of the grace of a swan dive; and at other times I had heard him resoundingly strike the water after a plunge. At last it occurred to me to wade up a tiny stream that took care of the overflow from this woodland pond. I had with me a rifle for the real work of the expedition.

After hobnobbing with water snakes, and giving certain huge gaudy spiders every opportunity in the world for exploring the regions of my face and neck, I at length waded silently out of the head of the stream and into the dark waters of the pond. The water at this point took me between the knees and hips.

There was an old cypress log lying partly in the water on the farther side of the pond, and I knew this to be the couch of my old acquaintance. Because of dense groups of little cypresses growing here and there in the lagoon, I could not at first discern the log. I waded forward. Soon I caught sight of the huge slab of a gray tail inert on the log in the sun. There are said to be two

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

vital shots for an alligator—one in the head, the other under the forearm. Because of a tree growing near the log, the big 'gator's head could not be discerned; but, edging forward, I was afforded a fair view of the light-colored patch under the huge reptile's forearm. A 'gator on land commonly sleeps with his forelegs extended like paws, and the back legs drawn up rather awkwardly. I got my rifle up for a shot, and was considering how often this old saurian had eluded me—taking rather exultant aim through the peep sight—when some instinct made me turn my head. I just seemed to know that something of urgent interest to me was behind me. It was.

Between me and the mouth of the little stream up which I had waded was a second alligator, hardly inferior to the one on the log, and, because of his apparent wish to be quite intimate with me, far more impressive in appearance than his safely distant fellow. To cut the story short, I shot the one on the log, and whirled to try to greet his fellow likewise. But the 'gator in the water had gone down. Yet I shall never forget his cold, appraising stare. A reptile has a look that is peculiarly its own. That gaze has a lifeless, fishy quality that is repellent.

Often have I wondered whether this second 'gator was not a watchman for his sleeping comrade. Whatever his function, and whatever his design, he followed me. The alligator is usually considered to be prehistoric in his character and habits; but in one respect I have found him to be ultramodern: he is an investigator.

Of other wild creatures perhaps the best setters of sentries are the sheep and the goats; the members of this whole family, indeed, share the first prize for this warder business. The Siberian argali, the chamois, the ibex, the bighorn of the Rockies, and the mountain goats of the same general region; the Suleiman and the Astor markhors—all these are masters in the setting of a watch. I think honorable mention goes to the pronghorn antelope; every one of the pathetically small number now remaining has, because of tireless persecution, apparently appointed himself an individual sentry. Yet in little bands of antelopes there is invariably an official watchman.

In Flight Formation

It appears to me that in the migration of wild fowl there is likewise an official guide. When ducks and geese are in ordinary flight above waters and shores where they are staying, the leader of a flock, at the peak of the triangle or the point of the wedge, does not seem to be of particular importance. The lines break, straggle, lose their character. But birds observed flying in a migration obey strictly their book of tactics. There is apparently much importance attached to the leader. He must determine the direction of the flight, the speed, the height and possibly the duration. Of course the responsibility is frequently shifted. Many observers have noticed how the bird at the point will, after his turn, drop back to a place on one of the wings, his leadership then being assumed by one of his comrades. During one of these momentous journeys there is much conversation carried on, geese being especially loquacious. Certainly these creatures have a language of their own; and I have often wondered if their raucous clangor could not be interpreted in some such manner as this: "Hey, there, you scout in the lead, how fast do you think we can fly?" "Give me a little more room. Stop jabbing my ribs with your left wing." "Everybody up now," says the leader; "yonder ahead is another range we'll have to cross." "Oh, there's the Potomac. I remember it from last year." Perhaps much of the conversation which kills time as Pullman cars speed southward in the autumn is duplicated high in the heavens in another tongue. If geese in a migrating flight are shot at by some enthusiast with a high-power rifle, they will very quickly complain; less, perhaps, at the gunner than at their leader, who has brought them into peril with an ancient implacable enemy.

Of all the watches set by wild game, that of the wild turkey is one of the very best. A turkey's senses are preternaturally keen; and since he is as sensitive to sound as he is to sight, his wariness is of the hair-trigger variety. Often, in mountain glades, in wheat stubble near woodlands, in rice stubble near forests of oak and of pine, I have observed wild turkeys feeding; and invariably, though apparently undisturbed, they would have a watchman out. He would usually stand on the borders of the feeding flock, a trim, alert, erect sentry, his almost serpentine neck and head singularly rigid. This same guard or outpost is usually to be seen with a flock of turkeys traveling through the woods, sometimes two or three taking it upon themselves to act as warders.

Turn and Turn About

On a good many occasions I have, in the autumn and early winter, watched wild turkeys feeding on the open plantation lawn under live oaks—of the sweet acorns of which these birds are excessively fond. Always there would be the warder. Not infrequently small groups of wild birds would join the tame flock, but remaining somewhat aloof. At a distance of almost two hundred yards the wild birds—of almost the same plumage as their bronze domestic brethren—could be easily distinguished by their alien air; a certain erectness of posture, a certain elegance, a certain wild glamour and grace, a certain flair of birth and breeding marked them. It is a singular paradox in Nature that the very wildest things invariably seem to have that delicate and indefinable air of caste and of culture that the highest civilization alone is supposed to give.

One day a negro living on an abandoned plantation adjoining mine sent his son over to tell me that two old gobblers were feeding in his peanut field. This patch I knew well; it was about two acres in extent, fenced in, surrounded on three sides by dense woods, and on one side bounded by the river.

The exposure was southern, and as the situation was very solitary, the field rich in food and in soft sunny sand for the birds' washing, the place was an ideal one for a turkeys' retreat.

But it is always well to try, before taking a trip after game that a negro has described, to attempt to authenticate his story.

"Turkeys?" I asked my present dusky informant; "are you sure you don't mean turkey buzzards?"

A good-natured laugh greeted my would-be wit.

"Buzzard," the negro assured me, "can't gobble."

This was reassuring.

"Did you actually see them?" I asked.

"My eye done look on um."

That was convincing. A plantation negro sometimes has a way of using language that reminds one of certain tones in the Hebrew prophets, in Kipling, and in Julia Ward Howe.

On reaching the field some thirty minutes later, approaching it cautiously on foot through a dark sweet jungle of hollies overhung with jasmine—and literally crawling up to the fence that sagged its way through the fragrant shadows—I saw no turkeys. These two old gobblers were rather well-known characters in that section, having become the goal of at least five good hunters of my acquaintance. But they were educated eluders; and I now had a suspicion that they had given me the slip. The negro with me is distinguished by a name that, I believe, belongs to the most authentic of announcers; it is Gabriel.

"Where are they, Gabe?" I now asked him foolishly. A man must not really expect his guide to be supernatural; too prone is the hunter sometimes to lay upon his guide the burden of accounting for the eccentric—or intelligent—behavior of wild game. Yet even in this exigency Gabriel did not fail me.

"Yonder is one," he said, pointing with a cautiously foreshortened arm and finger at a corner of the sandy field quite near to the place where we were lying.

After close scrutiny I discerned one of the great birds standing alertly beside a little myrtle bush growing on the edge of the field. He was a huge old fellow; but he looked trim and deft. I wondered if we had alarmed the other, and if he had made off.

Easing myself a little upward, I soon discerned the other gobbler dusting himself in a sand hole against the fence. Sedately he had fluffed out his abundant and gorgeous plumage, and now lay on his side drowsing, his big legs and feet extended with comical awkwardness. I could even see his normally brilliant eye now blink drowsily.

In a few moments he righted his bulk, waked thoughtfully, rose, shook from his majestic person a dense cloud of dust, repeated this housecleaning performance, preened himself, looked about, and then walked over and took up the watch by the little myrtle bush. The other gobbler then relaxed his vigil, turned toward the sunny hole that his old comrade had abandoned, and was soon deep in his dust bath. This interesting arrangement was most evidently one for mutual protection. I believe it is not uncommon for two old males among wild creatures to consort for safety and companionship. This fraternal order, however, is invariably ruptured upon the approach of the mating season, when a mightier instinct than self-preservation makes itself master. Of course the mating instinct is closely related to the emotion for self-preservation, for it is an instinct for the preservation of the race.

The Bullfrog's Alarm

Among the humbler birds, the bobolink and the red-winged blackbird are adepts in the matter of posting warders. In the South the former becomes the ricebird; and in the late summer he is a pest in the rice fields. A flock of twenty or thirty thousand of these birds can cause the rice planter to believe in a personal devil. In minding rice I always noticed that the flocks of these birds were carefully sentineled by little groups of their fellows perched on willows and cypresses growing on the rice-field banks. Similarly blackbirds, grackles, vultures, starlings, and even cedar waxwings post warders. As in human warfare, the way to stalk the army is to stalk the sentry.

It seems to be true that birds and those animals which live on plains or on barren plateaus and mountains are the most indefatigable in providing watchmen. A far command of landscape, either because of the openness of the country or because of the viewer's elevation, seems to be the condition which calls forth a sentry. The case is necessarily different in wooded mountains or in wooded flat country.

A last warder I mention because of a certain comic aspect that the nature of his watchfulness and his warning possesses. Everyone has to admit that bullfrogs are wise creatures, wise enough to make some men hang diminished heads. I have watched them ranged in a solemn council on the borders of a dark lagoon, voicing as the spirit would move them, in tones of the most impressive melancholy, "unutterable things." Many of them doze; some blink prodigiously; always one or two watch; and these warders vent their feelings in certain lugubrious lyrics, as impressive in tone as the horn of Roland, rallying his ranks at Roncesvalles. But the frog's boldness is, I fear, Falstaffian; for at the first hint of danger one of these boastful sentinels is the first to jump. Nor does he take any interest in the matter of warning his snoozing comrades; he sounds no alarm other than that which his own amazing precipitancy may suggest.

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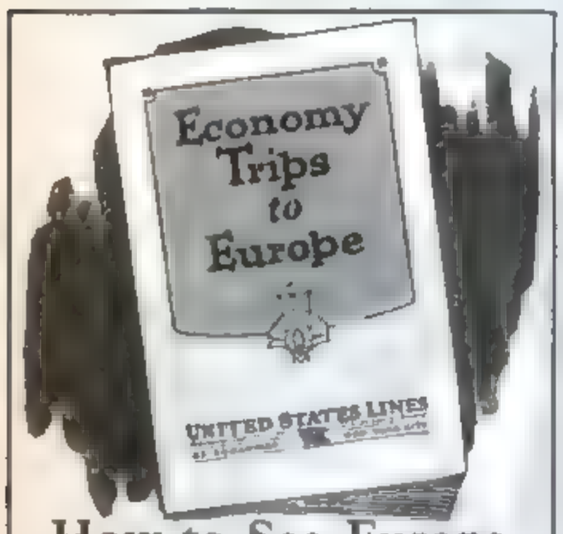

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THE BLACK CARGO

(Continued from Page 31)

Had the fire within him died at last, never to burn again? I thought it had at first, and then I understood. He had heard Jim Lowes the second time. He was pointing toward the stairs.

"What difference does it make," he said, "as long as he isn't there? What difference does it make? I've done enough tonight. He's gone. Thank God—he's gone."

He opened the kitchen door. He was out in the night.

"Murdock," he was saying, "he's gone. Thank God—he's gone!"

Jim Lowes was staring after him and whistling softly.

"I wouldn't believe it," he said. "Not if you'd told me, I wouldn't believe it. He didn't want to do it. He didn't want to at all."

xx

BUT I was beyond thinking of Eliphalet Greer. The sins that bowed his head meant nothing; I had no curiosity for any emotion which shook him, now that he was gone, now that I felt the damp night air through the open door. My own thoughts were all about me. I was alone again with that part of myself which sits in judgment, alone as we always are whether we are in the city street or on the sea. Nothing beyond myself had any meaning except the thing I had almost done.

It was strange how it had changed now that it lay behind me. Its wickedness was still growing within me. It was taking root in my being. It was filling me with such a sickness that it seemed like an act accomplished. I must have looked as wild and as strange as Eliphalet Greer. I saw that Jim Lowes was startled, and he was used to curious sights. I heard myself breathing deeply almost as a swimmer might who is struggling against a current, and then I was saying Eliphalet Greer's last words just as he had said them: "Thank God—thank God he's gone!" But whether I was giving thanks for Eliphalet Greer's or for Richard Parton's absence, I was never sure.

Jim Lowes had helped me on with my coat, and, hardly giving a thought to what I was doing, I picked up a candle and started for the stairs. Jim Lowes never spoke. As I passed through the kitchen, however, he moved toward me, as though to urge me to stay, but he stopped almost as soon as he had started, and stood looking at me as I began to climb the stairs. He made very little effort, but I like to think he tried to make me stop. I heard him call me once when I was halfway up, or I thought I heard him call me, but I did not reply. Just then the bells outside began striking at the hour. I think it was three they were striking, but I am not sure, for the bells in the different church towers began together, and I did not bother to distinguish one from the other. Nevertheless, it did me good to hear them, for it gave me a sense of time and space. I have said that night is always a fantastic memory, but I gained a sense of reality from those bells, transient but strong. It was the first time that I fully realized that Richard Parton had gone. When I remember the excitement I was laboring under, it does not seem so strange that it took me a minute to be filled with the knowledge. I was almost at my door when I was struck with the certainty of it, and it made me pause in the passage. I had never known how Eliphalet Greer had twisted and turned me until then. As I opened the door of my room I was still dazed by the relief that had come over me, but as I opened the door the bells had stopped ringing, and everything was very quiet.

At first I was not surprised at what I saw. It was like a part of the night again. As I recall it, it is still like another fancy taking shape, another vision on the border line between sleep and waking. I only looked ahead of me and stood quite still.

Sitting on the bed with his feet crossed in front of him, and leaning slightly back, was Richard Parton. He was there in the life. He was not a part of my imagination. I could see his blue coat move as he breathed and his eyes shift as he stared me up and down. He reminded me of the time I had first seen him. He had the same appearance of lightness and wiry muscular grace. He was sitting on the bed and looking up at me, but he did not move when he saw me, as an ordinary man would move. He must have known what had happened, but he did not move.

If he had done so, it would have made me much easier. His quietness startled me more than the unexpectedness of seeing him. Suddenly I became horribly afraid. I can never analyze my fear. It was more than Richard Parton I was afraid of. I wanted to cry out, but I did not dare, and I did not dare be still.

He must have seen what was passing through me, for he smiled faintly, but he did not move, not so much as to unclasp his hands, which were folded across his knee.

"Don't," he said—"don't be a damned fool."

And then my terror came into my voice.

"Jim!" I shouted suddenly. "Jim Lowes!"

But I could not keep my eyes from him, even when I called, and he did not move or try to interrupt me.

"So you are a fool," he said. "The world hasn't changed since I've been away. People are still fools when you tell them not to be."

I was going to call again, but I stopped with the words half formed. Richard Parton had twisted himself to his feet.

"Be still," he said. "He knows I'm here. I've paid him enough to keep my neck safe. Be still, and set down that candle. Ah—don't move your hand like that! You're not good enough to joke with me."

I stopped. His voice was even and modulated without a trace of excitement, but it was not his voice that made me stop.

"Ah," said Richard Parton, "that is better. It's easier to do things in an orderly way, but I don't much care how I do them—mind that—I don't much care."

I could not look away from him, but I had no desire to call. Richard Parton was balancing a pistol in the palm of his hand. He smiled, but his muscles were tense as springs.

"Set down the candle," he said, "and don't try to put it out. It's my lucky night tonight, and I can see in the dark. There, that's better now, and there's a chair over by the window." He bowed and pointed toward it. "I'm sure," he said, "you're tired of standing."

And then I found my voice.

"How did you get here?" I asked him. "You weren't up here before."

His voice was as smooth as a gentleman's at tea, but there was nothing easy in his look. His eyes were blue and hard as a winter sky.

"No," he said, "I wasn't here. I still have some respect for my body. I still like to see the world moving, and it's a long time since I've seen it. I'm not likely to lie asleep when I've been watched all day. I remember what he's like. It was like old times to hear him storming through the hall and groaning in the kitchen. Yes, it was always that, always storming and groaning."

"Where were you," I asked, "if you heard him downstairs?"

"Where I could hear the fun," said Richard Parton, and he made a gesture with the pistol, and all that Eliphalet Greer had said about him came back to me.

"I'm an old dog," he said. "I can still look out for myself. I've made 'em jump in the old days, and I'll make 'em jump again."

I never knew what he referred to, but I had no doubt that he could. He was as different from Eliphalet Greer as I could well imagine, and yet they had a curious similarity. They both seemed consumed by the same ungovernable restlessness. It made Richard Parton's eyes snap, and made him take little steps backward and forward. It was blazing out in his speech as it had in Eliphalet Greer's.

"Burst me!" he exclaimed. "But it's good to be alive again. It's good to hear the wood cracking, even if it's been smashed by burgling fools. Damn me, if it isn't good to feel a thing like this in my hands! I've a good mind to hear it crack, and smell the smoke again."

It was a pocket pistol he was holding, very nicely made and balanced. He moved the fingers of his left hand softly over the barrel as he spoke and the pupils of his eyes grew wider.

"Yes," he said, "I came near killing him tonight."

I was sitting in the straight backed wooden chair, but I had my courage with me again, now that he was talking.

"Well," I asked, "what are you going to do? Are you proposing to kill me, now that you've missed him?"

"Do you think," Richard Parton said, "if I had cared for that, I'd have bribed Jim Lowes to keep me safe?"

He stopped and rubbed the pistol barrel.

"He was always a clever man," he said. "I knew he could take two bribes at once. I paid him to give me the key to the main building. That was all. When you came upstairs I opened the door at the end of the L, and walked into the front passage. You never looked there. You only tried the passage door. I had locked it from the other side. Do you think I'd have paid for a safe way out if I had wanted to shoot. No, no, I don't want to see it finished by a snap shot in the dark. I won't kill you this time. I knew your father too well for that."

He paused again, but I could only sit and watch him without speaking.

"Yes," Richard Parton was saying, "money is a wonderful thing when put into circulation. He made a mistake to leave me money, all good negotiable money. It was a long time before I could spend it, but I'm spending it now. I've paid Jim Lowes twice what Eliphalet paid him. I paid the skipper to run me in last night, enough to keep him in liquor all his life. The whaling captain who sighted my shirt on a palm tree has enough to buy a house and farm. And they're not the only ones I've paid. Yes, Eliphalet should have thought what money could do when there's a will behind it."

He was poisoned with restlessness, and he could not be still for long. He had been standing, but now he sat back on my bed. He had taken a black cheroot, such as they smoke in Havana, from the breast pocket of his coat. Still watching me, he placed it between his lips and bit off the end. I remember it for only one reason, because it was incongruous, because it was the only homely thing I ever saw him do, the only thing that hinted at enjoyment of tranquillity and peace. Yet even when he reached out for the candle and lighted his cigar, he was not like other men I knew. There is so much I can never know, so much I can only guess.

He was sitting on my bed. He had stopped talking, and was tapping the floor with his toe, and I could see him peering at me through the blue cigar smoke.

"You didn't," I suggested, "come here to smoke a cigar?"

"No," he said, "not entirely for that."

My nerves were badly strung. I was growing frightened again, although there was no reason.

"Then what are you here for?" I asked.

Richard Parton seemed in no hurry to tell. He flicked the ash off his cigar, and what he said reminded me of another speech I had heard not long before.

"What do you know of why a man like me does anything? You'll never understand. I don't know why I came myself, except that you're your father's son."

I remembered what Jim Lowes had told me. Parton had asked for my father that morning.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I used to know him. We've often sat playing cards before my luck got twisted. Yes, I know what you think. I've often told him to be more careful of the company he kept, but he was like you—he was a fool too."

"Mr. Parton ——" I began.

"Sit down," said Mr. Parton wearily. "Lord knows why I don't kill you. If you've got a temper like his, it would save a lot of trouble. Wouldn't he blow up if he could see you now, a man who sat in the General Court, a man who was a friend of the President? What would he do if he knew his son—his son—was starting the way I started—his son taking money like a pirate to do Eliphalet's dirty work. Why didn't you come to me? I'd have paid you more."

I had rather, much rather, he had struck me then. I was going out in the tide again. Everything I had done was behind me and around me, and I seemed to be moving before it.

"So you're a slaver, are you?" said Mr. Parton. "Fancy that George Jervale's son in the nigger trade. Why, if he could have guessed it he'd have shot you when he shot himself."

Before I knew what I was doing I was out of my chair.

(Continued on Page 62)

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ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

(Continued from Page 60)

"Mr. Parton," I began—"before God, Mr. Parton ——"

And he was standing before me with his hand raised in a deprecating way.

"Good Lord," he said, "don't think I'm reproving you! Why, I admire you for it! I'd have done it myself if there was enough in it! Surely you can't think I have any hard feelings!"

And he tapped his forehead sympathetically.

"I know the way you feel," he said. "I know how it keeps burning in you. It's burning in me still. When once you're going, you must keep going on, if only to forget where you're going."

A curious glitter had come into Mr. Parton's eyes, and his face had grown redder.

"Oh, yes; I understand. If I had it all to do again, I'd play it just the same. I'd go right back with old Eliphalet again, damn his eyes, and we'd do it all together. He knew the way it felt when he wasn't saying his prayers."

He paused, moved uneasily and tapped at his cigar.

"I wonder what's the matter with me," he said suddenly. "I didn't come here to tell you this. It must be thinking of Eliphalet that does it, but it's a long time since I've had anyone to talk to who might know what was what. It was a week before I got my voice after they took me on that whaler. Lazarus must have known how it felt to talk again."

Now that he spoke the name, I knew why I was afraid, and why he seemed unreal. He was like Lazarus. He alone knew what lay behind him in those years when he stared at the sky and the horizon rim. No one could ever share his knowledge, for the vacancy of it must have been almost as deep as death—the days of self, the years of self, which had made his voice fade out like a candle in the wind.

"And when you see a friend," he said, "it's queer how it pulls at you. I almost forgot everything when I saw old Eliphalet again."

And then I spoke in spite of myself, urged by an interest which was not my own.

"You call him your friend," I exclaimed, "after you tried to kill him?"

Richard Parton sighed and blew a cloud of smoke between his lips.

"Of course," he said, "you wouldn't understand. What do you know about friendship? But I'll stop. I came to do you a kindness, not to talk philosophy."

"A kindness?" I echoed.

"Yes, a kindness." His voice had not risen, but his words were slower and more distinct. "I've come to tell you to leave Eliphalet and me alone. Keep out of it, Jervaile."

I felt a deep relief, for I had expected more than that. To keep out of it was all I wished. I was about to tell him so when he spoke again, and stopped me.

"You've lived on the docks. Did you ever hear them tell the stories of the black ghosts, the earthbound ghosts, that aren't allowed to go because there's something they've left undone? That's why I'm here. I'd have been dead long ago if there wasn't something left I had to do, but you don't have to do it. It's no affair of yours. You don't have to pay, because it's his time."

"Mr. Parton," I said, "I swear I'm not guilty of anything I ——"

"Rubbish!" snapped Mr. Parton. "What's the use in saying that, when you've been sailing out with Murdock? All I say is, keep away from Eliphalet Greer if you value your neck. He's done for. If there's a hangman's noose inside fifty miles of here, his head's as good as in it. The ship's as good as in the harbor. The old man's good as sunk, and I'm not going to have you run and tell him"

"A ship?" I asked. "What ship?"

Richard Parton's face twisted as though the sun was in his eyes.

"Never mind what ship," he said; "you'll find out soon enough."

I knew what he wanted at last. He was afraid I would go to Eliphalet Greer, and he was there to stop me. The sight of him, the nervous twitching of his lips, the slight unconscious motions of his hands filled me with his own restiveness. I found myself wishing he would go. He was becoming like a thought one tries to dismiss and which grows more vivid from the trying.

"Yes," he was saying, "you'll know soon enough. How your father would be clawing at his tomb if he knew what you'd done tonight!"

"Confound you!" I burst out. "Will you leave my father out of it? If that's all you've got to say, why don't you go? Leave my father out of it and go."

"And let you trot off to Eliphalet Greer and tell him what I've said?" laughed Mr. Parton. "I'm not ready yet for a knife in my back. Before I go I'll tell you something that'll make you stand by and let me finish him that'll make you beg me to do it."

"But I'm no friend of his ——" I began.

"That's a likely yarn," sneered Mr. Parton. "Sit down in that chair and listen."

"Then leave my father out of it," I said.

"Ah," said Richard Parton, "so his name means something to you still! After everything, you call yourself his son!"

"Will you ——" I began.

Richard Parton snatched up his pistol.

"Take your hand away from your pocket," he said. "Why do you see red when you hear me speak? I'm not the man to kill. Try your hand on Eliphalet Greer if you call yourself George Jervaile's son."

I was still on my feet. We were facing each other.

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to control my voice.

Richard Parton looked at me curiously. He did not tell me to sit down again.

"I mean," he said, "you're the hired servant of the man who as good as killed your father. Do you understand me now?"

For a moment the room was still as still, and the air was lifeless and leaden. I seemed to be in a hiatus of time, midway between fact and fact. His words seemed as loud in the passing seconds as they had been at the start. Yet somehow they were beyond my grasp.

"So that hits you, does it?" asked Richard Parton. "I thought it would throw you in the wind."

"How do you know?" I asked.

I thought the hardness went out of his face. It was almost kindly for a moment and his voice itself was different.

"Because I know Eliphalet Greer," he said; "I guess because it takes a thief to know him."

"Will you answer me?" I asked more loudly. "Will you tell me how you know?"

"He's always wanted your father's wharf," said Richard Parton, "ever since he first put out to sea. He told me he'd get his fingers on it."

I wanted him to be wrong. There was something terrifying in the possibility that he might be right. I was caught in the tide again. It was sweeping me out of myself, but I still struggled against it.

"He came by it honestly," I said. "If he didn't, do you think I'd have stood still? My father had friends. Do you think they wouldn't have told me? He lent money, but that had nothing to do ——"

I stopped with the sentence half finished. It had happened long ago, but it was coming back—stray words and faces, the muffled sounds in the quiet rooms.

"He couldn't," I exclaimed. "He couldn't ——"

"Couldn't he?" Richard Parton's voice interrupted me. "Couldn't he? Why should anyone have told you, when it was better you shouldn't know? You have no legal redress. Go and ask your father's friends. Ask them if Greer didn't hold all your father's notes. Ask 'em why."

I reached my hand toward the wall behind me, but I did not answer. Richard Parton was speaking on, and his voice seemed to strike upon me like a blow from his hand.

"Oh, yes," he was saying; "it was honest enough, but I wonder if you'll call it honest. That's what I want to know."

I felt a hundred memories stirring in me that I had striven to put away. I shall not tell them here, for they have nothing to do with what I am setting down. I could see our house and the garden. The veil that we all strive to draw across the things which give us pain was going, going like the mist from the sea as Richard Parton spoke.

"Everyone knows how he lost his money," I said. "He lost it buying land."

"And who did he buy the land of?" Richard Parton's voice made me start. "Who sold it to him, the way a gold brick's sold to a farmer at a fair?"

"He bought it from agents," I said.

"Yes," said Richard Parton. "And who helped George Jervaile buy it? Who advised him? Has anyone told you that? Who loaned him ready money to buy more land when the price was going down? Do you suppose your father would do that without advice? Who got into his confidence and urged him to buy and buy—yes, urged him to ruin himself? You know who came to see your father most, if you were living in the house."

"You were never there," I cried. "How do you know all this?"

"No man knows," admitted Richard Parton mildly; "no man knows for sure, and no one here dares make a guess aloud, but ask Jim Lowes if you don't believe me. Ask Deacon Green who he thinks brought down George Jervaile. Ask the Record Office what they think. Ask the pastor of his church. They'll tell you what Jim Lowes told me this morning, if they dare to tell it at all."

"Then why didn't he tell me before?" I demanded hotly.

My temper never stayed down for long. It was stirring inside me. It was shaking my voice as a gust of wind shakes a sail.

"Because he was afraid of Greer, like all the rest of them," said Richard Parton; "but he isn't afraid now. Ask him, and he'll tell you."

He was a part of the inevitable balance of things as he stood there in his spotted coat. As I looked at him I knew he was right. I wondered that I had not known it long ago. I would have known if I had known Eliphalet Greer. But that others knew it was what hurt me most, that others knew it and had let me take his pay.

"I told you I was fond of your father," Richard Parton was saying. "Are you going to be a dupe like him?"

"Don't," I said. "You've told me enough to understand. There's no use going on."

I moved my hand from the wall behind me, for suddenly I felt quite able to stand alone.

"Are you going to let him play the same game with you he played with George Jervaile?" demanded Richard Parton as though he had not heard. "That's what I want to know Are you going to let me finish him, or are you going to stay by him until you're finished too, because of an old thief's promise and because of a pretty face?"

I should have known it was coming. I should have been ready, but instead my own face grew red. Richard Parton was grinning at me and pulling at his coat.

"Yes, a pretty face. What makes you color up over a little affair like that? Eliphalet still knows how to play the game. He knew you wouldn't be up to snuff unless there was a woman. Oh, I saw you up on West Hill! I suppose you still think it's romance. Can't you see he's limed you like a bird on a twig, and leaded your eyes like an Italian goldfinch? Do you think she ran after you because she loved you? Can't a man ever keep his senses when he sees a petticoat? Greer sent her there, you fool! He sent her so he could send you here tonight!"

For a second I stared at him vacantly. My mind, my body both seemed still as death, unable to act or resolve. I could hear the wind in the trees outside, and the branches shaking with a noise that was like faint laughter, and then there was a roaring in my ears. It was my own voice sinking back inside myself.

"You lie!"

The floor swayed beneath me like a cabin floor, and then I had a strange feeling that everything was falling. Each minute I had lived seemed falling upon me like a house of rotted timbers, and then my head cleared and I saw the room again. Yet it was changed, as subtly altered to my sight as a familiar place after a journey's end. Richard Parton had moved back to the wall, and was watching me intently with his head tilted to one side.

"Back your sails," he said. "Don't run in too close."

"You lie!" I repeated.

But he still was speaking.

"Why should she care for you?" he asked. "Use your brains, Jervaile. Forget she's good-looking."

He must have seen what was in me, but he still went on. If he had stopped —— I wonder what would have happened if he had stopped.

"Stand still and think," he said. "Don't let your temper go. Will you let a woman draw you any further? Come, come! You know too much of the world for that. Who is she? Have you ever thought? She's not Murdock's daughter. He's never had a child. It's Greer who's paying for her keep. The whole town's been talking of it, if you only had sense to listen. There're some things he can't keep still. He's paid for her

(Continued on Page 64)

News of First National Pictures

"The Silent Watcher"

FRANK LLOYD, whose "The Sea Hawk" took you back to pirate ships and buccaneers, is now going to usher you into an American home, introduce you to some of the most human folk the screen has ever held, and tell you their love stories and the drama of their lives. His new picture is "The Silent Watcher," adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story "The Altar on the Hill," published in this publication several issues past.

Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love are the young lovers of the picture. It's a mystery story as well as a romance, and the third degree scene pictured above is one of those moments of drama that make the movies so worth while.

"Christine of the Hungry Heart"

THOMAS H. INCE is a maker of successful pictures; Kathleen Norris is a writer of best sellers. And so Mr Ince's picturization of Mrs. Norris's "Christine of the Hungry Heart," with a cast headed by Florence Vidor, Ian Keith, Walter Hiers, Warner Baxter and Clive Brooks, carries a double guarantee to entertainment seekers

It is a sincere story of one woman's life, and the hunger in her heart for love and understanding. One feels the drama and zest of life a little more keenly after seeing "Christine of the Hungry Heart.

At the left are Florence Vidor and Clive Brooks in the scene where *Christine* finds that ease from heart hunger comes with giving as well as receiving. From the oval smiles Walter Hiers in a rôle that suits his genial personality.

"Sandra"

HER eyes beguile: her lips allure—but a warning finger is the stop signal. Who but Barbara LaMarr could play the title rôle in "Sandra"? If you've read Pearl Doles Bell's novel you'll understand the drama of this new photoplay, the first, by the way, that stars Miss LaMarr. Bert Lytell has the leading masculine rôle

"In Every Woman's Life"

THERE'S a double thrill in M. C. Levee's "In Every Woman's Life," directed by Irving Cummings. First the thrill at the powerful love story it tells, then a night rescue at sea which will keep you tense On the right is the scene on the Captain's bridge as the liner's searchlight focuses on the struggling figures far below.

Virginia Valli, Lloyd Hughes, George Fawcett, Vera Lewis, Marc McDermott, Stuart Holmes and Ralph Lewis are the screen favorites in the cast

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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 62)

schooling. He's paying to teach her music. He's paying for her clothes. Is he doing that for charity? Is he dressing her like a lady to please his æsthetic taste? Come, come, Jervaile! Why does any old man do that for a girl of nineteen?"

For a moment I did not speak, but I was cool again, quite cool. I even felt a curious sort of strength which made me feel quite steady.

"That's better," said Mr. Parton. "Now you're taking it right. I knew you'd understand."

And before I could answer he turned to the door and raised his voice.

"Jim!" he called.

Jim Lowes must have been listening in the hall, for he opened the door at once

"God help me, Charles," he said, "it's so. It's all the Bible truth that he's been telling. Now don't look so. There's other men been caught before. Look at Antony and Julius Cæsar. What you need's a drink, and you'll have it on the house."

Richard Parton sighed and put his pistol in his pocket.

"Never you mind, my boy," he said. "I'll finish him up for fair. Just sit here quiet. That's all I ask. I know you'll leave him, now that you know it all."

I was not myself. My reason had been thrust somewhere out of reach, but I did not mind. I was looking at Richard Parton, but it was not his face I saw. It had changed. The sunburn had gone off it. It was longer and more wrinkled. It was not Richard Parton's face. It was Eliphalet Greer's. I remembered what he had said in Murdock's house. I remembered what she had said. A dozen incidents were passing before me in a mocking line, clear in the light of my anger, so clear that I forgot the rest.

"Now will you keep away from him?" asked Richard Parton.

"No," I said, "I won't." And my voice sounded very loud.

"Now stop!" cried Mr. Parton. "Damn me if he isn't mad!"

I laughed, and my laughter rang out strangely.

"I won't leave him," I said, "till I've finished with him."

It was the only time I ever saw Richard Parton surprised. His face changed color, and suddenly he became very grave.

"Lord!" he said very softly. "I hadn't thought of that." And he looked away from me and drew his hand across his forehead. "Would you mind telling me what you propose doing?"

My answer when I spoke it did not seem strange, nor was I startled by my speech when I heard it.

"I intend to kill him," I said.

"To kill old Eliphalet?" Richard Parton looked me slowly up and down, and continued very quietly, "Now who'd have thought the cat would jump like that? But it has its points. Yes, it has its points."

And suddenly he made a deprecating gesture like a very courteous gentleman.

"You're sure," he asked, "you really want to kill him? I assure you there's no need for it, but if you insist —— Be quiet, Lowes; let Mr. Jervaile speak."

I was out in the tide by then, far out in the middle of the stream. Suddenly I was caught in my own self-pity, and my wretchedness choked my voice.

"What else," I asked, "is there left for me to do?"

Richard Parton nodded politely.

"Well, well," he said resignedly, "it will mean I've been to a lot of trouble for nothing—but still, it has its points."

And then his face brightened.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "It's like the ending of a play. First he sends you to kill me, and now I send you to kill him. If you're really set on it, I don't know as I shall mind. Here—you're not —— You're not going already?"

I had shouldered my way by Jim Lowes and out into the hall, and then I felt Mr. Parton's hand on my arm.

"Perhaps it's better so," he said. "You won't mind my coming too! Surely you won't refuse me that. If one of us should miss, there'll always be the other."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE HAT NAMED HORACE

(Continued from Page 13)

didn't laugh. I was huddled on the floor at her feet.

"And you mustn't think I'm not serious about this, Miss Newcome. I may be a perfect scream and young for my age, but down deep in me there is a place where I'm old and a little bit bitter and very sure of what I want. I haven't even seen him, yet I know absolutely. But at that, if Rosamund could make him happy, why I guess—I guess I could say it would be all right. But she can't. She'll kill him. Please, you do believe me?"

She looked down at me and her eyes were very quiet.

"I'm sure that is true of you, my dear. Some women are like that, born grown-up, in spite of their bodies. If they make up their minds about a man, it will always be so. I think you may count yourself lucky to have found him early. I didn't."

I stared up at her and then faced her, her hands in mine.

"You mean you found him too late?"

"I never found him at all, my dear. There are some of us like that, you know. That is why I know you are right, young as everyone would say that you are."

I knelt there and stared at her, and suddenly I did feel older and more mature than she was. For I had loved him for three years now, and that's a long time. I hadn't been afraid to, or shirked it, or hidden it from myself. Suddenly it was I who was rich, not she.

"Then it's right that I should go on and try to—try to reach him yet?"

"If what you have is real, my dear, and you do it not out of vanity or jealousy or egoism, I think he would be happier. Yet love is a queer thing, very flitting, very fragile. Passion can sometimes change it, life can ——"

"Oh, no, Miss Newcome," I said, and I had never interrupted her before in my life. "Oh, no; you are quite mistaken. It can be fragile and flitting, I suppose, if you let it be. But don't you see, it's not just something that happens to you. You happen to it. It's the best you have, heightened. You have to work at it. It's partly real and it's partly all your imagination, like architecture and music. It ought—it ought to be the finest art in the world, loving and being loved, I think."

She leaned over and kissed me, quite softly, on the lips and her cool lips were trembling.

"You are a very wise child," she said. "Why do you ask me anything?"

"Oh please, Miss Newcome, I wanted your advice. How—how can I show him?"

"Perhaps you can't, my dear. Men and women are very blind to each other. They see what they want to see. And you are a very fluid person, you know. You have all sorts of external selves you wrap around you. But if he really sees you, when his eyes are clear, and he is what you think he is—well, perhaps it might happen."

When I was at the door, thinking hard, she called out to me suddenly, "But, Sylvia, what about dresses?"

My heart, which had been so warm and expanded and happy, froze within me. Clothes! I hadn't thought of that. I clutched the door knob miserably.

"I don't know," I said. "I hadn't thought of that. Maybe I—maybe I could get my uncle to send me enough. I'll—I'll try."

All the way back to Harkness, where Pat would be waiting for me, with a moon making the sky milky beyond the black fringe of oak trees and a silvery little mist rising from the meadow and someone singing Under the Greenwood Tree up on the hill, my spirits went down, down, down. Ordinarily I would have walked that night, dreaming, with my hand tucked in old Kemp's. And here I was, sick in my tummy about clothes. I actually hated to go upstairs and see Pat. Suppose Rosamund had asked us. It had to happen, and yet if she did what could I do? I had three blue flannel dresses, one white flannel, three ginghams, my last year's organdie and two hockey uniforms, and no hat but my blue felt traveling one. Ye gods! I hadn't thought of that. You simply had to have a hat for garden party. You might even borrow a dress. But nobody would have an extra garden-party hat to lend. We never wear hats except at garden party, but then you could as soon appear without shoes. The hat thought left me shivering in the depths. Unless you've dusted and run errands and turned up hems and read aloud at twenty-five cents an hour for money for extra books and a party or two and society dues and things they call frivolous, you don't know how impossible it seemed.

Pat came galumphing in the room after I did, her eyes popping.

"Well, she asked us," she burst out. "I didn't have to hint. You ought to have seen her, Binks. She certainly is pretty. She had a pale-yellow chiffon thing, with lace. Too perfect to touch. She was fearfully sweet. Said all the proper things about knowing me better. She had on Kemp's ring, a perfectly luscious square diamond. That must be grandmother's legacy. I can't imagine where else he'd get it. But of course she'd have to have one or it wouldn't be legal."

"Did she—did she seem awfully happy?" I ventured

"Happy? Do you think she knows anything about happiness, that wet rag? Nearest thing she could do was a kind of smirk, like an Angora cat with the cream she knows is coming to her. And Kemp's such a corker, Binks. Oh darn! But I suppose he thinks he'll be happy. Oh, yes, she asked us both. Said she thought you seemed so interesting. She expects loads of relatives and friends and she knows we will take care of them splendidly. So that's settled."

Well, hat or no hat, I was in for it now. Besides, wild horses couldn't have kept me away, if I had to wear my nightie. I was getting mad. So we lay and talked over plans until Pat fell asleep. I didn't sleep. I was trying to write a letter to Uncle Frederick that would wring his heart and make him loosen up with enough money at least for one dress—only a little dress—I didn't care—and a hat. A hat! I fell asleep seeing myself in a heavenly lacy one, with Kemp looking at me. But next morning, rushing to class in my old brown gingham and meeting Rosamund Ambrose in pale-green linen, I wasn't so happy about it. I had to stop and thank her for asking me and she acted like a duchess being gracious to a cowherd. Ugh! I wanted to put a caterpillar down her back. I bet she'd react to that all righty.

What was left of May and the first of June, before final exams began, was the shortest time I ever knew in my life; and yet it was the longest. It was glorious weather, and everyone, from seniors mooning around because it was their last year in the old coll to freshmen scared stiff about trigonometry exams, sat around crooning in the sun. Nights were all one enchantment, with the wind sweet with new grass, and singing on chapel steps, and the stars in the lake. I went out nights alone up on the athletic field and ran and ran, just to stop the quivering sense of too much loveliness and expectancy. People walked softly and spoke breathlessly those nights. Yet the days were crisp and peppy, so that you didn't even mind your stupidest classes too much. Then it was the first of June, and then the second week in June, and beyond exams and the senior play and all the festivities in society houses loomed commencement week and Kemper.

My Uncle Frederick sent me fifteen dollars. He didn't approve of my staying later than the regular time, but he hoped I would enjoy it. My transportation to the farm would be sent me shortly by his lawyer, as he himself was sailing directly for Europe. He hoped I would have a pleasant summer and was always sincerely mine, Frederick James Jameson. You'd think he was Rosamund Ambrose's uncle, not mine, the poor cold muffin! I don't care if I am disrespectful. Fifteen dollars! Imagine!

I got the letter just as I was going over to dust Miss Newcome, and as usual she saw it in my face, so I had to tell her. She looked kind, but a little vague. Clothes are very little in her young life. Why should they be? Who ever notices what eminent professors wear?

"But for fifteen dollars, my dear, surely you can get some charming frocks, and quite suitable," she murmured, her finger in her book.

I didn't try to explain how many frocks, at fifty dollars per, to be right for garden party, you could buy for fifteen. But I did

(Continued on Page 66)

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THE MARK OF RADIATOR SATISFACTION

(Continued from Page 64)

manage to articulate a few sounds about white shoes and stockings and a hat. It shows how fundamental the ruling about garden party is that even darling old Miss Newcome recognized instantly the necessity of a hat.

"But if you got only one frock, don't you think you might find, somewhere in Boston, a quite simple hat that would be adequate? It seems to me—yes, surely. My last hat—I think it was only two years ago I got it cost me only three dollars at such a clean little store somewhere near Main Street."

Her last hat! Dear sakes, you should behold that hat! It made you think of veal and ham pies done in brown straw. But she never wore a hat anyway. Why should she give a care?

"Dear Miss Newcome," I said gently, separating the kitten and her silver tea ball, "hats are very expensive this year. I shall have to take up a life of crime in order to equip myself properly. But don't you worry about it a minute."

For her eyes had begun to look keen and concentrated as they did when all her glorious old brain was getting into action. She didn't go back to her book when I was in the room, and I left feeling that I'd made a nuisance of myself with all that clatter.

That night Pat came back late, from having her duty dinner with Rosamund, absolutely disgusted because the goldfish had made her play bridge, politely and formally, when she was dying to get out and yowl on the lake. She had had a letter from Kemper, spattering adjectives all over the page about how marvelous Rosamund was. He wanted to give us all a grando luncheon party at the Prospect Hill Hotel, and in the same sentence said that he had seen Rosamund only four times in his life. The latter spicy bit cheered me up a lot, but the first was like waving a red hat at me. The Prospect Hill Hotel is the dressiest place in twenty miles. It meant clothes. And when I came to think of his having seen her only four times, the cheer vanished out of that too. Once had been enough to leave him groggy. Twice had just started his busy old imagination, and the garden party would finish him. And if looks were so valuable as all that, where was I? You tell me!

After half an hour of hard thinking, old Pat exclaimed, "By gravy, if he can give a party, I can! I'll give a picnic; the rattiest kind of picnic, the day before the garden party. And if that doesn't make her blow up and pass away, I'll—I'll kidnap her."

"Pipe down, pipe down, woman! Fer Pete's sake don't get melodramatic and pull some terrible bone! That's what you get for being a history shark. You always think things have to be done with gunpowder, treason and plot. You can't tell a thing about this until it's happening."

"But, Binks, what are you going to do? You ought to have some idea?"

"There's no star in the sky," I said firmly, not feeling so, but more like a rat in a cage, "but the light of pure inspiration."

There was nothing to do for the next ten days then but plug for exams, take six, thoroughly clean the house, polish brass, put up clean curtains, see that the committee on the alumnæ breakfast were working, pack Miss Newcome's books and get her ready to go away for the summer directly after commencement, play the hockey finals with the seniors, help Pat arrange about the lunch at the Prospect Hill, get the promise of enough canoes for the picnic and try to make what dresses I could out of fifteen dollars, with perhaps a few other little last things I have forgotten just now. Oh, yes, and pray for a hat. It had got as desperate as that with me. I simply couldn't see the vaguest promise of a hat on any horizon.

Suddenly, when everything was over in the way of exams and everything was beginning in the way of the real excitement, it was the day when Kemper was to arrive; and my little white cross-barred muslin, with white shoes and stockings, were on my bed, looking like a Sunday-school picnic. I had almost made up my mind even to go to the luncheon without a hat, with all the goldfish staring down their dying noses at me, when Pat came bouncing in with a yell and two boxes.

"At last and eureka, Binks!" she said. "Virtue is its own reward. I just happened to think of La Tosca and I went down and held her up. And behold, clothes!"

"La Tosca's clothes, for me?" I murmured, dazed. You see La Tosca was Pat's freshman crush, although of course Pat was awfully ashamed of it. Her real name wasn't La Tosca. She just acted like it. She was my size and as rich as dirt, and the clothes she wore were one continuous procession. You simply couldn't sit down and close your eyes and imagine such clothes. I had a bit of a doubt about me wearing some of those clothes. La Tosca goes in for midnight hair and blue shadows under the eyes and the red, red lips of pure passion. Sort of thing that makes you dash home and scrub your face hard. But the dress and the hat—for oh, there was a hat—that Pat took out of the box were really luscious. Black chiffon, the dress was, made slinky, and the hat was black lace, with an orange feather. Oh-h, that feather! You could see it. You could hear it. The late Cleopatra would have adored that hat. It's name was Cleopatra then and there, and the name of the dress was the End of a Perfect Day. But way down inside me I had a sneaking feeling that maybe my name was Binks Mud to try to wear them. But Pat was bursting with pride and pleasure.

"Hustle into these fighting garments then, Binks," she said. "I'll dash down and pick up Kemp at the station. Rosamund said to bring him straight over to the house and we'd start from there. You be there on time. You're all right now, aren't you?"

"You mean to say she isn't going down to meet him?" I shrieked, brushing my hair until it hurt. It simply couldn't go spiking up all over everywhere if I were to look convincing in this La Tosca harness.

But Pat was gone and I was left to hunt up my black silk stockings, ink a weak place in my patent-leather pumps and work myself into the magnificence. I couldn't see all of me in the mirror, but it felt awfully smooth on. The hat was too big in the head and fell over one eye, so I had to wad up some theme paper in the crown and remember to hold my head up. And when I started walking slowly across the campus, because the chiffon skirt was too tight and too long for striding, my knees began to feel like pieces of old string. Barbara Carter and Jo North, coming up the path, stared and stared, and then Barbs called, "Why, Binks, we didn't know you, all dolled up like a poisoned dog. Where's the fire? But what are you so white for? You aren't sick, are you?"

Then somehow I was in the lake path and going up the house steps and standing in the big door, looking in. Nobody noticed me at first. He was there. He was sitting in the big blue chair by the fireplace, with his profile against the light. Rosamund was sitting on the couch and the room seemed full of goldfish in lacy dresses. But they were all vague and misty. It was Kemper. He was real—realer than all his pictures, realer than everything Pat had told me about him, realer than my heart. His head was thrown back because he was laughing, and his laugh was alive, vital, happy. Yet his mouth was even more sensitive than I had thought—a dreaming, eager mouth. I could have stood there for hours watching him.

But suddenly Pat saw me and dashed over from somewhere in the background. Everybody turned around and stared fishily except Kemp, who jumped up and came over to shake hands. He was taller than I had thought. But his glance was gay and friendly. You know, the sort of person who comes more than halfway to meet you.

"Why, of course I know Pat's roommate," he said, and patted my hand. "What was it you had when I was here before—mumps or something? You've been awfully good for Pat. Her letters are full of you. It's mighty nice to see you."

I said, "Ah-umph." Honestly, that's every sound I could make. All the way down inside I was sobbing with joy and shivering with fright, but I acted like a wooden potato masher. Then Rosamund called to him, with a nod to me, and I saw his face light up as he went back to her. I didn't utter another word for hours.

At the Prospect Hill we had a private dining room and the table was charming. When the mists had cleared I could see that Rosamund was looking exquisite in a foamy clear-amber thing and that there were only four goldfish instead of a whole herd. But just as we were all stalking into the dining room, as subdued as mush and water, I saw everyone in a huge mirror in the hall. The goldfish were all quite lovely, cool as pistachio and apricot ices, in that kind of dress. But at the tail end of the procession was a small string bean in black, with a perfectly awful orange feather, got up like a cheap imitation of a movie vamp and as out of

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place as a cinder in your eye. That was me. At first I couldn't believe it. I had felt elegant and sophisticated, truly I had. That went. The hat called Cleopatra was too big, too black, too smothered with lace My face in its depths looked white and frightened and extinguished. I was, too! Oh, I was! I went sick all over. I could have bolted from the place and gone anywhere, anywhere I wasn't, and pulled the world in on top of me and died there. But I had to remember to keep my neck stiff or the hat would slump over one eye, and trail in after Pat. At that moment I even hated old Pat a little.

The only consolation I had in the next two hours was that the luncheon was a blight. Oh, I don't mean the food. That was perfect. But the party! Those goldfish! That Rosamund! Their polite and uninteresting murmurs stood out starkly against the surrounding formality. Kemp was splendid, of course, and tried to keep up his end. With any sort of response from Rosamund or the others he could have made it a huge success. He chatted and told stories and beamed on everyone. But there was no response there. They were as chatty as cold waffles. Rosamund was pleasant and smooth to the glance, but conversationally a complete zero. And gradually the uncooked soddenness got Kemper, and a dull red began behind his ears. Pat and I were brutes. We could have made it a party for him, and I was popping to hand back some of his hot ones to him. I had a whole hatful of repartee. But we couldn't. We almost literally buried our faces in our food and said, "Oh, yes, indeed. Oh, not at all. How simply sweet—ha-ha!"

Then in the hush that laid its clammy hand over the dessert I got awfully sorry for Kemper and out of pure devilishness, to lighten it some way I tipped over three glasses of water, one after the other, as they were brought to me. I swear it was funny, and I truly meant it to be. But would they laugh? Would they insult their mothers? Old Kemp was dying to laugh. He shot me one twinkling, thankful glance and almost roared, until he caught Rosamund's frozen, scandalized eye. That finished that happy afternoon. All I had was that one glance of his and the knowledge of what I had looked like. That was a lot, wasn't it? You tell me!

"Never anybody else's clothes for me," I swore to Pat afterward. "Never any more, nohow!"

Little did I wot how soon I would have to chew those words.

That night was the senior play, and what with taking care of all Rosamund's embattled relatives, while Kemp took care of her, we had more happy hours. They said it was a great play, but we were fetching pillows and going after more joss sticks. And Kemp hadn't even been within speaking distance once.

"That's all right," Pat growled, as we took off our aching shoes that night. "Tomorrow's the picnic. Bet she won't be so tranquil there."

We got started at four in the afternoon, which was only an hour later than we had planned, and I will say for Pat that her idea of giving a perfectly ratty picnic was absolutely coming true. Kemper was the only one who seemed pleased at all, and I think he was swimming around in such a sea of imaginary bliss that he would have liked anything as long as Rosamund was in it. Yes, I do, too, think it was imaginary bliss. How could it have been real? She wasn't. He shoved off in the first canoe, looking sunburned and adorable and muscular in white flannels, gazing down on Rosamund in the cushions, wearing pale-pink organdie. It made her look pretty enough to eat, but I awaited the moment when the picnic had spoiled it. Then she'd look awful. Pat and I, got up like sons of the soil in knickers and middies, and thinking the same thoughts, herded the rest of the picnic into the other canoes. Thank fortune, the fat aunts and the seven deadly relatives had all decided to rest in their rooms. Pat had in hers only two mild cousins, I had an uncle and a thin aunt, and there was another canoe full of languid goldfish, looking uninterested and aloof, but managing to get the canoe paddled between them somehow. They all looked as festive as a galvanized-iron funeral wreath.

All the vile things that happen at picnics happened at this one. We had picked a point way across the lake, where you could see the sunset, but until that time it was glary hot, with cobwebs. The pine needles were prickly and there wasn't any breeze. The thin aunt got stung by a wasp and the uncle spilled the lemonade. The goldfish were sunk without trace. There were ants on the deviled-ham sandwiches and salt in the ice cream. Pat and I looked jolly and helpful, giving everybody a good time; but we weren't really. We were being sick at Rosamund. Do you think that Rosamund didn't play up? Rosamund behaved perfectly and Kemper had a wonderful time seeing her do it. She sat on a cushion in the only shade and looked cool and happy and delicious, and smiled on him gently. No wasps bit her. No mosquitoes annoyed her. Her pink organdie stayed immaculate. It was Pat and I who looked hot and got hotter. She was too good for us, that was all. The only thing we could kick about was that she didn't act as if she were engaged to anyone, much less to Kemp. You wouldn't know that she cared about him in the slightest. I know she hadn't even kissed him, and apparently her hands weren't even once eager to touch his arm—as mine were. Can you imagine being such a perfect stick as that?

After supper, when the sunset began, it was better. Even the goldfish relaxed, as if now that their dresses were all over pine needles and mayonnaise nothing mattered any more. Rosamund was lovely in the half light. I even began to feel the ache in my finger tips, at wanting to touch Kemp's hair, letting up a little. The west was all one rose color and the lake was blue and rose color and the trees between were black velvet, touched with gold. Kemp sat up with a long sigh and stared at it. I sneaked off around the point to a canoe, where I could breathe in that color, all by myself. I don't know how long I was there, but it was darker when someone got into the canoe behind me. I looked around and it was he. He spoke under his breath as if he felt the quiet as I did, but he hardly noticed me at all.

"Rosamund wants a scarf," he said, shoving the canoe off with his paddle. "Pat said you knew where it was. Don't move. I'll paddle."

It was a miracle. I hardly dared move or breathe, but when I sneaked a glance up at him he was staring at the dying color, with his face a little older looking, but relaxed. I don't think he thought of me once all the way across. At the bank by the house I jumped out and got the scarf and was back in no time, but the light was quite gone except for a streak of apple green. The lake was dark glass, with a handful of stars in it. He dipped his paddle more slowly and very softly, with only the tinkling sound of drops falling when he lifted it.

Then something happened to me, curled up in the bottom of the canoe. It was as if my heart blossomed quietly in the dark, because I was alone with him in all this beauty. For a little while I was not thinking of myself, or hardly of him, but just feeling as if this were us. Deep in me I knew that this was right. In that feeling I expanded like one of the dried Japanese flowers in water.

I heard myself say, in a quiet, new sort of voice, "Don't paddle for a little. Let's just sit and breathe deep. This is heavenly."

I don't believe he really knew what I said. The top of his mind may have been with Rosamund, but the deep part responded to me. He stopped paddling with a long sigh and put his face in his hands and was still. When he looked up to the sky again I don't believe he knew I was there. Only we were both deeply happy. After a while he began paddling again. But even when the canoe grated on the pebbles and we heard their voices calling, he did not jump out. He sat still, and when he heard Rosamund's voice he did a funny thing. He started and peered at me through the dusk with narrowed lids. I stared back at him, without a word, and he got out of the canoe slowly, still looking back. When he was gone, I had that to add to what little I had gained. But what the dickens had I gained?

Of course old Pat had to go and play the giddy garden goat going back and nearly ruined everything. Old Pat does love melodrama. For when we all piled into the canoes again for the trip back, Rosamund with Kemp of course, Pat simply refused to let them drift off by themselves And just as we reached the row of society houses she upset Rosamund's canoe Yes, she did. Maybe no one else did, but I knew that old trick of hers. If Kemp had guessed how

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Also makers of
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Scot Tissue Towels

For

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she cramped her paddle under his bow in the dark—wow! Anyway, the thing flopped with both of them, and Rosamund went splash into the deep. Kemp went too, of course, but Rosamund was the main show.

Full in a broad glare of light, up to her waist in water, Rosamund knelt. Do you imagine that for once her perfect poise gave way and that she screamed and looked messy? Well, she did nothing of the kind. She didn't even get her hair wet. She just knelt, looking poised and placid, as untouched as a Dresden-china shepherdess on a mantel—and as much alive. Everyone screamed but Rosamund, and, of course, Pat and I. She smiled faintly, the perfect lady always, even in a lake. It was Kemp who got excited. He had gone in all over and his hair was wet and his flannels were soggy and he looked mad and miserable. He floundered over to Rosamund.

"Don't be afraid, dear. I'll take care of you," he said, flustered, and reached down to pick her up. But his arms never went around her.

"I'm quite all right, thank you," Rosamund remarked calmly, and stood up and walked out of that lake, a study in dignity and deportment.

I was dying to laugh, but Kemp's face stopped me. He followed her out, perfectly furious, feeling an utter fool. Rosamund hadn't any right to make him feel as much a fool as that. It's the worst thing a woman can do to a man. I wouldn't have for anything. Even on the bank, with her pink organdie sopping, she looked quite decorative. Everybody fussed over her. But Kemp simply disappeared.

"What did you do to old Kemp when you had him out on the lake?" Pat asked me when we were trudging down to the village with the ice-cream freezer, which had to be returned that night.

"Nothing," I said, startled. "I didn't even dare to talk to him. Why?"

"Nothing," said Pat. "But he looked as if he'd been walking in his sleep."

I couldn't get her to tell me what she meant by it.

Next day was garden party. Somehow when I woke up I felt quite cheery. I even made up my mind not to worry if I didn't have a hat. Haven't you noticed how tranquil you always are just before the steam roller runs over you? I shouldn't have been at all, because if ever Rosamund was going to look like the queen of the world, she would this afternoon, leading the pageant. That morning she was busy having her hair waved and seeing about her costume, so we didn't have to do anything for her. We were too unimportant now. Then the steam roller tooted. In other words, just as I was pressing my little white muslin dress and boosting up my courage there came a terrific shouting from downstairs. It was Pat and Jo North, bellowing like bulls of Bashan. They said there was a box for me.

I fell down three flights. It was true. There was a box for me. It was a hatbox. I know I went white all over and had to sit on the bottom stair. I couldn't believe it really was for me. But it was, all carefully addressed, from Boston. There was a letter outside, and it said:

"*My dear child:* I have had you so much on my mind, in these last days, about the matter of your clothes. I know how important girls feel that they are. So I went in to Boston yesterday to see if I could not discover a hat for you. The girl at the shop thought this would be quite suitable, and that you could get quite a bit of wear out of it afterward. You have been so sweet all year that I want you to have this as a gift from me, with my most sincere appreciation of what you have meant to me. I shall look for you in the afternoon.

"Affectionately always,
"ELIZABETH NEWCOME."

Miss Newcome, the darling. She had gone all the way in to Boston when she was so busy, and she loathes shopping. I could have wept. But Pat and Jo were hopping around and shrieking, "Open it, open it!" So I did.

There was a lot of tissue paper. Down deep in the bottom of the box there was a hat. A hat! Oh, my sacred stars, what a hat! In your most awful dreams you couldn't possibly imagine a hat like that. It was a hat—well, it was a hat named Horace. Just that!

I sat down on the floor, hard, holding it. The girls were stone-quiet. Miss Newcome! My own darling Miss Newcome! That it should be her hand that would absolutely sink the ship! But that hat! Its fundamental structure was a lurid magenta and it had three green apples on it, and bunches of what looked like dried pampas grass. It was just large enough so that you couldn't possibly avoid being seen in it and just small enough in the crown so that it balanced on your head a little far back. The color alone made me look ghastly. The shape of it simply put me out. It was a vivid picture of the absolute end of the world.

Pat said, in a hollow stricken voice, "But you can't possibly wear it!"

I gulped hard and then looked up at her miserably.

"She'll be looking for me. She went in town and bought it for me. I'll have to wear it."

And I did.

Nobody who is a man or a pretty girl can have any idea of what agony looking perfectly awful is. Walking up to the campus beside Pat, who looked like the Venus de Milo done in strawberry ice cream, in the heavenly dress and hat her mother had sent her, I felt—well, I never hope to feel so miserable in all my life. The little white muslin dress, by itself, wasn't so bad, except that it looked like the kitchen maid's day off. But the hat! I hadn't dared to look at myself in the mirror. The stunned silence as I passed through the halls and Pat's pie-eyed agony were enough. The stiff magenta brim cut into my forehead and the three green apples rested acidly on my very soul. As I walked under the shadow of Horace, up along the paths to the campus, where crowds of lacy, lovely hats were floating, everything that was good in me withered and died.

Upon the campus meadow the garden party was gathering and floating about, all white and pink and green and blue foamy frocks. As we went up to the group of Rosamund's relatives, in the best places by the grand stand, I let Pat go ahead. And suddenly from another direction came Kemper. He was near me before I knew it. I just stood, rooted, with my mouth open like a herring. He threw me one glance—a vague, glassy, unseeing look; the look of a man who wouldn't choose to know you if he could. He didn't even try to recognize me. Then he had caught up with Pat.

Everything went black for a minute. But perhaps it was better that way. I followed stupidly. When I got my eyes to working again I saw a nice timid cousin of Rosamund's who didn't want to be seen any more than I did. She had just come from Boston in a blue serge suit and her shoes were dusty. She was looking at the white kid slippers all around her, as I was looking at the hats. So she and I guiltily stole away from everybody and sneaked up on the slope of the hill where we could be miserable in company. She was awfully grateful.

But first I passed Miss Newcome, looking very distinguished in a dreadful black-and-white voile, talking to three visiting professors. I slipped my hand into hers and squeezed it, trying to thank her, but she patted my hand absently and hoped I would have a nice summer. She was leaving on the train in about an hour. I don't believe she even remembered about the hat. She was discussing the psychology of Behaviorism. So I went on with my timid cousin, feeling—well, was it wrong of me that I should have felt a little bit betrayed? Yet I began to get defiant too. At least I hadn't been a coward about it. Couldn't I even get any credit for that?

Then, out from the pine clump that hid the orchestra, the music that we always use for Tree Day began to float, the march that always silences the crowd and makes the smooth green reach of lawn somehow enchanted. Across the campus, where the pageant was beginning, all the crowd looked and said, "Ah!" Kemper looked. I could just see his head. He was looking intently. For there, followed by her maids of honor, Rosamund moved.

I don't remember what the story of the pageant was supposed to be. I don't remember what the legend of the dancing was. I saw only Rosamund, as Kemper was seeing her, dim figures following, but so tall, so beautiful. She was supposed to be a medieval princess, hung with soft white silk, and a gleaming crown over a great white chiffon veil that swayed and blew and made a radiance all about her. She moved very, very slowly, as distant and as untouched as a cloud, all the way across the green. The people were hushed, watching her. Her face was an ivory perfection. Her feet were

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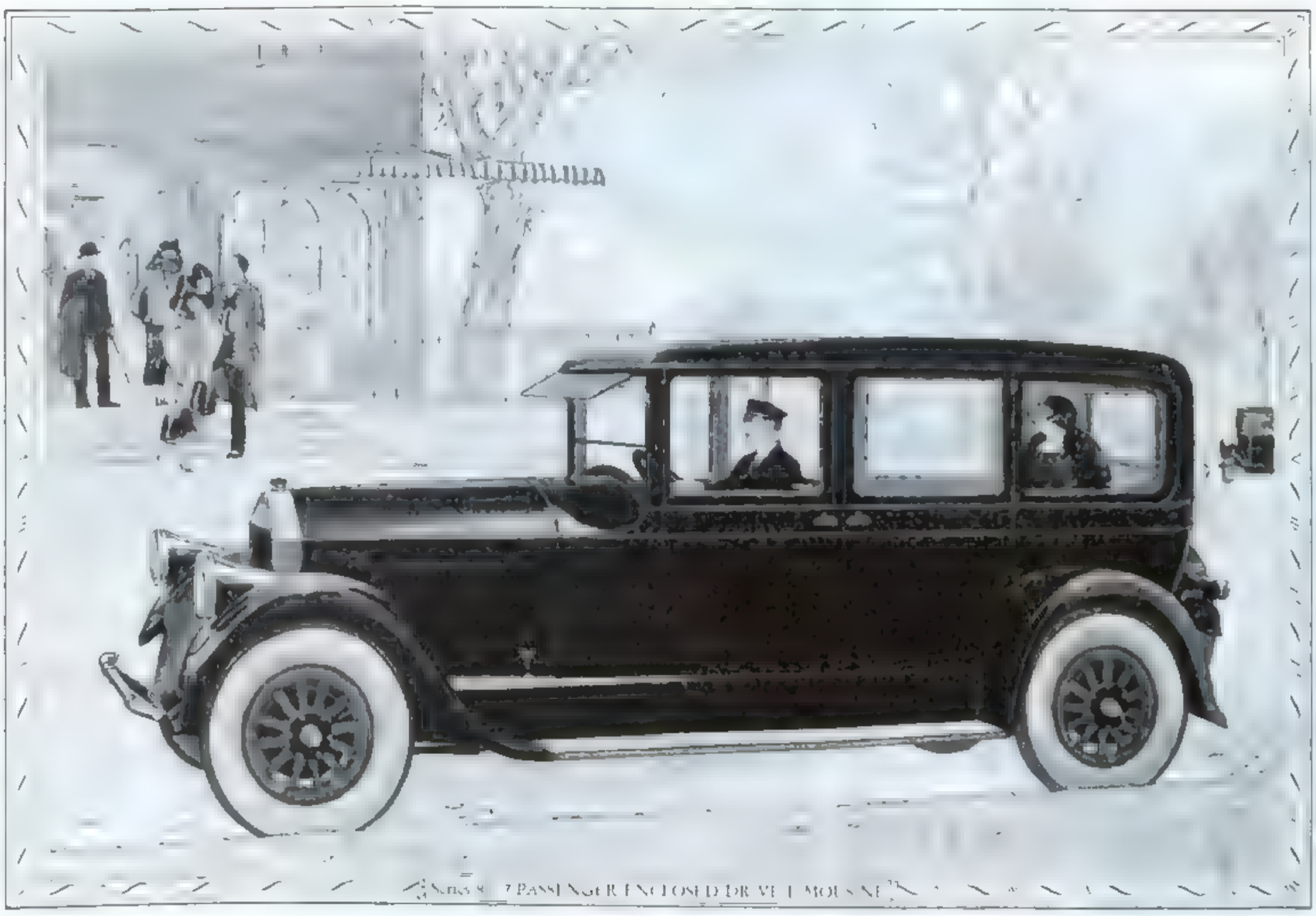
PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80



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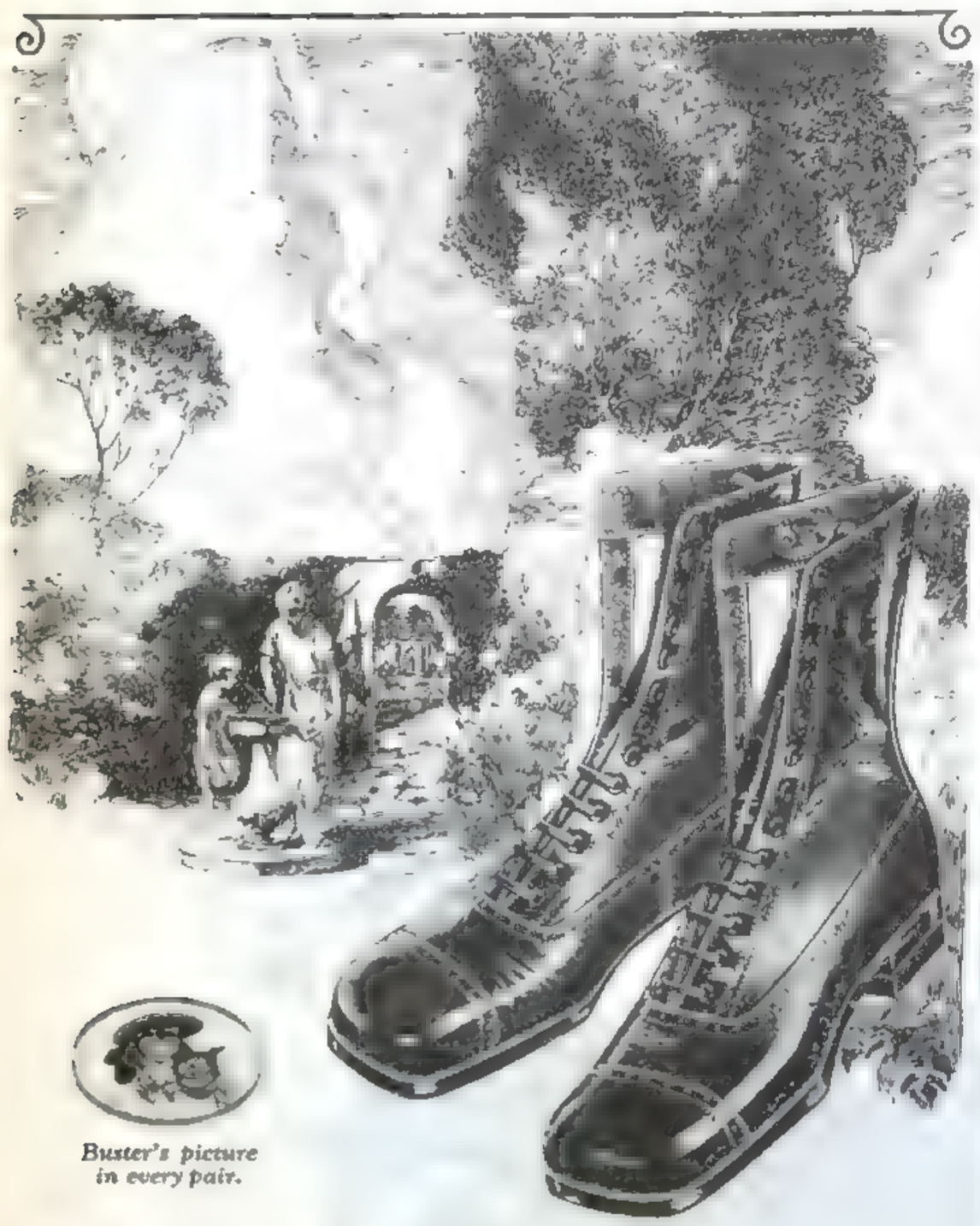

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Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Manufacturers

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slow and dreaming on the grass. The music seemed to be all about her. She was so lovely that the timid cousin and I, huddled on the hill away from people, cried. Yes, I did too—cry. She was as wonderful as that.

Then she was sitting on the throne, with the maids about her, and the pageant marched, and the dancers, like lovely petals, blew and swirled and raced in melting patterns of color. But I was still under her spell. At that moment I couldn't blame Kemper for adoring her.

This interval of truly remarkable generosity lasted about ten minutes. And then I jerked my head suddenly and Horace fell over my eyes, scratching my nose. That finished it. All the meanness and the badness and the jealousy flared up in me, and I hated everything. I couldn't stand it any more. So I got up and, without a word to the astonished cousin, fled down the hill and across the path to the house. As I ran I held Horace bumping on my head, and a huge drop of water dashed on the back of my hand. Then came another. It was beginning to rain. I thought of all those lovely dresses and Rosamund on her throne, in the rain. And I was glad. I hoped it would rain hard. That's how mean I was.

Behind me I could hear the crowd beginning to exclaim about it, but without looking back, with the hard drops drumming on Horace's harder crown, I dived up the steps and downstairs to the kitchen, looking for a closet to hide in, with that devilish hat, and cry. Believe me, Betsy, I was going to make the rainstorm ashamed of itself. I had five buckets of tears in me that had to be shed or I'd burst.

But I didn't get any chance to cry. Isn't that always the way? I gave one look at that kitchen and went blazing angry. Some fiends in human form had had a luncheon there and had gone away leaving the kitchen like a mudhole. Dirty dishes were everywhere, the floor was a sight. So I heaved Horace onto a chair, found an old torn gingham apron in the closet and went to work, grinding my teeth. Overhead thundered the feet of garden-party guests, seeking shelter. Against the windows the rain beat. But I was glad of it. I ramped around that kitchen, cleaning up viciously, until the place fairly smoked.

I had no idea how long I had been working down there, except that I'd washed three million dishes and swept the floor, when the door was darkened by a whole crowd of people in their happy rags. At least, it was Pat and Jo North and Kathleen, all shrieking at me at once.

"We've been looking for you everywhere," they said. "Where've you been? You've got to come upstairs and amuse people. Everything's soggy. Nobody can wake them up but you. Hurry up!"

Wouldn't that assault you for a row of dishpans? Now I ask you, wouldn't it? I simply stared at them, especially Pat.

"Pat, look at me! I can't!"

Pat looked me over grimly.

"You've got to, Binks. It's for the honor of the house and all that sort of thing. They've been played to and sung to, but they've got to laugh. Hurry up!"

Even Pat! Imperial Cæsar! Then as I realized the inevitable, the gayety of complete despair came over me. If I had to die before the multitude, I would die game, with my own, my only Horace. I grappled that magenta abomination with one hand and the carpet sweeper, which as I have mentioned before I once in a moment of abandon called the Bopgappers, in the other, and with that gingham apron still on me and my hair sticking out wildly in every direction, I bumped upstairs. Through the library door I could catch a glimpse of the long room, packed with people, all very, very polite and very, very soggy. They were sitting in all the chairs and on the floor. Outside in the greenling end of afternoon the rain was raining just as hard as if it had just thought of it. A space was left by the piano and there all the lights were on. And my heart bumped my back teeth, for I caught a glimpse of Rosamund in her glistening white robes, sitting enthroned and aloof, with Kemper at her feet. But did he—was it possible, or was it just my imagination? Did he, too, look a little bored?

It was a terrible audience, because it didn't know it was an audience. When I trailed on with the carpet sweeper trundling behind and Horace blatant and high riding on my head, they just stared dully. They certainly did need to be waked up, and I was just miserable and defiant enough to start in hard, whether they were interested or not.

With the gingham apron dragging, and sliding on the carpet sweeper by way of dance—which is perhaps one reason why its wheels always came off—I began on the first verse of my own version of I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, and by the second verse somebody giggled out loud. I'd been working for that giggle, and after it I plunged into the third, doing the broken-down old-slavey stuff, until reluctantly they were beginning to get it and feel happier. I was glad, because I'm never awfully sure what my singing voice will do to people. It's a sort of husky, throaty thing, and sometimes they weep when I don't want them to; but most always they laugh, and they laugh hard. By gracious, that's what they began to do now! And by the fourth verse they were suddenly one audience choking itself with laughter. I had never dreamed anybody could laugh as hard as they did over that fool song.

Then I realized that it was Horace. As a comic-song hat, Horace was marvelous. He rode high and he rode handsome and the audience simply ate him up. They were wild about him. So that brought all barriers down and I threw discretion to the four winds and was just a wild lunatic, making them into a howling mob. I made 'em laugh and I made 'em love it and it was balm to my soul. They clapped and shouted for more.

Can you imagine a garden-party crowd shouting for more? I gave them Madame Butterfly at the piano, with Horace; and the Jewel Song from Faust, with pantomime and Horace; and all the cockney songs I knew, like Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, that were simply nuts to Horace. The audience sobbed and moaned. Oh, it was Horace's day all right!

Bless them, they got all warmed up. They clapped and they giggled, they howled and they shouted for more, until I was prancing around on my toes, with my hair flying, feeling like a million dollars. So right then and there, because that mob were such darlings, like a flash out of the blue, I invented the Horace song and dance in their honor and in his. I invented that Horace dance and then I made them dance it. Yes, I did too, every living last one of them.

The Horace dance is now history. You will see it danced every garden-party night, every year at coll; but you will never behold it as it was danced that night, in the first fine flush of commencement insanity. They have improved it and added to it with the years, but that first time it was fresh as fresh, as it can never be again. It goes to a sort of wailing chant, the classic words of which are, "Have you a Horace hat? I have a Horace hat. Oh, what a lovely hat—a lovely Horace hat." You can see for yourself that that is a truly lyric bit of verse, struck off in the white heat of great inspiration. The dance itself begins with a kind of all-over wiggle, like a cat coming out of a puddle, and then you jump forward twice, both feet together, and jump back twice and then turn around three times on the left foot, clapping your hands and sneezing. Then you do it all over again, singing as loud as you can, except for the sneezing, for which you can take turns shouting, "Ish" or "Ash" or "Osh." It is the sneezing that puts on the final finish.

Well, sir, maybe you don't think that sounds funny; but, oh, my saints and stars, you should have seen them like it! I hadn't done it twice when old Pat and Jo North, recognizing the world's dance masterpiece when they saw it, had hopped up and were with me, and then suddenly all the room was swept into it, kindred souls leaping up, clapping and sneezing and hopping as hard as they could for laughter. Fat aunts, visiting relatives of all shapes and sizes, distinguished professors and assorted suitors—they were all doing it. And in the very front, urging everybody on, clasping each other's hands and singing at the top of their lungs were—Kemper Channing and the timid cousin. Yes, them—they—in person, having one marvelous time. If I never loved him before, I loved him at that moment. He was wonderful. Everybody was wonderful, spontaneous and happy and foolish altogether, like the youth of the world. The room was too small for them. The house was too small for them. And suddenly somebody discovered that the rain was over and they all danced outside and went whooping and singing down the

(Continued on Page 74)

TWO THINGS - -

you can tell at a glance

but the one thing you want to know about a raincoat is hidden!

STYLE! A glance in the mirror tells you all about it.
FIT! A try-on decides it quickly.

Yet no amount of inspection can tell you the one thing you want to know when you buy a raincoat—

Will it stay waterproof?

Only a coat with rubber in it can be really waterproof, but waterproof quality depends on more than the quality of rubber and cloth used. It depends on the way the rubber and fabric are joined, on care and skill in manufacture that almost no inspection can reveal.

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"U.S." Raynsters are made with all the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world. Every inch of a "U.S." Raynster is backed by layer on layer of high-grade rubber. Every seam is reinforced and sealed watertight.

Rubber-surface coats—top coats of tweed and cashmere with the rubber hidden inside—Raynsters are made in every different raincoat style. But all "U.S." Raynsters have one characteristic in common—they're built to *stay* waterproof!

The "U.S." Raynster label is on every coat. It will pay you to look for it.

Our little booklet entitled, "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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The NEW WILLARD WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 72

path, and all over the campus in the twilight, utterly, wildly, adorably insane. From all over the campus, it seemed to me, you could hear faintly echoing those ridiculous words about Horace. Success? My dear, it was a hurricane by the name of Horace. In twenty minutes they were dancing it in every dormitory. In half an hour it was spreading like a contagion down the village streets, and in an hour it was a fixed part of college tradition and belonged to history. Me, I sat on the doorstep of the house, with my face to the stars, the empty room behind me, and laughed myself sick.

Do you notice I haven't said anything about Rosamund? There isn't anything to say for her. Do you know what she did? She refused to be undignified. She thought the Horace dance was silly. Somebody saw her, with one lone attendant goldfish, stalking home. Where she had been was peace.

But suddenly I felt all worn out. So I went in, dropped Horace somewhere, and the apron, ran my fingers through my hair, put out all the lights but the one by the piano and sat down to it. I wanted just to croon a bit to myself, and a handful of notes.

The clean night wind came in the big doorway and outside the lake water rippled softly. Very far away, on the breeze, was a faint sound of somebody singing about Horace. But here it was all still.

I don't know why I started playing the thing I did. But suddenly there it was, that wally, heartbroken chant out of something of Kipling's—you know how it goes, with the little lift in the end?

"Afar upon the housetops to the north,
I stand and watch the lightnings in the sky.
The glamour of thy footprints in the north,
Come back to me, beloved, or I die."

That was all I sang, just that one verse. For then I looked up at the doorway and there was Kemper Channing. He was panting as if he had been running a long time, but when I looked at him he took one huge breath and was quiet. His eyes were blazing. I couldn't look at them long. I remember I opened my mouth to try to say something, but not a sound came out.

After a long minute he said, "Where've you been all this time?"

It was such a queer thing for him to say that I jumped and gasped and finally said, "Why, right here!"

"But why haven't I seen you before?" he said. "I've heard you and I've thought of you and I've known you must be somewhere, but when I've looked for you you've gone and hid "

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do too know what I mean." He came stalking over and leaned on the piano and looked at me, until I thought he could have heard my heart thump. "Listen here, Will you go barnstorming with me this summer?"

"Will I what?"

"Barnstorm. I'm taking out a bunch of players to do plays in summer hotels, for the experience. We've got to have you along. Do you realize you have the makings of a remarkable character actress? I'm going to work you to death this summer, and next year, after you graduate——"

My head was whirling, because his mouth was saying one thing, which was awfully exciting, of course; but his eyes were saying—oh, I didn't dare to think what I thought his eyes were saying.

"D'you mean I'm to go with you this summer?" I stammered.

"I certainly mean that I'm not going to let you out of my sight until I have to," he said, catching my hand. "Can you be ready to leave in two weeks?"

I was standing up now, staring at him. How could he look at me like that and be engaged to Rosamund?

"Yes," I said stupidly, "I'll come." And then the reaction was too much for me. I simply couldn't bear it any longer. I made one wild leap for the door. It seemed suddenly as if my feet got tangled in something. I staggered and fell.

But it didn't hurt. It was—it was blissful. Kemper's shoulder was very comfortable with his blessed arms tight around me. Not politely around, oh, no; too tight to be polite. And worse than that, he was kissing me. And then I was kissing him. Completely demoralized, but happy. Oh, goodness, oh, gosh!

But as soon as I could make up my mind to move my face away I said, "Why, Kemper Channing, whatever do you mean? You're engaged to Rosamund."

His voice came from somewhere in my hair, a shaken, heavenly voice—"That's what I came back to ask your advice about. I can't very well be engaged to her and to you too, can I? What would you suggest?"

I was drawing myself up, very stern and proud and suffused with righteousness, and I was going to walk away and leave him cold, when I found that I couldn't walk. Something was the matter with my right foot. Kemper caught me again and I looked down, and there, with my foot rammed squarely through his crown, was Horace. The three green apples actually winked.

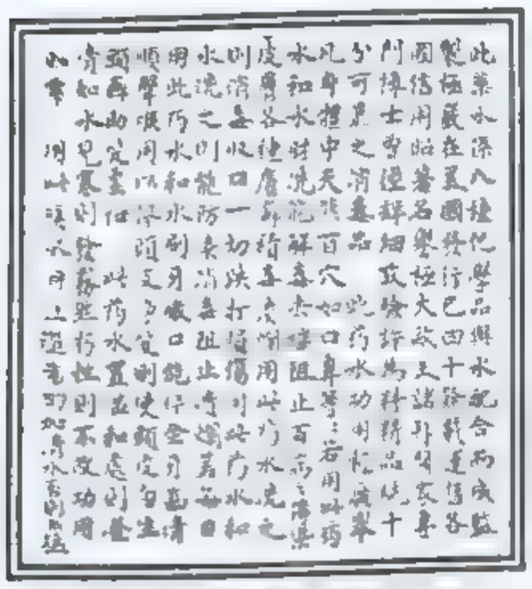
"But, Kemp," I said weakly, seeing that even Horace was against me, "you're being so fickle."

"Fickle? My Lord! It's you, Binks, don't you understand? I've been looking for you. It's you. And now I've got you. Do you think I wouldn't give up that plaster saint Rosamund for you, in that gingham apron and that awful hat, lighting the flame of the world? You simply can't make me marry her, Binks, especially since she's just broken the engagement herself. She thinks I'm too frivolous. She couldn't approve of that insane dance. Don't you hurt that hat, Binks. We're going to need it in our business."

So, after all, I had to leave it to Horace.

Foreman: "That Movie-dicter Cow-Puncher is No Earthly Good! Says He Can't Work Without a Director!"

Are the Chinese smarter than you are?



It so happens that the above is not a ledger sheet from a Chinese laundry. It is a reproduction of the back label on a Listerine bottle sold in China. Listerine is distributed the world over. Branch laboratories are maintained in Canada, France, Spain and Mexico.

IN China, as you probably know, the doctor receives his fee for keeping you well. When you get sick, his fees stop until you are on your feet again.

This method has been followed for centuries—the oldest method of preventive medication.

Modern methods suggest the systematic use of a safe, effective antiseptic that will guard you against infection and the many illnesses that follow.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, serves ideally this way. Used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle it proves an effective barrier against most of the more common germ diseases.

Have Listerine handy in your home and encourage your family to cultivate the systematic habit of using it. Many illnesses can be avoided in this way.

When you feel that first dry hitch in your throat on swallowing, which is the danger signal of sore throat, let Listerine guard you against more serious troubles.

Sore throat is a nuisance and usually comes at just the time you want to feel your best. By making Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you can usually avoid sore throat and often save yourself inconvenience and discomfort.

Listerine has dozens of other uses. Please read carefully the circular that comes with each bottle. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*The safe antiseptic*

"Belle Porte"
– a new Laminex door

Its beauty is permanent, for Laminex construction prevents any warping, twisting or sagging

WATER TEST by Prof Broe L. Grondal, in the Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington. In 24 hours soaking, Laminex doors absorbed 3 lbs. 2 oz. of water. Maximum expansion, 3-100 inch Complete absence of warping or buckling Waterproof cement entirely unaffected by water

Remember how straight and true your doors were when they were first hung? And how soon afterwards they stuck and warped? Had to be planed down or re-hung. Never have been right since. Think what a satisfaction it must be to have pretty doors that will *always* stay straight and fit perfectly!

"Belle Porte" is an example of the attractive designs which can be had in this trouble-free door. It is a style at once in keeping with the distinctive, yet simple lines of today's architecture

By the Laminex process we build up all the parts that go into the construction of a door. The grain of the adjoining sections is so crossed that all expansion and contraction are equalized. For wood cannot shrink in length, and the waterproof cement is stronger than the wood.

Laminex doors are built of selected old-growth Douglas fir, one of the strongest and most durable of woods

Every Laminex door bears our definite replacement guarantee—look for it! A new door for any that fails. Laminex doors are sold by leading building material dealers everywhere. Write for valuable booklet, "The Door is Important." Special monograph sent to architects.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington, "*The Lumber Capital of America*"

Sales Offices: Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane

WOOD

Manufacturers of "Wood" Douglas Fir Doors and Fir Sash

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 33)

had grown vastly richer and more populous and conditions were not the same as when Bronson & Barnes started in business. Friendly experts told us, out of the fullness of their experience, that no house could do both a stock and a bond business at once. The principal reason they gave us was that no house ever had done so. The bond business, as everybody knew, had always been in the hands of a few firms—all specialists—who had built up a special sort of clientele, like my friend Cramer's firm. I remembered our experience as bond merchandisers and did not relish the recollection of our failure, although the cause, as we saw it, was that we had not adapted our office machinery to the task. In the back of my head was always the thought that some day I should try it again—after properly preparing for it.

In the sense that no house had succeeded in synchronously being both a great bond and a great stock commission house, the friends were right. I also was willing to admit that a bond-selling business and a stock-commission business were different. But I insisted that most stock traders were occasional buyers of bonds. All we had to do therefore was to approach them in a different spirit. We must undertake to merchandise securities when our main business—stocks—was not active enough to afford us a living.

You see, when it comes to stocks, all Stock Exchange houses transact their business on the Stock Exchange. Say that several brokers go to the same man and suggest the purchase of one hundred shares of United States Steel. Well, every one of those brokers must go to the same place to buy that same stock. They all charge the man the same commission and pay the same price at the same time. One broker may have more capital than another or be more careful in executions; but, in point of fact, so far as the customer is concerned, there is not much to choose between the various brokers who get orders to execute for one hundred shares of any stock in which there is a free market.

When it comes to dealing in bonds the differences are many and important. Different houses handle different types of bonds. These bonds sell at different prices and the interest yields also differ. The customer has therefore to consider many things. The broker who makes a specialty of bonds must show far more originality in getting business—in getting the various issues of bonds to sell as well as in finding and persuading the buyers to whom to sell the issues—than a stockbroker need show in order to succeed. The bond business, by nature of the goods as well as on account of the selling points that must be stressed, is much more of a merchandising business than stocks.

Of course the modern brokerage house must be equipped to handle any kind of business that has to do with the buying and selling of all classes of securities. That is one reason why out-of-town connections are indispensable. We soon realized that we needed a separate organization for our bond business. Today we physically separate our bond men from our stock men.

Following the Pines

The history of my family is the history of American business. Westward the course of empire has gone its way and business with it. My grandfather followed the pine tree. He started in Maine and then he went west to Pennsylvania. From Pennsylvania he went west to Michigan. My father followed the pine tree, and he also went west to California and Washington—always following the pine—buying trees. Where the tree was, there the money was; and the tree was in the West.

Well, Bronson & Barnes did the same thing. They started with a little office in Boston—the two partners and an office boy. The business grew and they opened an office in New York. The business kept on growing because they had to expand in order to keep from shrinking. We figured that there was money for a stockbroker wherever there was much manufacturing; for instance, in all that section from Pittsburgh west to Chicago and Toledo and Detroit. Formerly all the manufacturing was done in New England. Then it traveled westward. Today look at the manufacturer's plate or the label on any article and see where it is made. Our growth as a brokerage house has merely kept pace with the growth of our country.

When I first became a bond salesman no Eastern house dreamed of trying to sell bonds west of Pittsburgh. If you talked bonds to a Western customer he was apt to edge away from you or else laugh at you for thinking he was gullible enough to fall for that kind of game. He classed you with green-goods venders or dealers in gold bricks. If he had money to invest he bought real estate or farm lands or mortgages or wheat or hogs. Today he not only buys bonds and stocks, but he has made Chicago one of the greatest bond markets in the world.

In 1907, when the need of developing an investment business to offset the dullness of the speculative markets became vital to us, the president of one of Chicago's leading trust companies urged us to open an office there. He was an old friend of our senior partner. He offered us quarters in his building and strongly recommended one of his brightest young men for manager. He went so far as to tell us we could help ourselves to such of his clerks as we needed.

His suggestion came at exactly the right time and we took it. The Chicago office paid from the start. The first clerk we hired is today a valued partner and is still in charge of the office. Under his management there has never been a time, however dull the stock market may have been, when we didn't do better than break even. We are doing a very profitable business there now, I assure you.

The Venture in Detroit

In Detroit, where we opened an office shortly after Chicago, it came about in a different way. The old New York Stock Exchange firm of Simpson, Phillips & Co. failed, and the office manager and the customers' man of their Detroit branch found themselves not only without a job but anxious for an opportunity to do business. Simpson, Phillips & Co. were a highly speculative house with a superabundance of superfluous branch offices and a very sporty clientele. They were famous for the lavish way in which they entertained their customers. In one of their uptown branches in New York City they occupied a suite in a famous hotel and they had a roof garden and ladies' rooms and all manner of luxuries and comforts.

The Detroit employes, however, were fine, decent chaps and great hustlers, and they were anxious to work under conditions that would appeal to a business man. They heard of our opening an office in Chicago and they immediately came to New York and urged us to open one in Detroit. We believed that Detroit had a great future as a manufacturing center and we decided to start there a little ahead of other brokerage houses. We investigated the two young men and we finally opened a branch office there in charge of the former employes of Simpson, Phillips & Co. They found that there was a difference between Bronson & Barnes and the high-flying firm they had worked for and they made a wonderful record, all the more to their credit since they had to overcome prejudice against brokerage houses. As Detroit developed its wealth grew, and so did the business of our branch there Today a dozen or more Stock Exchange houses have branches there.

We opened other branches in other cities or else we increased our wire connections. We were looking for more ground to cover. We wanted more customers, more people who should be served by Bronson & Barnes either directly or through other brokers who had wires into our New York or Boston office. I will cite as an example the case of a young Harvard graduate who came to me to ask for a job in our office He did so because there were so many Harvard men in our firm. I made a place for him and he developed into a very competent man. One day, when he had been with us two or three years, he came to me and told me that a friend of his had made him a proposition. It was to buy him a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, form a partnership and

(Continued on Page 78)

The Junk Man Swings a Wicked Sledge

—and when he's finished, the truth about motor car parts stands forth as naked and unpolished as the parts themselves.

"Is there much left of the bearings of a motor car by the time it gets down to you?" is a question put to Jimmy Lyda, veteran wrecker, Bennet Bros., Pittsburgh.

"Depends on the bearings," replied Lyda. "There's a lot left in a Timken Bearing. It's adjustable, you know. Wear don't hurt nothin'. If all there was to the old tubs we get was Timken Bearings, a little tunin' up and they could start all over again."

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO
Columbus, Ohio — Walkerville, Ont. — Birmingham, England — Paris, France

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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Story & Clark Superiority

Painted by F. R. Harper for Story & Clark Piano Company

THE VERY GRAND YOU WANT

from the standpoint of size, tone, and price is the

STORY & CLARK LITTLE GRAND

It's an achievement! A beautiful little instrument designed by Story & Clark tone scientists, after years of experimenting, so that it has all the full, rich tone of the large grand—and yet requires but little space in the home.

Why not buy it now? Go to your nearest Story & Clark dealer—see the piano—hear it—play it—and you'll order one sent home. You'll marvel at the moderate price for an instrument of such fine quality. Everybody wants one—its widespread popularity is so well merited.

If there isn't a dealer in your immediate vicinity, write us direct. We'll tell you where to get one—but don't buy a grand until you've seen the Story & Clark. Deliveries can be made quickly by our dealers now—later in the year it can't be done.

There is a Story & Clark dealer nearby who will gladly show you the Little Grand—one of the fine Story & Clark player pianos in a wide price range—or the Repro-Phraso, the personal reproducing piano. You can purchase one on terms within your income, and your present piano will be taken on part payment.

Instruments of finest quality since 1857

The Story & Clark Piano Company

General Offices 313-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

33 West 57th Street, New York *1105 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia*

If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or a player piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—FREE. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. S. P. O., 313-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐. (Please print name and address)

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Continued from Page 76

start an office in Hartford. He thought there was a good opening there. I advised the youngster to accept the offer and then hustle for business. He knew how we worked. Well, he formed a partnership with his friend and hustled. They have a wire with us and they do a fine business. They have the best people in their community for customers. Hard work, common sense, honesty and a good disposition were their chief assets. They were ample to insure success

There we were, right after the panic of 1907, with a stagnant stock market and a number of new branch offices. We had more customers' names on our books and also a heavier overhead. We had to work harder than ever to do better than pay expenses. It was a terrible time for stockbrokers.

In October of that year money loaned as high as 125 per cent. In 1908 money loaned as low as ¾ of 1 per cent in August. That is all that you need to know to realize that it was a time for buying bonds and not stocks. When money rates go down bonds are bound to go up. When we saw call money offered at less than 1 per cent we felt comforted to think we had prepared for other than a stock brokerage business.

We worked hard, of course, to develop the business—new to us—of aggressively selling bonds. We hired bond salesmen for the first time. I mean, men who did nothing but spend their entire time outside of the office trying to sell. We had two men working in New York. Before the end of the year we had three. I myself was on the job all the time. If I heard that a new issue was about to be brought out by one or another of the great banking houses, I hurried over to get a participation. I can't tell you how many syndicates we went into, but I don't think we missed any. It was a case of plain hustling. There was more sweat than thrills to my job, but we managed to do fairly well. Why shouldn't we, when all the partners worked from ten to fifteen hours a day?

Keeping Bonds Moving

As I told you before, selling bonds to the general public in those days, especially for a firm like ours, which was primarily a stock house, was no easy task. The salesmen we sent out were, in a measure, educators. As far as our house was concerned they were pioneers. We sought fresh customers everywhere. Our old customers we approached not in their capacity as stock traders but as investors. We had to teach them their new rôle. The selling points were different. We told our prospects what the security was—I mean, all that an investor ought to know in order to act intelligently; full particulars about the nature of the company's business, the earnings past and present, the expectations of the management and the reasons for these expectations, the degree of safety of the bonds, and other data. It was usually a case of selling five or ten bonds. After our man finished his speechifying he either gave the customers the bonds and got a check for them or else he smiled and promised to call again with more bonds.

If the customer bought he took his bonds to his safe-deposit box and locked them up. He had no intention of selling them again. He had bought them to cut their coupons. The bonds themselves were for his heirs to rejoice over some distant day. It did not occur to that bond buyer to trade in bonds as he did in stocks.

Today the bond salesman goes to a customer on Monday with a 6 per cent bond, and on Tuesday with a 7 per cent bond.

"You trade out your 6 per cents and take on these 7 per cent bonds," he says, and tells the customer why he advises the swap. And the customer thinks it over and figures a little and either shakes his head regretfully or gives us his old bonds and some cash to boot and we hand over to him his nice new bonds. In the old days he never thought of selling and he was not particularly interested in the bond quotations. If they went up he was glad, but if they went down he shrugged his shoulders. They were locked up and the interest was certain to be paid, and moreover the fluctuations were fractional. But today he buys a bond at 95 and sells it when it gets to 99 and looks for another bond at 95 that looks as if it would go to 99. That means a new swap.

The old-time investor has disappeared. He has been succeeded by the speculator in bonds. It looks to me as if the situation in bonds is not unlike the automobile trade. The used automobile is the vexatious problem. The desire to buy new bonds that shall be safe as to interest and in addition shall advance in price, has introduced a disturbing element in the trade. Of course the increase in the volume of business has been enormous. We do not make a specialty of bonds, but we think nothing of selling sixty or eighty million dollars a year. There are houses that sell hundreds of millions. A firm that both brings out and retails bond issues, does a business of nearly a hundred million dollars a month. Of course a house like J. P. Morgan & Co., that does only a wholesale business, does more than that.

We did pretty well back in 1908, always looking forward to the improvement that was bound to come. I do not think that any American business man is entitled to any especial commendation for what you might call his commercial patriotism. The history of our country teaches us what to expect. We know that our expectations have always been exceeded. The most frequent mistake of American optimists has been in not being optimistic enough.

Loyalty to the House

If 1908 wasn't a time for making a lot of money it was obviously what such a time always is and always will be in these United States—a time for improving and strengthening your money-making machinery, getting ready, as it were, for the next crop. I told you my work meant more sweat than thrills, but I assure you I found great pleasure in seeing the way our organization developed in methods as well as in personnel. We dismissed the incompetent or the detrimental and promoted the competent and the decent. We watched our boys as keenly and, I really think, as sympathetically as if they were our blood kin, for we always felt that the future partners and managers of Bronson & Barnes were there in our office working for a salary. Our partners, we are proud to say, have all come from our own ranks. We have never taken in a man because he brought capital into the firm, but because of what we knew he had—the spirit, the ability, the knowledge, the loyalty—in short, the requirements for a partnership in Bronson & Barnes. Our help has never failed us. We attribute our success to the whole-hearted way in which everybody in our organization works for the common good, from the latest recruit to the senior partners. We have neither shirkers nor whiners. All our heads of departments came in as boys just out of school or college and we are proud of them. It is good business to have such an organization. Also it makes the work pleasant.

Those of our clerks who wish to save money may leave on deposit with us as much of their salaries as they can spare. We allow them 7 per cent annual interest. This interest, however, is credited once a month so that it amounts to more than 7 per cent for the year. We had on deposit in our office today more than $160,000 of our clerks' money, all saved from salaries. They are really preferred creditors because they have no collateral and are not speculating in stocks, but simply have left that money with us. It is good business for us, not as bankers but as employers. And we do more, for we give a bonus every year. They have to take their chances with the firm. That is, if we have a good year we give a good bonus. Some years we pay two or three. We have distributed as high as $600,000 in one year. Some years are better than others, but we never have had a year that we didn't divide something.

I have been instrumental, myself, in taking in as partners four men in our New York office and one in Chicago. And nothing has ever given me greater pleasure than to do this. Every business house should plan to grow with the country. We certainly did, and we recognized the need to provide for the adequate manning of the business at all times. You often hear about this or that being a one-man business. You may get a very thrilling story with it, but you usually find that the one-man concern goes out of business when something or other happens to that one man.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan was so much the head of his famous banking house that it is no exaggeration to say that he absolutely dominated it. But while it was dominated by one man that man took mighty good care always to be surrounded by plenty of good partners. He picked them not for their capital but for their

(Continued on Page 80)

An inexpensive mid-week treat

In millions of homes today Raisin Bread is served regularly on Wednesdays—not only because it is good, but because it is economical.

At such low cost, Raisin Bread brings to your table a goodness that delights your family. It is the most inexpensive of treats. And it is as healthful and nourishing as it is delicious!

Get Raisin Bread at its best—on Wednesdays. Every week—everywhere bakers prepare a special baking for mid-week. Get it fresh from the ovens—perfect loaves generously filled with plump and flavory Sun-Maid Raisins.

To make sure of having it every Wednesday, place a standing order with your baker or grocer.

At your Bakers & Grocers

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the American Bakers' Association, the Retail Bakers' Association of America, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

Round things-

Use *this* wrench on them and *they'll never slip*

SOMEWHERE in almost everybody's tool box there is an ancient and toothless wrench. Give it a nut to turn that has nice square corners and it can usually do the job sooner or later.

But suppose the nut is battered and worn on the edges or—worst of all—suppose you want to get hold of a slippery pipe or rod. That's when you need the sharp, sure grip of a Walworth Stillson. Use all the strength you want. Those deep-toothed jaws will never slip—once they are set.

There are all kinds of household jobs—dozens of them—that no other kind of wrench can fix so quickly. As a handy man round the house and the car you can boost your amateur rating one hundred per cent with a handy 10-inch Walworth Stillson to help you. *Hardware and auto supply dealers sell all sizes of genuine Walworth Stillson Wrenches from 6 to 48 inches.*

To hold or turn bars, rods or bolts.

To couple or uncouple a hose nozzle.

To turn your screw driver on a rusty screw.

STILLSON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

WALWORTH
Stillson Wrench

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO.
Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston and Kewanee, Ill.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

(Continued from Page 78

ability and for their character; for those qualities that a partner of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. simply had to possess.

Toward the end of 1907 a friend who held a high position in one of our largest banks came to our office to see me. We had done business together and our relations were very friendly. Men in Wall Street may not do business on a basis of friendship, but other things being equal one always likes to do business with a man one knows and likes.

It was after banking hours when my friend called on me. I therefore assumed it was not a business visit. I was glad to see him and I told him so.

"Jack," he said, "here is something I want to show you," and with that he pulled a letter from his pocket.

I would explain that this was within a couple of months after the worst days of the panic of 1907 and everybody was still bruised and depressed. There were no signs of improvement in sight. Business was simply nil. It was the most dismal Christmas Wall Street had seen in a generation.

"What is it?" I asked.

He handed the letter to me and explained: "A customer of our bank has asked us to do something for him. Your firm ought to be the one to help him. He would be a mighty good man to have on your books. Read that letter."

I did. It was signed by a Western man whom I knew by name and reputation, one of the big industrial leaders in his section. He was the guiding spirit in a number of enterprises and, I had heard, was quite an active trader in securities at times. Just now he had a lot of stocks that he believed in and did not wish to sell in such a market as we had then. In common with everybody who was anybody in business in the United States, he found himself in need of money and he wanted to borrow on those stocks of his. That would enable him to carry them as he wished and also take care of some of his pet enterprises.

An Important Decision

Well, what I had heard of this man and my own belief in the eventual improvement in the money market and in business generally made me willing. I finished the letter and returned it to my banking friend, who said, "Jack, I thought you might want to do something with this. That man is a whale of a trader when things are right and this is an opportunity for you to make a valuable friend. What do you say?"

"I say you are a brick to come to me with this. I am strong for it, but of course I'll have to put it up to my senior partners. I'll tell you tomorrow what they say. It was mighty nice of you." I felt he had hit the nail on the head.

"Very well, Jack," he said, and then we talked of other matters. He was a Harvard man, and as I was pretty active in the Harvard Club at that time, there never was any lack of conversational material when one of the fellows called on me.

The moment the banker left I conferred with Joe Williamson. He did not know any more about the Westerner than I did, but he agreed with me that things would mend and that such an opportunity to secure a big account should not be allowed to slip by.

I called up my senior partner and told him about it. But in Boston they were even bluer than in New York. The gloom there was thicker. He thought that, in view of the country-wide depression of business and the condition of the world's money markets, we shouldn't take any new accounts, especially one that would tie up so much capital. He then asked me what I thought about it. He was always very nice that way. Remember, I wasn't very old or experienced in those days.

I told him that we had the money and the faith in the future. Here was an account that in normal times we would have broken our necks trying to get, brought in to us on a silver platter. I myself felt so certain that we had seen the worst that I was strong for taking the Westerner's account.

"And what does Joe think?" asked my senior.

"Just as I do. We are both keen to get this," I told him.

"Go ahead, then," he said; and so the next morning I told my banking friend that we had voted yes and were much obliged to him. We took the account and the stocks came into our office.

That Westerner for years had been in the habit of making frequent visits to New York and I was really counting on the persistence of that praiseworthy custom. I thought I'd like to become personally acquainted with him. There was no telling how much business he might give us, dullness or no dullness, for he was a trader of the first magnitude. However, our man, instead of coming East, fell sick and stayed at home. We didn't see him or hear from him, let alone do business for him. Months passed and his regrettable absence persisted, also his appalling silence.

Every now and then the Boston office would inquire about him and we would meekly report that there was no change in the situation. Still, I did not worry. I felt certain that he would prove a mighty good customer.

At the end of about six months the Westerner walked into our office and introduced himself. It was the first time I had ever laid eyes on the man for whom we were carrying a mighty big block of stock. I was glad to see him walk in, I can tell you. And after I had talked to him I felt still happier at having such a man for a customer, irrespective of the profit of the account. That was seventeen years ago. Since that time we have done a great deal of business for him and with him and through him. He still has an account in our office. It has never been closed. I can say that we look upon him as our star customer and that personally we are very fond of him.

Traders Who Keep Their Lemons

I remember I told him that we had taken him on faith—on his reputation—and he said, "Well, that's the way I took you!"

It is the most satisfactory account we have ever had and I have told you how it came to us—through the personal friendship of a banker who believed in us.

Of course we always managed to do some stock business. Periods of dullness in the stock market or of slowly sagging prices are very trying to stockbrokers, not because we don't make commissions but because our customers don't make money. I have made my money out of my work, and my work has been directly or indirectly with or for my customers. But they are always apt to disregard advice, especially when their accounts show them losses.

The other day at the Luncheon Club several brokers talked about some of the trials of their business. They agreed that it was not the alternations of feast and famine spells in the stock market that wore on the nerves but the cussedness of customers.

One man, whose surname is known wherever there is an American who is familiar with the history of his own country, observed, "Will you tell me why it is that if a customer has bought several stocks for divers reasons and all but one have gone against him and he has to lighten his load, he invariably sells the one that has gone up, the one that shows him a profit—that is to say, precisely the one which he did not make a mistake in buying? I have noticed that they do it every time. They get rid of the good actor and keep the lame ducks. I have men in my office who have made great successes as merchants or manufacturers, excellent traders in their own lines, shrewd, experienced business men. But when it came to stocks they made the same inexplicable, unpardonable blunder.

"I have often said to them: 'You have two lines of goods: one goes easy at your own price; the other doesn't move. Which should you sell? Does the fact that you will have to cut your profit and take a loss keep you from getting rid of your lemon? Do you hang onto your slow-moving goods and prepare to keep them in stock the next season? Why do you do in the stock market the reverse of what your experience has shown you to be good business?'

"You know how clever Larry Livingston is, don't you? Well, he was long of wheat that showed him a profit, and of cotton that showed him a loss. So, becoming confused by listening to others and by other mistakes, at a time when he wasn't in good health, he sold his wheat and held his cotton, and as a result he went broke. He himself told me, 'Having listened, I was lost. I was merely playing another man's game. Always sell what shows you a loss and keep what shows you a profit. For a man to violate all the laws that experience has taught him to observe in order to prosper is more than asinine.' Larry Livingston has said many other wise things about

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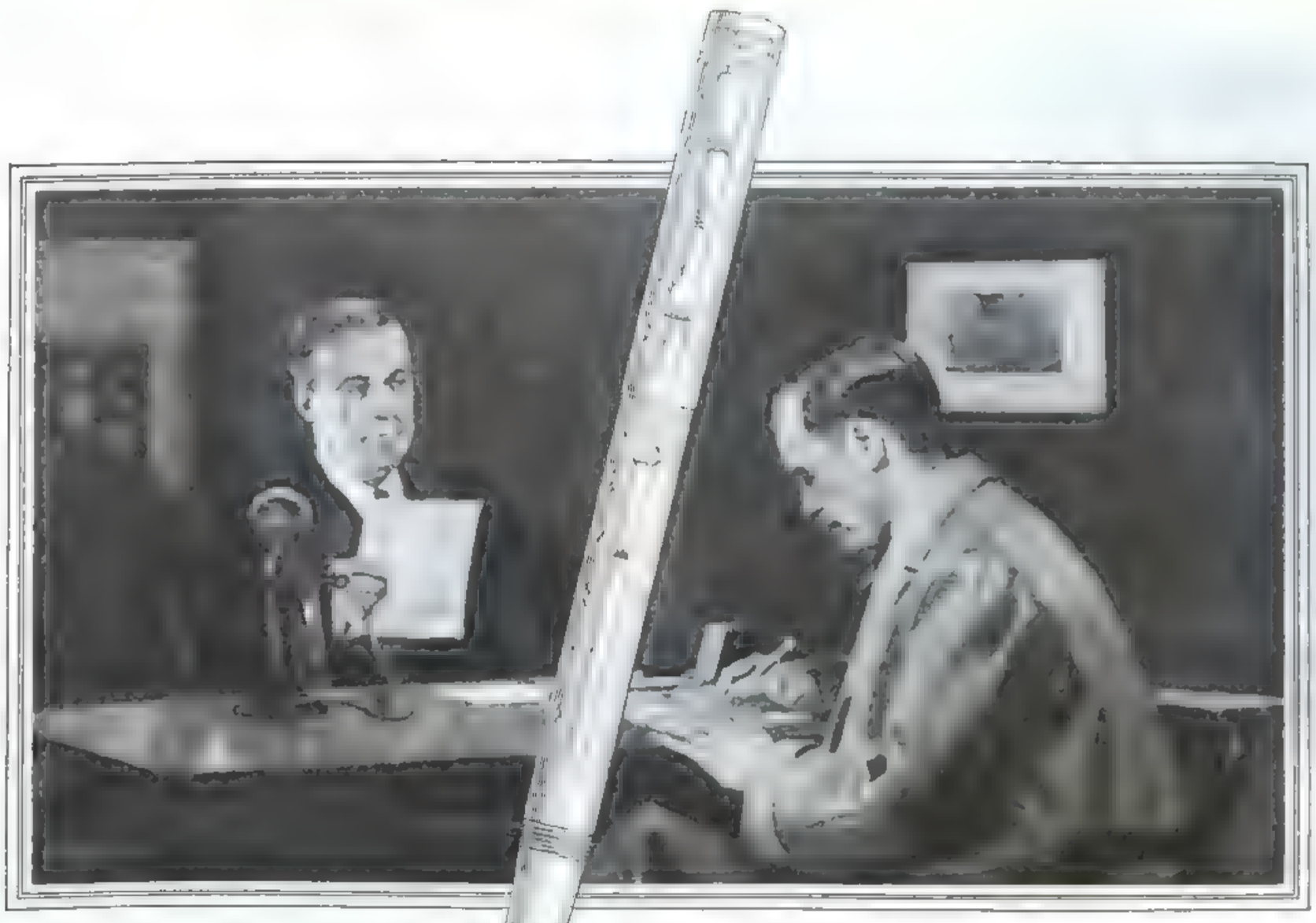


This is a pen better by 100 per cent —than we had hoped to make

When we decided to make a pen as a companion to Eversharp Pencil, we went about it in what seemed to us the most direct and sensible way. We had no thought of revolutionizing the pen industry. It was our intention simply to turn out a first rate writing instrument — with quality features at least equal to anything offered by our competitors.

Having kept clear of high-flown ideas, we were frankly surprised and immensely pleased to find upon comparative tests of our new pen that we had made a product far ahead of present-day practice and principles.

Much of our good fortune was due to disregard of a certain firmly entrenched tradition in pen-making.

When the first fountain pens were produced many years ago, the barrel of the pen itself contained the ink, so, of course, the entire pen had to be constructed of materials resistant to corrosion by ink acids.

Now that the older types of pens have given place to the modern self-filler, however, the pen-barrel no longer holds the ink, but simply contains and protects the soft rubber sac, which is actually the ink fount.

Yet pens continue to be constructed of materials proof against the corroding action of ink chiefly because their use has become traditional in the industry.

Since we were not bound by tradition, naturally we chose to make our pen of the material which, according to our exhaustive tests, appeared to be the most practical. We decided upon all-metal construction, and in this way secured—

FIRST — greater ink capacity. The metal walls of the barrel being much thinner because the material is stronger, permit the use of a much larger ink sac.

SECOND — greater strength. The metal barrel and cap of the Wahl Pen do not crack or chip. The pen will withstand falls upon hard bare floors, sharp blows, heavy pressure, and other unusual abuse. It has the same resistance under punishment as a well made watch case

THIRD — light weight and good balance. The metal construction permits comfortable size and proper distribution of weight, securing hand comfort and maximum writing ease.

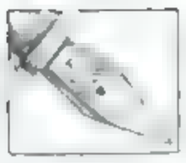
FOURTH — beauty. Of course we chose gold and silver as the metals from which to make the Wahl Pen for the same reason that the jeweler employs these precious metals for watch cases. They are serviceable and beautiful. Place a Wahl Pen alongside a fine watch and it looks just as companionable as it does alongside an Eversharp Pencil.

FIFTH — temperature control. Metal barrel and cap permit a more perfect compensation for effects of expansion and contraction, insuring an even flow of ink under all conditions of temperature.

To sum up the new Wahl all-metal construction: It has revolutionized the pen industry! We didn't *expect* to do it but we *did!*

See and try the Wahl Pen at your dealer's.

Gold-filled or silver models — $5 to $10. Unconditionally guaranteed.



We realize that the final perfection of a pen is the pen point. We make our own points to our own standards and designs. Inspection is unusually rigid. We can guarantee that every Wahl point is perfect. Solid gold, iridium tipped for long wear and velvety smoothness in writing. Points in a variety of shapes and tempers to suit every hand.

Made in the U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto
Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN

They Wouldn't Accept —and she wondered why

THE last time she entertained, several of her friends went home early. And now they declined this invitation. What was wrong? What had she done to cause herself so much embarrassment?

The next day Bernice, her closest friend and confidante, dropped in for tea. Conversation drifted inevitably to this unsolved problem.

"I couldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't brought up the subject," said Bernice. "But I have often been on the point of telling you. Charming as your home is, I have noticed how frequently it is uncomfortable due to the eccentricities of your heating system.

"Do you remember how hot and stuffy it was at the last party—and how cold when you entertained the Bradfords? Mrs. Bradford even was forced to throw a wrap over her shoulders before the evening was over! We had the same trouble until we installed the Minneapolis Heat Regulator."

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

keeps the temperature uniform. Rooms are never underheated or overheated as when drafts, dampers or valves are regulated by hand. All day long the temperature stays at the level desired. At night it drops to a lower level. In the morning, the rooms warm up at the time you wish. All this is done automatically! Nobody bothers or worries about temperature regulation. Real comfort on ⅙ to ⅛ less fuel.

These advantages are fully explained in the booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," which covers all forms of heating systems and contains simple rules for saving fuel. Mailed free on request.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So. Minneapolis, Minn.

Sold and installed by branch offices in principal cities and 20,000 heating contractors.

Dependable automatic control is indispensable on oil burners. The Minneapolis comes as standard equipment on leading makes.

(Continued from Page 80)

speculation. But though I repeat them to my customers incessantly they remain untaught."

"Yes," said Ernest West, head of the wire house of West & Holley, "but another type is just as bad, and that is the wise chap who knows that the game is crooked and protects himself accordingly. We don't let such Solomons in if we can help it, but once in a while one of them slips into the office and trades and makes everybody uncomfortable while he lasts. In common with most Smart Alecks he invariably loses out and disappears, but he leaves unpleasant memories behind him. I recall a chap named Billings who had an account with us. He was the kind of customer who thinks that if he puts in an order at the market, the broker steals an eighth or a quarter. He tells you he knows you don't make it but that the specialist probably does. You know the type; the kind that in the end buys fake oil stocks thinking to unload before the promoter does. As a rule I tell the customers' man to tell his flock what Larry Livingston has said on the subject. You know, some years ago Larry cleaned up big in our office, and his trading maxims are passed around several times a day. Larry, in the book of his reminiscences, says: 'I can't trade with a limit. I must take my chances with the market because what I am trying to beat is the market and not a particular price. When I think I should sell I sell. When I think stocks will go up I buy. There is an essential difference between betting on fluctuations and anticipating advances and declines. It is the difference between gambling and speculation.'

"We never could make this chap Billings grasp these commonplaces of stock trading. One day he came into the office looking as important as six congressmen-elect or the general in chief of the Santo Domingo Army. Of course I knew he had a hot one, and I am unprincipled enough to admit that I was glad of it, as it was time he underwent a little chastening. Well, he didn't disclose the source of his information. He simply gave an order to buy one hundred Piggly Wiggly at 64. I was on the point of dissuading him when I remembered his educational needs and decided to give the ticker a chance to teach him.

"Of course the usual thing happened. The stock rose. More; it rose by leaps and bounds. It soared.

"The day it got to around 140, Billings, who had, of course, been urged to take his profit before that level was reached, decided to cash in. He gave us an order to sell. I don't remember what the price was, but he was advised to make it at the market. Billings said no; he wasn't going to give anybody a couple of hundred dollars of brokerage graft if he could help it. That stock was moving about too energetically, and he figured, I suppose, that we wouldn't give him the right price by a point or two if he made his order at the market."

Good Riddance

"Well, the stock began to break. It showed quite a decline when he canceled his first selling order and gave us a fresh one at a much lower price, but still at a fixed limit. Again we suggested that he make it at the market, but he claimed orders of that kind merely made brokers careless about the execution. Of course you know what he was really hinting at. Well, the price went down some more and he lowered his limit but still would not give us a chance to sell for what we could get. Pretty soon the stock went so far below the high of that movement that he withdrew his selling order altogether. As soon as he did that the stock rallied and sold at the last figure he had given us. It looked as if the upward movement had resumed, so he astutely put in a selling order above the last quotation on the tape. Of course the price thereupon started to go down. Just before the close he marked down his limit, but not enough.

"Much earlier in the day there had been all manner of rumors, and before the close it was plain that the stock was cornered. The next day the stock was stricken from the list and he couldn't sell it on the Stock Exchange. Eventually he sold it through some other brokers, over the counter, at a substantial loss. I told him in a nasty voice that it served him right and that I personally was delighted with the outcome of his bad trading technic. My hopes were realized, for he got mad and closed his account with us. I've told his story because I consider his a typical case.

"We had another customer, whose attitude was the reverse of Billings'. I remember that he was a terrible bear on Stutz when that stock began its meteoric career. The higher it went the more bearish he became. But his bearishness was altogether vocal. He wasn't short a share. He was one of those natural-born crape-hangers who get prejudices against stocks and against special movements and take their spite out in mouth work. They add to the gloom of customers' rooms everywhere. In our office they are about as welcome as the bubonic plague, though for myself I rather favor their eruptions; they sometimes happen to be right and their happiness then is a pleasure to listen to for the next six months.

"One day, after a more exhausting diatribe than usual, one of his friends said to him, 'Dan, I've heard you howling for nearly a month, and there is one thing I'd like to ask you.'

"'What is it?' asked Dan.

"'If you are so bearish on Stutz why don't you sell it short?'

"This was said in the hearing of the entire office. All the other customers began to laugh. They are no different from human beings elsewhere. Dan got red in the face and said, 'You just watch me. I was only waiting for my price.' He turned to one of our men, ostentatiously handed him a selling slip and said, in a loud voice, for the benefit of the grinning customers all about him, 'Sell that short for me, will you?'"

His Pet Grievance

"Our office manager was standing near by when this happened. We had a hunch that it wasn't a safe thing to trade in Stutz. No bouquets, please. Well, our manager stepped up to Dan and said, 'I am sorry, Dan, but the firm has decided not to take any more short-selling orders in Stutz. We're just posting a notice to that effect on the bulletin board.'

"Dan nodded, put his order to sell one hundred shares at the market in his pocket, walked over to a desk and wrote another order—this time to buy one hundred shares of Stutz. He came back and handed it to the manager without saying a word.

"Inside of two hours Stutz was up 20 points. Then he took his first order—to sell one hundred shares—from his pocket, handed it in and waited. It was a market order, and when he put it in the price was 20½ points above what Stutz had been selling at when the rest of the office goaded him into giving that unaccepted short-selling order. When it was executed the price was 22¾ points above, so that he took a 20-point profit. I call that good trading. If he had tried to limit his order he would not have made a cent, because we couldn't have executed it for him."

"Yes," said a former fellow clerk of mine who is now head of an active commission house, "but I think my pet grievance is that it is so much harder to get our customers to sell a stock than to buy it. When I was office manager for Malone, Tobin & Co., I became acquainted with Col. Henry R. Byrne, the chairman of the board of directors of the Dorset Dolomite Company. He owned a big block of his own stock, but he took advantage of the general depression to add largely to his holdings at the prevailing low prices. When the general recovery in business began the Dolomite Company got a lot of juicy contracts and the colonel became very bullish on his stock. As I knew what he had done and why and what the company's prospects were, I also became very bullish and I put my customers into Dolomite. We began buying it at under 30 and bought it all the way up to 50. Around 55 I was as bullish as ever. I had every reason to be, for the value was there and I could not see why it shouldn't keep right on going up to around 75, and I did not hesitate to say what I believed, for I really thought that 75 was a conservative price.

"Well, one day my senior partner called me into his private office, and there he imparted the sad news that Colonel Byrne had begun to sell his Dorset Dolomite holdings. How he got the information I didn't ask, nor whether we had any selling orders from the colonel. It was enough that now I knew why the stock had been so heavy for the last two or three days. The inside selling was explanation enough. Colonel Byrne was an exceptionally well-informed man on all business and financial matters and happened to be the largest individual holder of Dolomite.

(Continued on Page 84)

FULL Habana Filler

Actual size of Robt. Burns PERFECTO

There is no substitute for fine Habana Tobacco!

It always has been the choice of discriminating cigar smokers. Its rich smoothness and individual flavor, so delightful to the palate, are never equalled.

That is why more men are turning to Robt Burns every day—for this is a cigar with a FULL Habana Filler of unchanging excellence.

Day after day, year in and year out, you can always bank on the same whole-souled enjoyment in every Robt Burns cigar you smoke.

Robt Burns

The PANATELA 10¢ | The PERFECTO 2 for 25¢ | The foil-wrapped INVINCIBLE 15¢

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

General Cigar Co., INC

(Continued from Page 82)

"Of course I thought of my customers, who were all nice chaps—customers always are, when they follow your advice and are willing to back your opinion with their money—and I was anxious that they should take their profits at once. So I hustled out of the private office into the customers' room and began work. I had been vociferously bullish up to the minute I had been summoned into our senior partner's office, and I had to give some excuse for my volte-face.

"I approached my nice customers, who had taken my advice to buy Dolomite so dutifully. I said to the first, 'Bill, sell that Dolomite of yours.'

"'What?' said Bill incredulously.

"'You've got a nice profit. Get out.'

"'Why?' he asked disagreeably.

"'It doesn't act right,' I said. How could I tell him the truth?

"'Bosh!' said Bill. 'It acts all right. It's had a big rise. There's bound to be a little profit-taking now. But she'll go right up again. Why, you yourself said this morning you looked to see it sell at 75.'

"'I've changed my mind,' I began.

"'Change it back,' said Bill. 'Now, beat it!'

"The next man I talked to gave me pretty much the same reception and positively refused to take my advice. I went down the line. I pleaded and threatened and begged and insulted—all in vain. Not a man would sell his Dolomite, and I knew what the president of the company was doing.

"Just about that time one of the news agencies sent out a bulletin. It was the usual sort, blaming the decline on a bear raid and predicting all sorts of dire things for the reckless shorts.

"'There!' said my customers like a Greek chorus. 'That explains the weakness.'

"The next day we got a big selling order from Byrne. The news agencies printed one of the customary interviews with a prominent insider, only this time it was Colonel Byrne himself. The colonel technically told the truth. He gave the earnings of the company and said that nothing had happened in the Dolomite trade to warrant selling the stock. At the same time, he did not say that he had that very morning given us an order to sell ten thousand shares for his account.

"Well, that made me resume my campaign. I went at those chaps hammer and tongs; I told them everything, except the actual truth, which I couldn't tell, and which, as a matter of fact, it wasn't necessary to tell them. They had a profit and I wanted them to take it before it shrank still further. But to a man they refused. Of course under the inside selling the stock was heavy and lower."

Good Advice Rejected

"Finally I was driven to calling for margins on the stock, and I got a few customers out that way and incidentally made them my enemies for life. One of them got quite angry and was pretty nasty to me in the hearing of the office, and so I laid him out. I was so angry that I gave them all fits. I said: 'You damn fools have known me for years. You've all made money on balance following my advice. And here I put you into a stock that showed you all at one time from 10 to 25 points' profit and you ask me for reasons. The best reason of all is that I tell you to get out of that stock. The same man that put you in says to take your profit. If you don't want to listen, don't. Hold on until you have a loss. But the first man that whines to me later on gets the merry ha-ha.'

"Some of the fellows had known me for years and they suspected something was up that I couldn't talk about, so at last they got rid of their Dolomite. But I think fully one-half of my customers held on. That stock went down to about 35 without a rally and then the market got into a period of depression and all prices sagged. Dolomite got down to about 20 or 22. We made most of the stubborn customers take up the stock. The price has gone below 10 since then. And those chaps all had a handsome profit once."

The experiences of these friends with their customers are the common experience of most stockbrokers. We had our share in those dull days following the panic. It was all a part of the business. Of course I would have you understand that we were always trying to improve our service. The increase in our wire connections and in our branch offices was giving us more people to appeal to, more customers.

In our bond-selling campaigns we had to appeal to investors. We gave facts and figures that established the value of the bonds. The time-honored custom of giving tips, which are merely promises of quick and unearned profits, does not work with careful investors. We early realized that a much better system could be introduced into our stock-trading department. We gradually improved our market letters. We made them different from the usual run of them. One of our partners in Boston conceived the idea of a statistical department. It would be in line with our other plans to improve our service and to prepare for the better times in the stock market that we felt sure were coming.

Luck was with Bronson & Barnes. A young man with a decided penchant for the study of economics, graduated from Harvard that year. He had a keen, analytical mind and as clear a vision as you can find in a human being; also definite views as to the kind of work he wished to do for a living. The ability to see straight is not as common as you might imagine.

Much of what is called straight thinking is merely straight seeing—a dispassionate, impersonal, common-sensible attitude toward things and people which enables one to see said things and people as they actually are and not as one would like them to be or, indeed, as they may get to be at some future date.

Young Tully Taken On

This young Harvard graduate made up his mind that he would do better by himself and by his employers in a stockbroker's office than in a bank. It was characteristic of him that he spent three weeks collecting data about the various firms of brokers in Boston before he got a friend of Colonel Bronson to give him a letter of introduction. He called at our office in Boston, and told Colonel Bronson that he hoped to go to work for Bronson & Barnes.

"Doing what?" asked the colonel.

"I'd like to establish a statistical department for you," answered young Tully.

"What qualifications have you?" asked the colonel.

Tully told him what theoretical training he had, and his study of railroad, industrial and sociological statistics in college. The colonel then said: "I think you are on the right track and I am convinced, personally, that any house which hopes to amount to something in the next ten years must establish a statistical department which will be prepared at all times to give intelligent advice to its customers and clients. But this is no time to begin such work. The market is in a wretched condition, public confidence is at a low ebb and commission houses like ours are under the necessity of cutting expenses and not increasing them.

"I wish you would write me a letter so that I shall have it as a matter of record telling me just what preparation you have made which you think would be of value to us in our business, and at the same time continue your observation of market conditions and affairs, and when you think the time has arrived for better markets and better business get in touch with me again and I'll see if we cannot find some use for you."

Young Tully says that he himself had no such picture of possibilities open to him as Colonel Bronson himself had, because it stood to reason that the colonel actually visualized the future demands of the financial world for trained economic service. However, he went home and wrote a letter the next day, very carefully prepared, detailing the subjects covered at college which, in his opinion should be of use to a modern brokerage business. He also said he was ready to go to work at once because he was convinced that the worst had been seen and business would improve. There was truly room for him in the organization of Bronson & Barnes.

Young Tully was asked to call. This time he saw Patrick Malloy. You will remember that Malloy started out as office boy and, indeed, as entire office force of the young firm of Bronson & Barnes back in 1888 and by his unusual abilities and devotion to his work was made a partner a few years later. Malloy listened sympathetically to young Tully and hired him to conduct a statistical department for the firm, which would not be merely a collection of reports and publications but would have to engage actively in the work of advising clients in the solution of all investment and speculative problems through the intelligent interpretation of all facts affecting in any degree the value of securities and the changes in trade, commerce and finance.

Today Tully is a valued partner. I consider him one of the most remarkable minds in Wall Street and one of the most useful men in the country.

That is how we came to develop our statistical department, which has proved so valuable to our customers and therefore to ourselves. Companies are investigated. We find out about their business specifically and about their business generally, as reflected by the business of other companies in the same line. Facts and their interpretation are what we try to give. I assure you that the reports of our statistical department have time and again acted as a brake on the excessive enthusiasm of many of our customers.

Today well-equipped brokerage houses have followed our example and conduct such statistical departments. These, as much as any other one factor, have helped to reduce the losses of stock speculation as it was formerly conducted. It has put an end to blind plunging or hunch playing by otherwise intelligent men. Stock traders today are more businesslike. Of course nothing can make trading in securities 100 per cent immune from loss, but the old-style buying or selling of stocks and bonds on mere hearsay is too expensive to be tolerated today.

An old and valued friend, a broker who retired from active business a few years ago, does not share my views. Possibly his idleness after thirty years of activity in Wall Street, has made him irritable, for he said to me the other day: "We also have a very good statistical department, and through it we render easily available to our customers no end of valuable information. But I have yet to find that any client of our firm has ever consulted this department to learn whether we had any data whatever concerning the real value of the particular stock in which he had decided to trade. About bonds—that is, about investments—yes. But about stocks in which he desired to make a turn, the customer has usually preferred not to be told any facts. Sometimes, usually after the purchase showed a loss, a customer has asked for what he would call the dope on it. But even then he wasn't looking for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He really wanted to find some hope or some justification—something that would show he had not been an utter ass to buy that stock. I have found two classes of customers—the wise and the d. f.; and the latter don't want any statistics or facts. They want an excuse for what they do in the stock market and they number about 95 per cent of the total."

Pasteur's Wise Saying

That, I submit, is the old-fashioned broker's view. Not that my friend is a cynic, but he simply does not realize the change in conditions which has brought about the change in the customer as well as in the broker. I told you about the origin of our statistical department merely to convey to you how we prepared for the change that was bound to come. The business even then was changing and we were changing with it. I did not and could not see clearly and definitely what problems we might be called upon to face ten or twenty years later, but I knew we couldn't stand still. We must advance if we were to profit by the progress of the country. It was not so much the installing of new or different office machinery to take care of future needs—needs that we could not anticipate because we could not visualize in detail the new business. But we might prepare for it. The best and perhaps the only preparation possible, I felt, was in maintaining the proper state of mind.

Preparedness pays in business as in war or politics or science. Pasteur, one of the greatest men of our time, has said, "In the fields of observation chance favors only the mind that is prepared." He referred to the truly scientific investigator, the man with the prepared mind; and by "chance" he meant the unexpected happening that affords you an opportunity to go forward—if you are ready for it; ready with your mind to grasp the real meaning of that observed phenomenon!

We were sure that some day we must do more business—more new business as well as more old business. That thought was constantly in our minds; and when in due time our chance came we were "favored." The expectation of years, the watching for evidences of a new and definite trend in the stock business—the state of mind, in short—helped us to collect our deferred dividends.

During the years following the panic of 1907 we developed a fairly lucrative business in bonds in addition to doing as much in stocks as was possible with the depression in the stock market. In 1910 we, as a firm, first became interested in financing automobile manufacturers. That great industry was then, if not in its first infancy, certainly in its early adolescence. It needed help because the entire world was suffering from money stringency and because one man had been too generous. That man's story is to my mind the greatest business romance ever lived by an American.

The man's name was George Baldwin Townsend. He was one of the pioneers of the industry. He had been among the very first fully and enthusiastically to grasp the vast possibilities of the automobile—of the machine and of the industry—and his strong and vivid imagination easily pictured for him his own amazing triumphs. That is all there is to the belief in his star that every Napoleon has.

Shopping for Funds

Townsend built an automobile and advertised it and improved it year by year and sold it by the dozen and by the hundred and by the thousand, until he was recognized as a greatly successful manufacturer. He made enormous profits; but all that money he put back into the business. He expanded amazingly, for not content with the success of the Townsend car, he bought the controlling interests in other companies making popular makes, and he combined all those plants into the famous Consolidated Auto Corporation.

The automobile business literally jumped forward under Townsend's tremendous driving force. His sales—for a new industry—were enormous, and his profits, large as they were, continued to go into building new plants or enlarging the old ones. He foresaw the tremendous demand that was coming, and he tried to prepare for it. The value of his real-estate holdings and plant buildings and machinery and other tangible assets soon rose into the millions. As for the intangible assets, he didn't count them. It wouldn't have been of any use for him to try to capitalize them, in those days. The banks, remember, did not view the infant prodigy with as kindly an eye as it even then deserved.

The credit men knew that some of the auto companies were making big money, but they were not equally sure of the permanence of the profits.

George Townsend became a very rich man, but his wealth was all in automobile factories that paid handsomely. Whenever the Consolidated Auto Corporation needed money it gave notes to the banks, and the banks, for greater security, insisted that Mr. Townsend personally indorse them. This Mr. Townsend obligingly did. He did not own all the stock himself, but his faith in the future of the industry was so strong that he saw no danger to himself in indorsing millions of dollars of notes. Money never meant anything to George Baldwin Townsend unless it was something to build more motor factories with.

Notes have an uncomfortable habit of falling due at inconvenient times. The Consolidated Auto notes all came due just about in the middle of the money panic of 1910. There was no Federal Reserve System then, and we used to have panics and all the attendant troubles, financial, commercial and psychological.

The lenders did not wish to renew the Consolidated Auto notes; they were afraid to, or possibly they did not have the money to spare. At all events George Townsend was compelled to go shopping for funds; seeking some brave soul to finance his company's needs. His company's commercial showing was remarkable. It was clearly as sound a business as any, and more profitable than most; but also it was like the telephone in its early stages—that is, more or less of a gamble from the investor's standpoint. Not necessarily unsafe, you know, but somewhat uncertain. It had no historical background. There was no way of forecasting the permanence of the prosperity. However, George Townsend had the faith in himself and in his company's

(Continued on Page 89)

SOME men say they wear the Van Heusen because it is the most dressy collar; others, because it is the latest, the most stylish collar; and still others because they scorn the ordinary hard collar.

But the real reason is:

The Van Heusen is the only collar with style *woven* into it—

and comfort *tailored* into it!

Millions of men who enjoyed the *ease* of the Van Heusen last Summer feel pride in the *smartness* of the Van Heusen this Fall.

12 Styles ~ 50 Cents

¶ *Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen collar attached.*

R. L. L.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK

PUSHING ASIDE PRECEDENT

Trying Out the Untried in Bettering Glass Manufacture

Four glass tank furnaces at the [illegible] Plant produce ten million square feet of plate glass annually.

A UNIQUE and noteworthy example of what the pioneering spirit can accomplish is the achievement of the Ford Motor Company in making plate glass by an improved method.

When the demand of the automotive industry rose from 5% of the plate glass output in 1910 to 53% in 1923 it created a national shortage. The Company, unable to secure its full requirements from regular sources, was forced to commence its own glass manufacture as a protection to the millions of Ford buyers.

Here the grinding and polishing operations are performed as the plate glass sheets move continuously forward on the conveyor table

The prevailing "batch" system of melting in clay pots and of rolling into plates and grinding on rotary tables did not conform to the principle of continuous, progressive and large scale production typical of Ford methods. A revolutionary development, discouraged by the experts and contrary to all precedents in this industry, was first successfully and economically applied at the Highland Park Plant, Detroit, and shortly after these new principles were built into a huge glass plant erected at the River Rouge.

Here a continuous stream of molten glass flows steadily from the four 400-ton furnaces onto a slowly moving conveyor. The stream first passes between rollers which spread it out to the proper width and thickness. Moving slowly at the rate of 64 inches per minute, the ribbon of glass passes through a 400-foot cooling oven where the heat is gradually diminished to prevent the glass from becoming brittle.

This ribbon of glass is then cut into shorter lengths and is carried on another conveyor beneath a series of 79 grinding, smoothing and polishing wheels. Here the glass receives that high brilliancy of polish seen in the windows and windshields of Ford cars.

When finally enlarged and completed, this Ford-owned glass plant will produce 12,000,000 square feet of plate glass per year. Two other Ford-owned glass plants turn out another 9,500,000 square feet per year.

This improved method and large scale production has brought about a tremendous saving in cost and a new standard in quality—an additional reason for the high value of Ford products.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, saw mills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds

Use Lifebuoy a week and you'll use Lifebuoy for life

Above all HE·MUST·HAVE·HEALTH

Is your precious baby destined for big things? Will he know the thrills of achievement—mastery—power?

Or will he tread timidly the byways of futile efforts and shattered hopes?

To live well he must *be* well.

The utmost that you can give him is *health.* In the big moments of life it is the vitality of splendid health that always wins through to the honors and rewards.

The destroyer of health is sickness. Sickness is caused by the germs that lurk on all dirty things. The *habit* of constantly *purifying* hands, face and body is one's surest protection against illness.

Lifebuoy removes germs from the skin. It purifies. Its absolute purity and gentle antiseptic action make it peculiarly beneficial to the skin—keeping it soft, fine-textured, with the underglow which is the secret of a radiant complexion—and *safe.*

The Health Doctor

People like Lifebuoy for the joy of using it quite as much as for health protection. "Such wonderful lather" they say, and "...the wonderful effect on my skin!"

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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future that could remove mountains of doubt from the minds of bankers, and he persuaded one of the most prominent banking houses that it was both noble and absolutely safe to help the Consolidated Auto Corporation to the extent of forming a syndicate to underwrite $15,000,000 of notes. These he would use to take up the old notes—and build more plants!

The interest was fixed at a pretty high rate—money was mighty scarce, remember—and in addition the bankers asked and obtained as a bonus some preferred and common stock of the Consolidated Auto Corporation.

Now bear in mind and keep it before you always, that George Townsend paid that bonus out of his own pocket. I mean, that the preferred and common stock given as an inducement to the bankers' syndicate to buy the company's notes, came out of Townsend's personal holdings. And do not overlook the fact that that same common stock which was given away with those notes, sold afterward at above $1500 a share! That same company which in 1910 had so much trouble in borrowing $15,000,000, a dozen years later, or say, in its balance sheet of 1923, showed in one item a surplus of $132,000,000! Next to the United States Steel Corporation and the Ford Motor Company, Consolidated Auto is the greatest manufacturing concern in this country, if not in the world.

In those dull days I was keen for any business that came along, and those notes on those terms looked good. We were sure we could make our customers share our confidence, and so we went into the Consolidated Auto syndicate. We duly sold our allotment of those notes without great trouble.

That is how we first became interested in motor-company financing. A short time afterward, Julian T. Southworth, founder, president and largest stockholder of the Southworth Motor Company, sold a block of preferred stock to Martin Manley & Co., the bankers, and gave as a bonus an equal amount of common stock. The selfsame common stock afterward sold at $280 a share, that price being based on the company's earnings. Today the Southworth Motor Company doesn't have to sell preferred or common stock, or anything except its cars, in order to finance itself.

The Case of Howell & Stewart

These incidents had much to do with what later on was referred to as the sensational success of Bronson & Barnes as modern stockbrokers. Another important incident came a little later. And while I have always maintained that the Wall Street life is not as tragical or as melodramatic as fiction writers try to make it, I admit freely that there is often a touch of real romance about the career of some of our Wall Street men.

Take the case of Howell & Stewart. Charlie Howell and Jack Stewart started as clerks for Henry Stannard, of Stannard Bros., who specialized in commercial paper. In that old-fashioned but mighty well managed office of Stannard's they gained an accurate knowledge of the character, standing and earning capacity of merchants and manufacturers throughout the country. They went about a great deal, buying and selling paper, and incidentally making no end of friends. They knew hundreds of bank officers in New York, Pennsylvania and New England. Being nice, bright fellows and great hustlers they made good in Stannard's firm. They were ambitious and planned to go into business for themselves; so they saved their money and, when they had enough, Howell bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. They had so many friends and acquaintances among wholesale and retail merchants and among banks that they were sure they would make a success as stockbrokers; and they also planned to do something in their old specialty of commercial paper. They would have made instantly good if they had not chosen to go into business at that particular time. In that awful depression and dullness nobody made money in Wall Street.

Still, those boys worked hard and kept their courage up. In the back of their heads they had an idea: They were sure there was money in a line that nobody in Wall Street had tried. They knew, from having handled their paper, that there were mercantile enterprises that paid well and had first-class credit, that were owned by individuals or by close corporations. These might be sold to the public in the shape of preferred stocks paying dividends at 7 or 8 per cent. There would be various commissions in such deals and if they became known as specialists in the stocks they brought out they would be likely to have an income at all times.

To sell these big but not generally known moneymakers to the public became their aim in life. It was a case of bringing buyer and seller together. The sellers, the men who owned the concern, were not always willing to share their good thing or else didn't need any financing. And as for the buyer, the public, it was blissfully unconscious that there were any such bargains anywhere.

With men of the Howell and Stewart type, waiting for an opportunity usually consists of going out in the early dawn and prodding opportunity with a pitchfork before any of the neighbors are up.

They are apt to do their waiting about a mile and a half or a month and a half ahead of their competitors.

A Forlorn Hope

One day Charlie Howell came to see me. He said he had called on every house in the street that made a specialty of bringing out issues of securities for corporations and that he had not succeeded in interesting any of the regulars in his scheme. He finished, "And now I've come to you."

"And why do you come to me?" I asked. I had no idea what the deal might be.

"Because I know, first, that you will listen to facts and not to fears or prejudices; and second, that, given the facts, you will draw your own conclusions and act accordingly, no matter what the precedents may be. I think this deal is a good one for us. I'll tell you the facts and then you tell me whether Bronson & Barnes will come in or not."

"Well, Charlie," I said, "I can see that you are trying to sell me something that must be mighty hard to dispose of. You admit that I am a forlorn hope. Your compliments clinch it. Now what's the deal?"

"I'll tell you all about it, of course. Do you know anything about the chain-store business?"

"I know that some of them do an enormous business. Properly managed they ought to make a lot of money."

"They do. Did you ever hear of P. P. Peltier?"

"The name is familiar I've seen it often, but I can't quite place it "

"You've seen it on Blue Store fronts in every city of over fifty thousand inhabitants in any and all the Atlantic States."

"Well?"

"Here is the deal. I've got an option on a minimum of ten thousand shares and a maximum of twenty thousand shares of P. P. Peltier & Co. preferred stock and as much common stock as bonus. The preferred pays 7 per cent. It has earned and paid its dividend from the day its business was incorporated. Now old Peltier is getting along in years. I've been at him to sell some of his stock for ages, and he gave me the option four days ago. I am to get it provided I get some bankers to help me swing the deal, for the old man knows our resources are not equal to this task. I started hustling, as I told you, and all I have to show for my pains is to report nothing doing."

It sounded good to me. There would be no difficulty in checking up the figures of earnings, and so on. I thought we could place the stock. It would be a profitable deal. It would take us into a new field—the merchandising of securities. It was worth trying. It was one of the things I had been getting ready for.

"I'd like to go in, Charlie," I said, "but of course I must put it up to my partners. In the meantime, before I speak to them, suppose you and I go over all the facts and figures available."

"Fine!" he said. He was so anxious to put that deal through that he went to his office, got all his facts together and came back to my office with them inside of an hour.

I went over the entire situation with him and I was keener than ever to go into it. I was sure it would succeed. I was more than sure I wanted to take what was a first step into new territory—that might prove enormously profitable and would give us another source of income. I spent two days getting my facts and figures together. On the third day I called up my senior partners in Boston.

I laid the Peltier financing before them. I told them what I had learned of their business and of the record of dividends and of our breaking into the game of merchandising securities. It struck me it was a good stock to break in with.

But my partners did not share my enthusiasm. They did not wish to do any business with the Peltier stores. The financial markets were full of uncertainty and they'd rather stay out.

I knew it was no use my arguing. My senior partners were mighty good business men. They made up their minds quickly, but they always had good reasons. I felt, however, that in this instance they were deterred from going in by my failure to make the plan sound as attractive as Charlie Howell had made it to me. So I said to Mr. Barnes, "If Howell will go to Boston to talk to you about it will you give him a hearing?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Barnes, who is not only the kindest but the fairest-minded man in the world.

The very next morning Charlie Howell went to Boston. He is a very attractive chap and one of the best salesmen I ever saw. He had no difficulty in selling the proposition to my senior partners. When he finished talking they were as enthusiastic as I was. So we told Charlie that we would go in with him and do the business, and he hurried on to old man Peltier and told him he had the needed banking help and was ready to exercise his option.

Of course we asked to be allowed to make an examination of the company's business. We had our experts go over the plant—the hundred and odd stores—and also expert accountants go over their books. By the time the auditors had finished their reports to us the general business situation had improved considerably. This meant that our work would be easier than we had expected.

Of course during all that time, as we were confident that our experts' reports were to be satisfactory, we had gone ahead with our preparations for selling the securities. I remember that one Sunday we had salesmen from all our offices come to New York. They cheerfully gave up an entire Sunday to attend a meeting at which the Peltier chain-stores business was discussed and the prospects and merits of the securities carefully analyzed. By the time Charlie Howell and I got through making speeches to our salesmen they knew all about the proposition, and the next day they started enthusiastically on their preliminary work.

Two days later we offered to the public twenty thousand shares of preferred stock at 98. The offer carried with it the privilege of buying one-fourth of a share of common stock at 25 for every share of preferred stock bought, or five thousand shares of common stock in all. The company would apply to list these securities on the New York Stock Exchange.

New Fields Opened

Half an hour after the books were opened for subscription the entire issue was sold. It was a great success.

I was more than delighted. I saw a new and profitable field for Bronson & Barnes. Howell & Stewart had been right in their choice of a new business to finance, and we had established what had been a strong suspicion on our part—namely, that business men throughout the country would welcome the opportunity to buy the stocks of successful private corporations if a market were provided for them by listing on the Stock Exchange. They were sure of a good return on the purchase price, and there was in addition the reasonable hope of an advance in the price through improvement in the business or through the medium of a bull market. We made a nice profit on the transaction—several hundred thousand dollars—but it was worth a great deal more to Bronson & Barnes to arrive by actual experience at the conclusion that there was a market for such securities. I'll say here, in order to close that Peltier chain-store incident, that the preferred stock has been retired and new stock issued in exchange for the old. That new stock is selling today at a price equivalent to three hundred and fifty dollars a share for the original common stock which we sold to our customers for twenty-five dollars a share. It turned out a very good deal for the bankers and for the customers.

Those young chaps, Howell and Stewart, were right, and they followed their initial success with other chain-store flotations which have also proved highly profitable. They are the leading specialists in that line of Stock Exchange business. They developed it out of nothing but imagination and courage, and they've earned their fortune, which is considerable. Their customers, I may remark here, have had no reason to feel sorry. It was something that could not have been done in previous years because the time was not ripe for it. But that is the way the broadening of the present stock-market activities began. We are dealing in all kinds of business on the New York Stock Exchange, which is as it should be.

And Howell & Stewart was not the only firm. Another house instantly comes to my mind—the now famous firm of Hall & Freer—two other young men who had vision and pluck and worked hard and intelligently and developed a new and important industry. They have made scores of millions for themselves and their customers. But also they have added greatly to the wealth of their country.

The story of that firm is to me as interesting as any romance I have ever read. Gabriel Hall was a newspaper reporter and Jimmy Freer was a young college graduate when they went into the stock-brokerage firm of Collins & Welsh, which did a big business in New York and Boston. Mr. Collins died and Mr. Welsh decided to retire. The young clerks found themselves minus a position. They joined forces, got some capital together somehow, bought seats on the New York and Boston stock exchanges and went into business for themselves as stockbrokers. They worked very hard and did fairly well, but a stock-brokerage business is of slow growth, by the nature of the beast. They always felt that the right specialty might prove more profitable than a general commission business. In the latter they had the competition of scores of firms, all of which were equally well or even better equipped to give good service. The right specialty would mean no competition to speak of for a while, and the profits should be proportionate.

Customers Enriched

One day a customer brought in a friend to their office and introduced him to the partners. He had some very low-grade lead ore deposits that he thought would pay. Nobody had ever thought such low-grade ore would pay to work, but this man showed them that by treating it as a quantity-production stunt it would pay big. They saw the possibilities—to buy the mines, incorporate and promote and work them and look after the stock-market end. It would mean a series of profits. So they obtained the best technical advice, and having the vision and the courage to risk everything they owned on the soundness of their views they went ahead. They weren't gambling; they were not betting blindly. They reached certain conclusions logically and then backed their conviction that there was nothing wrong with their reasoning. And there wasn't.

They made a wonderful success of their Oregon Consolidated. Their customers got in at five dollars a share and are now getting yearly dividends of from six to eight dollars a share That was a very good investment, considered as a speculation, and the five-dollar stock sold above one hundred dollars a share. They went into other low-grade lead propositions and repeated their success Gabe Hall has retired from business with a fortune estimated to exceed twenty million dollars, and Freer is a director in forty-one corporations and is enormously wealthy Their customers have made millions, literally, and the country has benefited to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars because those two young stockbrokers developed an industry that employs tens of thousands of men Entire towns exist today by grace of the combination of vision and courage of two young men who were stockbrokers. Without the Stock Exchange they would never have done it.

Well, the success of our own first significant ventures in merchandising securities in association with Howell & Stewart and the example of Hall & Freer heated us greatly. They made it easier for us to grasp the opportunity when it came to us We made millions of dollars, but more than that we helped to bring about the great change in the brokerage business on which I have been harping from the first

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr Lefevre The next will appear in an early issue

Washington Irving High School New York City

Making pride an every-day habit!

Students at Washington Irving High School, New York City, are old enough and wise enough to appreciate the importance of personal appearance.

With them, pride has become an every-day habit. For pride is just another name for self-respect. And self-respect is a virtue to be cultivated every day in the year.

Begin early to make your children self-respecting. Teach them that outward appearance not only induces self-respect but commands respect from others.

It should be just as easy to form a good habit as a bad one. Take shoes for example. Untidy, unpolished shoes are inexcusable in man, woman or child.

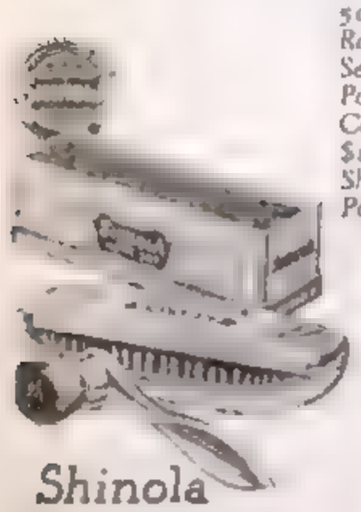
Of all good habits, the daily shine is one of the most easily acquired. A home shoe shining outfit and the right kind of shoe polish—that's all you need.

And shining shoes at home is a sensible way of practicing thrift. It saves both time and money.

SHINOLA COMPANY Rochester, N. Y. S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC. Indianapolis, Ind. F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC. Buffalo, N. Y., and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.



Shinola Home Set

Bixby's Liquid Polish

2 in 1 Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

A LITTLE CHILD

(Continued from Page 25)

a year an' if we can git Excelsior's ma to make a contrac' at the same price fo' two mo' yeahs after the end of the fust one with herse'f as guardeen, then Ise gwine do it."

"You is foolish, Brother Latimer."

"You says words, Cæsar, but they don't mean nothin'. Ise gwine down to see Florian."

The interview between Florian and Orifice Latimer was brief and to the point.

"What you offer?" grinned Mr. Slappey.

"What you asks?"

"I ain't namin' no prices."

"N'r neither I."

"Then us ain't gwine do no business."

"H'm! Twenty dollars a week."

"Ain't you lib'ral? What you talks is chicken eatments."

"A li'l' boy ——"

"Go on with you, big man! Mention money."

"Twenty-five?"

"Fumadiddles!"

"Thutty?"

"Listen at me." Florian was elated. Thirty had been his original figure, but Orifice's eagerness convinced him beyond all doubt that the gentleman would bid higher. "I is a heap of things, Mistuh Latimer, but one of them ain't no piker. Thutty dollars a week don't mean no mo' to me than nothin' or even less'n that."

"What's yo' price then?"

"Fifty dollars a week!"

Orifice gasped. "Great sufferin' spareribs! Million dollarses what you utters with yo' lips! What you ain't got in yo' hand, Brother Slappey, is no brains."

"Fifty dollars is my price."

"Nothin' doin'."

"Mutual."

A slow and righteous anger fermented in the presidential bosom of the ponderous Mr. Latimer. "Listen at me, boy, not on'y you don't git fifty dollars fum us fo' Excelsior, but you don't git nothin'."

"Never ast nothin', did I."

"Well, you ain't gwine git it. Know what us is gwine do to you?"

"What?"

"Bust you."

"I don't bust easy."

"You is holdin' us up."

"Didn't you th'ow me out once?"

"An' we don't like bein' helt. An' tha's all."

"Same to you an' heaps of 'em. An' when you-all release Sake and Forsake I guess mebbe my price fo' Excelsior is gwine go up."

Orifice R. Latimer stalked off, terrible fury burning in his soul. As for Florian, that gentleman was in fine fettle. He reported to the Widow Nix. She was all in favor of the immediate dollar and informed Florian that overtures for two additional years of guardianship had been made to her in the event that they found Florian amenable to reason.

Florian reminded her that she had entered into the agreement with her eyes open. "You is gwine git good money eventual any way you looks at it, Mis' Nix. An' if it hadn't of been fo' me you would of signed up fo' th'ee yeahs at ten dollars a week. Ain't that so?"

"Yeh."

"Then ain't I entitled to somethin' fo' what I done fo' you?"

"Shuah. But s'pose they don't never let Excelsior act no mo'?"

"They will," returned Mr. Slappey confidently. "They got to. I want you to be satisfried; and all the profits what you makes after my year is up is happy with me."

Mrs. Nix was bewildered but game, and Florian rambled downtown, his thoughts happily busy with the commotion he knew must have been created in the executive offices of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

But even his fondest imaginings were far from the truth. Prominent members of the company heard of Florian's stand, and a fierce resentment crystallized against him.

"He's settled, fixed an' done fo'!" sizzled Orifice. "I woul'n't do no business with him now if we never had Excelsior ag'in. Fifty dollars a week!"

"What you goin' to do, chief?"

"Bust him! Bust him higher'n a kite. Bust him so hard they'll have to scrape him up in a shovel. I ain't gwine use Excelsior no mo'. Ise gwine hold Sake and Forsake until the last release minute. An' Ise gwine do ev'ything I can to see that nobody don't lend Florian no money. Then we'll see how long he can keep on payin' Mis' Nix fifteen dollars a week 'thout nothin' comin' in."

Welford Potts nodded assent. "Wise wisdom you speaks, Brother Latimer. Squash him, tha's what I says."

And so there and then the squashing process started. J. Cæsar Clump did his part on the lot in the next few days when he completed all the scenes in which Excelsior was to appear, and the child was promptly paid off and dismissed.

That caused Florian a slight degree of apprehension. The worst he had figured upon was the necessity for producing each week over and above personal living expenses—the five dollars representing the difference between ten dollars earned by Excelsior and his fifteen-dollar contractual obligation. Here, however, he was confronted by the need for fifteen dollars surplus coin each seven days.

He knew exactly what was happening: realized that this exhibition of strength was in reality nothing but an indication of the company's weakness. Whereupon he set grimly out to finance his project.

The success which blessed his efforts was amazing by its absence. Mr. Slappey was given to understand that his credit was slightly less solid than a drink of water. Virtually every source of colored credit in Birmingham had been disastrously exploited by Florian in years past, and they were not even inclined to discuss with him the details of his present predicament. He approached professional money lenders—chiefly Semore Mashby—and the reception accorded him was woefully discouraging.

"Woul'n't loaned you a dime if you owned a gold mine. Now git out!"

Lawyer Evans Chew was equally unresponsive. "Caint butt into my clients' affairs, Florian. Also I represent the Midnight as well as you, an' fum bofe of you I is an attorney an' not no money broker."

Florian quested for a job, but discovered that other folks' ideas of Mr. Slappey's worth did not coincide with those held by Mr. Slappey. He learned that references were valuable, and the only reference which Florian obtained he was wise enough to keep hidden.

It struck him suddenly that his own maximum earning capacity was fifteen dollars a week, and the only job offered at that figure was of a nature which offended Mr. Slappey's esthetic senses.

He ransacked his trunk and produced many forgotten bits of near-jewelry. These went sadly into the clutches of a pawnbroker; the proceeds were pitiful, but they tided Mr. Slappey over a second week. Then his watch departed, and after that his signet ring and scarfpin. By the time the fourth week was under way Florian found himself confronted with the necessity of parting with his most cherished possession—his wardrobe.

Square-jawed, he engineered the deal. His dinner jacket, his plaited shirts, his superelegant sack suits. And when the fifth week began Mr. Slappey was barren of raiment save for the garments which at the moment concealed his nudity from an inquisitive world.

Only one avenue of escape was open to him. He mourned around the Terminal Station all one morning at the beginning of the sixth week and, when the Piedmont Limited rolled in from New York, buttonholed his Pullman-porter friend, Epic Peters, and into the large ears of that gangling railroader poured all his troubles.

Epic was fond of Florian and willing to help him out but! Always that but. Epic was more than mildly solvent, but Epic's surplus cash was tied up in a multitude of investments. He possessed no immediate income save salary and tips, and they were pouring into the liquidation of his overhead.

"Can you hol' out two mo' weeks, Florian?"

"Yeh; mebbe so. But beans does git kind of monotonous. I tell you, Epic ——"

"You don't have to tell me nothin', Brother Slappey. I knows it already, an' my heart aches that I caint do nothin'. What I was thinkin' was this: Week after next when I gits to New Yawk, there is a Pullman porter runnin' 'tween there an' Washin'ton which owes me seventy-five

(Continued on Page 92)

The Pacific Northwest

The land of a larger chance

In the struggle to get ahead, most men ask no more than this: an even break.

To such men this announcement is addressed. It has no thought of luring you upon a wild goose chase after easily won success. Its only purpose is to set before you certain established facts.

These facts pertain to a country which offers unique and exceptional opportunities to any man who is seriously concerned with the business of his own advancement.

You owe it to yourself to weigh and consider them carefully.

What the Pacific Northwest offers you

About the Pacific Northwest, the basic truth is this: it offers you a greater opportunity to get ahead *because the Pacific Northwest itself is getting ahead at a rate almost phenomenal.*

Consider these few facts. In the past twenty years—

Population has more than doubled
Foreign commerce has increased more than 53 per cent
The number of farms has more than doubled
The value of manufactured products has increased 804 per cent

In every way the Pacific Northwest is growing and developing with astonishing rapidity.

To succeed in the Pacific Northwest is simply a matter of keeping pace with a great natural development. Of growing with a rich and prosperous country. This is not to say that hard, serious work is not as essential here as elsewhere. But its rewards are quicker, surer and larger.

A future assured

Nor is this growth of the Pacific Northwest a "boom" growth. It is rooted deeply and firmly in the tremendous natural wealth and economic advantages of the country itself.

The Pacific Northwest today has—

The greatest reserve of standing timber in the United States—960 billion feet.
More than half the nation's water power resources—26,000,000 horse power
Millions of acres of the world's richest farm fruit and stock lands
Mineral riches almost illimitable, with mines now producing $1,000,000 a day
Ports now handling more ocean tonnage than all the rest of the Pacific Coast ports combined
A splendid system of highways reaching through the region in every direction.

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(Continued from Page 90)

dollars, an' the minute he pays same I is willin' to loaned it to you. What you say?"

Florian said Yes; it was a case of tiny favors being muchly appreciated. He borrowed a little money on his life insurance; sold some old shoes and some new silk socks and established a brief credit at Bud Peaglar's.

Meanwhile, Mr. Slappey had been spending his days with little Excelsior Nix. Florian was genuinely fond of the sunny youngster; nor was this affection a new thing. For three weeks now they had been together constantly—roaming the woods on Red Mountain, playing ball, plunking BB shot into a homemade target. The child wonder fairly adored Mr. Slappey, which was one reason why the Widow Nix did not become more violent in her importunities.

"If you loves Excelsior half as much as he does you, Mistuh Slappey, I know you woul'n't do nothin' which wasn't best fo' him, an' so I sits back content. But it does seem like to me that you is foolish."

Florian was touched. Perhaps, after all, he had been a trifle hard-boiled; perhaps in his eagerness to wreak satisfaction from the picture company he had been unfair to the child. Actuated by sheer nobility plus a decidedly empty tummy, Florian obtained an interview with Orifice R. Latimer. Mr. Latimer bestowed upon his visitor a hostile, frosty smile.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Slappey. I hope you is hungry this mawnin'."

"No. Ise done eet two breakfasts a'ready." Florian did not explain that he meant in the course of the last week.

"What can I do you fo' this mawnin', Mistuh Slappey?"

Florian gazed hungrily at the well-fed executive. "I come to see you about Excelsior Nix."

"What about him?"

"You craves to have him act fo' yo' comp'ny, an' ——"

"Don't know what you is talkin' about. Us ain't intrusted in Excelsior Nix, n'r neither you."

"But didn't you offer me thutty dollars a week?"

"Didn't we offer ain't does offer. We ain't doin' no business with you nohow an' don't care does we never git that chile."

Panic struck at Florian's soul. "Mistuh Latimer," he pleaded, "Ise willin' to assept yo' offer of thutty dollars a week fo' that contrac'."

"Ain't intrusted."

"Twenty-five?"

"Not ten cents, Florian Slappey. You tried to hold us up, an' we don't hold. Git out!"

Florian got. A wet and dripping mantle of gloom had settled upon his narrow shoulders. Here he was a considerable bit beyond the end of his resources. Already he had invested seventy-five dollars in cash in the deal for Excelsior's services, had scraped and borrowed and begged the ultimate available nickel—and now the company refused to do business with him under any circumstances.

Florian was at the end of his rope and he knew it. Perhaps it had been a mistake to incur the enmity of so affluent and powerful a personage as Orifice R. Latimer; Florian was inclined to think that it was. He was even sure of it.

Of course he realized that a little money now marked the difference between success and failure. If only Epic came across immediately with that promised seventy-five; that would finance Florian for another five weeks, and he knew that the Midnight could not hold out that long. He didn't know much about the picture industry, but he did know that the company was under contract with the distributor to furnish a two-reel comedy every four weeks, that Sake and Forsake could not be withheld longer than two or three weeks more, and that once it was exhibited in the hundred or more first-run houses which used the negro comedies, there would be offers from other organizations which would mean profit to him.

His was a position which made the famous situation of Mr. Tantalus appear happy by comparison. The cup was before his lips; he could even taste; but he couldn't swallow. Epic Peters was his last hope, and Epic was even then on the way to New York with his train. If only nothing went wrong!

Florian defaulted one payment. Horror ate at his heart when he informed the Widow Nix of his inability to give her the stipulated fifteen dollars. She did not seem particularly unhappy; Florian suspected that she had been in conference with Orifice Latimer.

"Tha's all right, Mistuh Slappey. Don't you bother 'bout that fifteen dollars. But of course if you don't pay it next week also, yo' contrac' fo' being guardeen to li'l' Excelsior don't hold no more."

Florian sighed. "Sad words which you expresses, Mis' Nix."

Their eyes turned toward the grinning youngster about whom the whirlwind blustered. Florian extended a hand to the boy.

"Le's us go out in the woods, Excelsior."

"Yassuh, Florian—if ma'll let me."

Ma let. Under the trees of Shades Valley with the boy much of Florian's depression fell from him. They played ball and tried to fish in a little stream and then they talked. Somehow they had always been buddies, talking to each other as man to man; eight years and thirty. And during the past four weeks of heartbreak and stress Florian had found comfort in the intimate companionship of the child.

And now it was all to end. Florian was on the brink of forfeiting his rights under the contract, and of finding himself stripped of clothes and hope. He stroked the head of his youthful companion.

"'Tain't yo' fault, Excelsior. Us suttinly has been buddies, eh?"

"Yassuh, Florian. Yassuh we has. An' I love you."

"I'll bet. Now le's git fer home. Ma'll be waitin'."

Orifice R. Latimer was marking time. The Widow Nix had duly reported to him the default of one weekly payment. Already—in fond anticipation of Florian's default on the second and fatal week—Lawyer Chew had arranged to terminate Florian's guardianship, to have Mrs. Nix declared legal guardian of her son's theatrical future, and contracts had been drawn and signed between Mrs. Nix and The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., by which Excelsior was the property of the Midnight for three years at a weekly salary of thirty dollars.

The next few days were anxious ones for both Florian and the Midnight officials. Mr. Slappey struggled heroically to prove that the human body does not require food, and Orifice Latimer and his cohorts were praying that ill luck might attend Florian's efforts.

"'Tain't like he on'y needed fifteen dollars. He's got to git thutty by this Saddy, an' he cain't do it. Ain't nobody willin' to loaned it to him. And then we has Excelsior fo' three years. It's gwine be a big day fo' us."

Friday at noon Epic Peters was due from New York. Florian was at the Terminal Station to meet him, and he suffered agonies during the two hours that the train was late. Finally it appeared, dust-caked and groaning.

Epic was not there!

Stark, staring misery came to Mr. Slappey. Numb with horror he instituted inquiries at the Pullman office and learned that while in New York Epic had eaten not wisely but too well, and was consequently laying off for an indefinite period.

Florian sought the curb, where he sat huddled for fifteen or twenty minutes staring with unseeing eyes at the welter of traffic which swirled before the imposing portals of the huge station. At length he rose and staggered downtown—an abject figure, a man from whom victory had been snatched brutally and without warning, a man stripped of his dignity and his clothes.

There was absolutely nothing he could do, and he did it determinedly. The day passed on leaden feet and by eight the following morning Florian had ceased to be the legal guardian of Excelsior Nix. Mrs. Nix had supplanted him, and already her contract with the Midnight was in force.

It was a gala day for Mrs. Nix. Gone forever was the necessity for arduous labor and continuous skimping. She was sorry for Florian, of course; Florian had made this affluence possible, but even Florian had admitted to her that business was business and that she was justified in contracting with the Midnight should he be unable to fulfill his end of the contract with her.

But the real glee was present on the lot of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. President Orifice R. Latimer was patting his own back and congratulating himself on his astuteness. Not only had he secured a potential gold mine, but also he had outfought a man who had apparently secured a strangle hold. There was a long session of hearty handshaking and mibaid congratulations, and then Mrs. Nix and her youngster were sent for. They arrived in President Latimer's flivver coupé. The new continuity was ready; the company in costume. Orifice bustled forward to greet his juvenile asset.

"Well, well, well!" he enthused. "Heah we is at las'. I bids you good mawnin', Mis' Nix. A very good mawnin'." He stroked Excelsior's woolly head. "An' how is our chile progeny this mawnin'?"

Excelsior turned wide eyes upon the rotund figure of his boss, but no smile appeared on Excelsior's lips.

"Mawnin'," he murmured bashfully.

J. Cæsar Clump conducted Excelsior to the waiting set. Already Sake and Forsake was en route to New York and there was little time to lose on this new picture, in which Excelsior was to be featured.

Gently and kindly J. Cæsar—before the admiring and approving eyes of the organization—explained to little Excelsior the work which he was supposed to do in that particular scene.

"An' now," he finished, "le's see you try it."

"Huh?"

"Le's see you try it. You come in th'oo that do' yonder an' you see Mistuh Randall standin' there an' begin shootin' at him, see?"

"Huh?"

"C'mon now, Excelsior. Commence."

There was a breathless pause. Excelsior entered the door as per instructions. Then, quite without warning, he paused, seated himself forcibly, opened his lips and unleashed a wail of agony which could be heard all through the cavernous studio.

Consternation was writ large on the faces of those who gazed upon this phenomenon. Mrs. Nix rushed forward, cuddled Excelsior to her breast and demanded an explanation. Excelsior gave it vociferously.

"Ain't goin' to do it."

"Why, Excelsior; I don't understan' ——"

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' fo' these folks."

A chorus of protest and inquiry arose. Above it came the shrill childish treble, "I want Florian!"

Premonition smote Mr. Orifice R. Latimer.

"Says which, son?"

"I want Florian."

"Florian don't work heah. He's somewhere else."

"Don't want him somewhere else. I want he should be heah."

"But listen ——"

"Ain't goin' to listen an' ain't goin' to act unless Florian comes heah."

They argued with the child; they begged and pleaded and cajoled. Excelsior Nix was very youthful but firm. He howlingly insisted that he would not act unless Florian Slappey told him to; his shrieks when they informed him that Florian could never set foot in the studio were fairly awe-inspiring.

All day long they struggled with the boy; their nerves were rubbed cruelly at this newest and unkindest twist of circumstance. There were frantic conferences which started nowhere and ended at the same place.

At length they decided to call off work for the day and see what the morrow would bring forth.

It brought forth—and that was all. Excelsior shrieked more loudly, howled more piteously and bucked more stubbornly. And finally, in desperation, J. Cæsar Clump was dispatched in search of Florian Slappey. He found that gentleman practicing on one of the green baize tables at Bud Peaglar's place. Florian was very positive.

"Does Orifice Latimer crave to make talk with me he can do it his ownse'f."

"Well, all right. But come on down to the studjo."

"Any comin' which is done, Orifice puforms. Heah is where he will find me."

Two hours passed, and at length Orifice put in appearance. He explained to Florian that Excelsior refused to act without Mr. Slappey's guiding hand.

"Mistuh Latimer," grinned Florian, "I would suggest that you is plumb out of luck; because if Excelsior ain't gwine ac' without me, he suttinly ain't gwine act."

"What you mean, Brother Slappey?"

"I means just that, an' I ain't yo' brother."

"But s'posin' we pays you to come down an' git Excelsior to act fo' us. S'posin' we pays you cash money."

"Broke as I is, Mistuh Latimer—money don't mean nothin'."

"You got to come."

"Cain't nobody say got to me. You done me dirt, an' now I gits back at you."

"S'posin' our price ——"

"Woul'n't do nothin' fo' you was you to gimme the whole comp'ny."

That appeared to be final. There followed two days of heartache and ill temper. Excelsior proclaimed loudly that he loved Florian, would take orders only from Florian and would do nothing without Florian. The following morning a very humble Orifice Latimer again found Florian Slappey.

"Brother Slappey, us has got to have you."

"Ain't that sweet?"

"We is payin' Excelsior thutty dollars a week an' he not on'y ain't doin' nothin', but seems like he's gwine do less than that fum now on. We is desprit."

"Ain't it the troof?"

"Won't you come down to the studjo an' just see what you can do?"

Florian went. At sight of him the smile which was destined to become nationally famous shone from the child's countenance. Florian took him aside for a moment or two and held soft converse with him. Then he replaced Excelsior on the set and immediately the youngster went through his scene with all the ease and poise of a veteran and gifted actor.

Florian grinned, waved his hand and started for the door. Immediately Excelsior emitted another howl. Orifice clutched Florian's arm.

"Stick around, Brother Slappey. Pleuse stick around."

"This ain't my stickin' day."

"We needs you."

"Needs me ain't gits me. Bye-bye."

Florian departed. The hours which followed were filled with agony and misery and suffering and childish wails. Mrs. Nix informed all and sundry that it was beautiful how fond li'l' Excelsior was of Florian Slappey an' he most likely never would act without Florian.

Another day—and Orifice R. Latimer's sound business judgment suffocated his overweening pride and once again he found Florian.

His paunchy figure was shrunken with worry; he was face to face with the possibility of taking a dead and absolute loss on his thirty-dollar-a-week investment.

"But we have to have you, Florian. We is in an awful hole."

"Yeh, an' I hope the hole falls in on top of you."

"We aims to git you to come down an' take charge of Excelsior. We offers you a sal'ry."

"H'm! How much?"

"We-e-ell."

"When you uses that tone of voice, I see right away us ain't gwine do no business. An' just so there won't be no argument, I tells you right now that my price is thutty dollars a week on a one-year contract."

Orifice fell back aghast. "Boy! Silliness which you expounds. Thutty dollars a week!"

"Git out of heah, Orifice. Us ain't gwine make no talk with each other a-tall. Beat it!"

Orifice beat it. For two days he fumed and fretted and mourned. J. Cæsar Clump was desperate. Overhead was piling up, time was growing short, a new release date was rising like a specter to haunt them.

Eventually Orifice gave in. Florian Slappey was signed, on contract for one year and at a salary of thirty dollars a week, to see that Excelsior did his best as an actor.

Florian's very first day on the lot proved that, however expensive he might be, he was fully competent to carry out his end of the agreement. It was a day of sunshine and smiles and mountains of work. Excelsior was happy and tractable. At the conclusion of the day's work Orifice R. Latimer and J. Cæsar Clump came over and congratulated Florian.

"You kind of helt us up, Brother Slappey, but I think we all gits rich together. You suttinly has done noble, an' I thanks you. I guess you is gwine earn yo' thutty dollars a week."

Florian cocked his head on one side. "Where you git that thutty-dollars-a-week stuff at, Brother Latimer?"

Orifice was puzzled. "Ain't we payin' you thutty a week?"

"You suttinly is not. You is payin' me seventy-five a week."

"Foolishment what you talks!"

"Listen at me." Florian counted off on his fingers. "When I had Excelsior under

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"No liquid in it now—"

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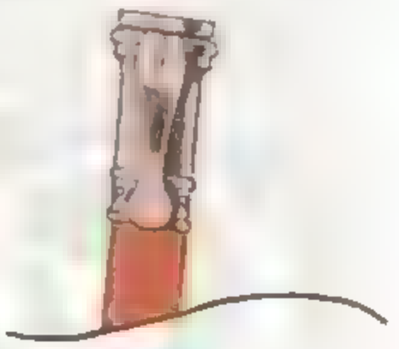

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contrac' I was payin' him fifteen dollars a week, wasn't I?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I ain't payin' that now, so tha's fifteen Ise makin', ain't it?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' out of the thutty a week I is now gittin', I don't have to pay Mis' Nix the fifteen I would of had to pay."

"Yeh."

"Well, tha's another fifteen I makes which I might of had to pay her, makin' thutty a week so far. An' the fifteen profit which is mine, figgerin' that my contrac' with Excelsior was still holdin' good—that makes forty-five a week I gits."

"But, Florian ——"

"Don't but me. Now all you got to do is to add to that forty-five a week, which I has esplained to you I is a'ready makin', the thutty dollars a week clear profit you is payin' me, an' you see that my job is wuth seventy-five dollars a week to Mistuh Florian Slappey!"

The two officials stared at each other. They had profound hunches that there was something wrong with Florian's mathematics, but to discover the flaw required several hours of pencil and paper. Orifice made a magnificent gesture of defeat.

"Was it seven hund'ed and fifty dollars, Florian, I says you is wuth it."

Florian met him more than halfway.

"I agrees with you hearty, Brother Latimer. An' I tells you somethin' else also: Li'l' Excelsior Nix is wuth ev'y cent that you pays."

"I'll say he is."

"In fact, I want to esplain that you don't know how good an actor that chile is, Brother Latimer. You remember when he yelled an' cried an' carried on fo' six days 'cause he woul'n't do no actin' without me'"

"I coul'n't forgit that, Florian."

"Well, don't, Brother Latimer; don't. 'Cause I want you to understand that when you seen Excelsior cuttin' up that way, you was seein' the finest piece of chile actin' which the world has ever knew."

Orifice put a pleading hand on Florian's arm

"'Splain to me, Brother Slappey."

"Well," obliged Florian, "it's thisaway. All the time you was keepin' Excelsior fum wukkin' to spite me, I was trainin' that chile to be a great actor. I was trainin' him to cry fo' me so as you folks would gimme a good job.

"An Ise heah to say that I never seen an actor act so good. Honest, Brother Latimer, you ought to feel proud of what a genius that boy is."

"I—I is proud, Florian. I is proud an' happy. But also, Florian"—and President Latimer shuddered—"I is the least little bit sick too."

CONFIDENTIAL; PLEASE DESTROY

(Continued from Page 19)

because the word is that Cyril Delorme the Male Vampire is coming by on the 7:45 and they want to see him. Why not wait till they come back?"

"That sounds logical," I said.

So Lady had me come into the parlor and sit down. She started to go out of the room, but I stopped her and explained what was bothering me.

"Well," Lady said, "what is the trouble about that? All you have to do is to speak to them and tell them what you want."

"Yes," I said, "I know it sounds simple; but I don't think I can say it so as to convince Netty or Mrs. Baker. They will probably tell me to go and get Roy Calhoun."

"What you need," Lady said, "is a little rehearsal. Why don't you start in and practice on me what you're going to say to them? I'll get behind the portières just outside the parlor so you can't see me and then I'll talk like Netty. That way you can feel it's the real thing."

It seemed reasonable, so I put myself in the big premium rocker while Lady hid herself the way she'd said.

Then I begun.

"Look here, Netty," I said.

"I'm looking right at you," Lady answered· "and believe me it's hard on the eyes."

It gave me a start, because her voice was exactly like Netty's on a certain previous occasion, and if I had not known it was Lady behind the curtain I would have been completely fooled.

"You ought not to answer like that," I told her, "because Netty has never talked that way to me; anyhow, not since the night six years ago when I brought her home from that high-school party."

"Well, perhaps I am rushing things a little," Lady said. "Go on with the interview and I will try to do better."

So I began again:

"Say, Netty."

"What is it, darling?" This time it was exactly in Netty's usual voice.

"Well, I have been thinking about our auto trip."

"What have you been thinking about it, Honey?" It was Netty to a T.

"Well, you know, Netty, I am very determined by character."

"Yes, I know all about that, Aftie. What have you determined on now?"

"Well, I have determined that three is not a good number for an auto trip and I would like to have a fourth person go along."

"Why do you want a fourth person, sweetie?"

By this time I had forgotten it was Lady who was listening and I went on as if I had been arguing with myself.

"Well, it would be somebody to talk to."

"Can't you talk to us? What is the matter with ma and me, sundae?"

"Well, yes," I said; "but I would like also to have somebody who can talk about something that I can talk about. Now, for instance, why not take along Lady?"

I had hardly said this when Lady jumped from behind the curtain and pulled it back and stood looking at me. Her eyes were very big.

"Honestly, Afton," she said, "how have you got the nerve to kid me like that?"

"I am not kidding you," I answered. "I didn't mean to say what I said. I only said it because I didn't think in time. But if you are interested in facts, well, then, you are the fourth person I would like to have along."

"Why should you want me along?" she said in a voice that was almost a whisper.

Before I knew what I was doing I had answered, "Lady, I would like to have you along because I like to be around wherever you are, and I will simply add that if things had not gone the way they have they would have gone a whole lot different."

"I still don't understand. You are engaged to Netty."

Well, there I was, Mr. Forman. If I had not been determined by nature I suppose I should have lied out of it. Instead of that I told the truth. Lady's hand trembled.

"How do you know you love me?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "there are some things a person knows without being told, and there are some things you can't prove even when they're true."

"Say again what you said first," she whispered.

So I said it again. Then she began to cry. It got me sort of sore.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "What did I say?"

She never answered a word, but when she took her hands off away from her face there was a look there I had never seen before. She had been crying all right, but her expression had become practically cheerful and her eyes were dancing.

"Well," I said, just to say something, "it is too late now for me to do anything about it."

"Yes," she said, "it is too late now for you to do anything about it. Your best move at present is to sit down and look at Netty's book of snapshots. There are some good pictures in it of Roy Calhoun."

The train with the Male Vampire was more than two hours late, so I did not see Netty till next day.

"What's the matter, Netty?" I said before beginning the conversation in reference to Pete Wheeler.

"What is the matter? Our automobile trip is spoiled, that's all."

"Spoiled? How so?"

"Well," she said, "a fourth party is going along."

"Who is this fourth party?" I asked.

"Who is the fourth party? Well, it's a scream. The fourth party is Lady."

I couldn't hardly believe my ears. "How come, I said, that Lady is going?"

"You'll have to ask somebody who knows," said Netty in a cross voice. "She must have spilled a sob story to Old Man Baker"—this is what Netty called her stepfather—"because he said we couldn't have the car unless Lady went along. The old comic must be getting polka dots on his brain."

III

WELL, Mr. Forman, you would be surprised at the change which now took place in Lady. I had got so accustomed to seeing her sad and pale and never dressed up that two days later, when I come across her at Bakers' with a new dress and a happy expression, I got all confused.

"Lady," I said, "you certainly look good."

"Is that a fact?" she fired back. "Then it is because I am happy."

"What are you happy about?" I now asked, just to say something.

"I am happy," Lady said, "because I am going to have a nice auto ride with Netty and Mrs. Baker."

When she got this off I made a kind of a pass at her. She ducked, but not quick enough, and there she was and there I was. Just for a joke, I started to try to kiss her, saying, "Well, it will be all right because you are practically my sister-in-law," or something like that. But I don't know, Mr. Forman, whether I actually said this or whether I was just going to say it. Anyhow, before I had a chance really to do much of anything somebody came down the hall.

We broke, and when Mrs. Baker opened the door Lady was standing off at one side of the room with me on the other. But we must have looked funny, because I could see Mrs. B suspected something.

The latter now went out, taking Lady with her, and when she came back for the second time her mouth was tight and decided. She began like this:

"Afton, Netty has been thinking something over, and since she is too shy to tell you about it herself, she has asked me to speak for her."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You see, Netty loves you very dearly," said Mrs. Baker.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"Well, Netty thinks it would be a very nice thing on the trip if the two of you should get married. Neither of us believes in elaborate weddings and there is danger in long engagements. That is why we will stop at some little town along the road and get the license and then have the nearest clergyman marry you. It will be very romantic."

I said "Huh?"

She said again, "It will be very romantic."

"Oh, yes," I remarked, "it will be very romantic all right."

"Well," Mrs. Baker observed, "you don't say that, Afton, as though you meant it." She passed me a grieved look and went out of the room.

Well, Mr. Forman, what did she expect me to say, anyhow? I knew where the trouble was. They did not understand what a determined character means to a man and they were afraid that Lady, being changed cheerful, might get me away from Netty. But I knew there was no danger of this, as I had already made up my mind to see the thing through, and I was not going to turn back.

But I had no time to brood over this conversation, because, Mr. Forman, a man who is getting ready to take three women on a camping trip is kept busy. Every day after finishing my regular job I would get to work borrowing, renting and buying our outfit, so I had about as much time to myself as a soda clerk in August. I never got to see anything at all of Lady, but now and again I saw almost too much of Netty and Mrs. Baker.

They were always saying, "Now, Afton, see to it that everything is comfortable. When Roy Calhoun took his trip last year he had every single detail right."

I could have answered that with a millionaire father the same as old man Calhoun I would probably be doing things the way Roy did. But I just closed my trap and sawed wood.

We arranged to start Friday noon, because I had been able to commence my vacation twenty-four hrs. ahead; but we did not get away from the house until almost three. This was because Netty did not know what hat to wear and Mrs. Baker started to tell one of the neighbors where we were going.

When finally we pulled out, looking more like a moving van than anything else, Netty was on the front seat with me, while Lady and Mrs Baker were in back. Nobody paid any attention to Lady, but Netty and her mother talked together and sometimes gave me a word.

Mrs Baker said, "We'll go to Pinkum tonight, because there's a good hotel there."

"Oh," I made the remark, "I thought this was a camping trip."

Netty put in, "You certainly wouldn't want us to sleep out in a swamp if there was a good hotel waiting. Last year when Roy Calhoun went he slept in hotels half the time."

At this point I almost said something, but thought better of it and didn't.

Pretty soon a long discussion started about whether Beryl Brilliant was better in The Heart Market than in Sahara Love. Mrs. Baker thought one way and Netty another. I don't know what Lady thought, because she didn't say, and I was too busy driving the car to think.

When this discussion ended, Netty broke out, "We ought to have started in the morning before the sun got so hot. That is what Roy Calhoun always did. Then when the heat of the day came on, instead of bouncing over a dusty road like this he would be taking it easy where it was cool. I was never so warm in all my life!"

When she made this last remark she threw out her arm so unexpected that I pretty near ran into the ditch.

"It is certainly stifling," Mrs. Baker chipped in. "I keep feeling as if I was going to faint."

By this time I was sort of sore, so I said if they wanted to we could stop the first time we came to some shade.

"No, no, don't stop," Netty said. "Get somewhere first. Besides, it's not the heat; it's the way you're driving. Why don't you go where it's smooth instead of bumping along like this? You ought to see the way Roy Calhoun drives."

Well, the next thing they got thirsty, and it was no ordinary water thirst either. What they wanted was melted fudge sundaes. Then they pretty near had a fight over whether Sparkle Glow wore the same dress in Icy Hearts that she used when she was the Hermit's Daughter in Passion Island

The result of this discussion was that at Porchison's Mill, instead of telling me to turn to the right, Netty said without looking at the road map at all, "The left—the left—I told you the left. For goodness' sake, stop interrupting!"

After about three-quarters of an hour running upgrade on a bad road I come to the conclusion that something was wrong. So did Netty. After she had pretty near wore her eyes out looking for Big Elm, Blacksmith Shop-Garage, and Fairfield Center, she turned around and said, "Well, I don't care where we are. I'm hungry and I'm going to eat. Stop the car."

I was for turning back, because it was after six and the sky looked bad; but Mrs. Baker was hungry, too, so we got ready for a picnic supper.

At that, Mr. Forman, things wouldn't have been so worse if the little gasoline stove hadn't been filled before we started. And that wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't sprung a leak. And that wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been set alongside the sandwiches and the cold roast chicken.

When Netty had found all this out she plumped down on the ground and said, "I'm through; it's somebody else's turn to raise their hand and get the meal."

I now laid off my coat and begun picking around for firewood.

"Don't stop there," Netty said. "Build the fire and make us some coffee. I believe men should do the work; that's what they're for."

"Sure," I said, and laughed.

When I laughed, Mr. Forman, it was not because I felt good-natured but because I

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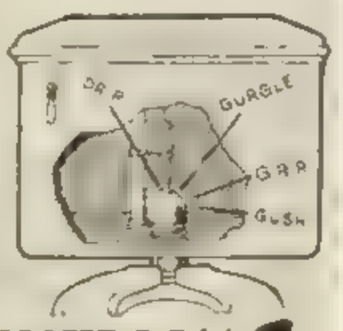

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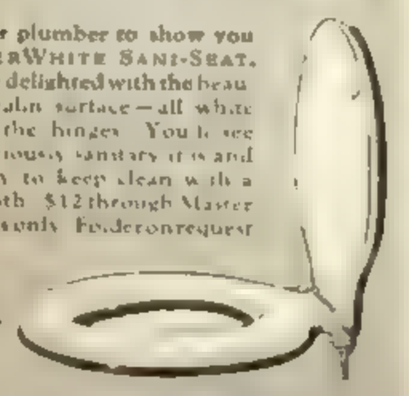

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have always made it a principle to laugh when I am getting sore. When I was out with Netty I used to be laughing most of the time.

"For goodness' sake, tie up that laugh!" Netty now said. "If you knew how foolish you looked you'd never do it again."

And Mrs. Baker said in a low voice, the same as if talking to herself, "There is nothing irritates me quite so much as a man hee-hawing. I always set him down as being trivial."

So I stopped laughing and dug a hole for the fire. Lady fetched some water from a spring, put it into the coffeepot and then begun feeling in my coat pockets.

"What are you after?" I asked her.

"The matches," she said.

"The matches are in my pants pocket," I replied.

Pretty soon the coffee was ready, and with some bread that had kept out of the gas, and a can of salmon, we managed to eat.

"Well," Netty said when we had finished, "if this is what you call camping in the woods, give me something else."

"Yes," her mother added, "some people might call this a supper. I call it starvation rations."

All I could think of was, "Well, we had better pack up and start, because it is late and the sky looks bad."

"For goodness' sake," Netty said, turning to the west where the clouds were hanging, "we're going to be drenched!"

"Not if I can help it," I said, putting on my coat again and beginning to crank up.

Mr. Forman, I don't know if you have ever been stalled in a rainstorm with three women looking to you to start the car, but that is what happened to me. I suppose I must have got nervous, because otherwise I would have found out what the matter was right from the beginning.

I took off the brakes, primed the engine, shifted the spark and worked the crank until my arm was coming off, while all the time the rain slid nearer and nearer, and more and more remarks were to be heard about how Roy Calhoun would have done it. Once or twice, to keep from kicking the engine into the middle of next month, I would break into a quiet laugh, and as often as I did I would hear Mrs. Baker say in a low voice, "You will need to keep an eye on him after you are married. A man who can laugh in the face of the present emergency is not really serious."

Mr. Forman, I was a human rag when finally I discovered what the matter was. I had not thought to put in the key and turn same.

"Well, there is some hope if you have found out what is wrong," said Mrs. Baker. "Now we can all have a good laugh together."

Up to this time I had been nervous, but I had not really been scared. Now, all of a sudden, I felt myself getting weak in the legs. And the reason was, Mr. Forman, that the key was lost. It was not on the floor of the car; it was not in my pockets; as far as I could see it was not anywhere. I looked around in all the likely places and then I went behind some bushes and shook out my clothes, but still there was no sign of that key. By this time the first drops of the rain had begun to land, big and heavy as bullets. The real shower was perhaps half a mile away and coming closer every minute.

"Why don't you do something?" Netty yipped. "Are you going to leave us here all night?"

Then I played my last card, trying to short-circuit the wires under the dash. But I had never tackled this before and same would not work. By this time I was as wet as water could make me. Inside, they were dry but peevish—that is, all except Lady. She never said anything at all.

"Well," Netty said, "I don't suppose you want us to camp here in this mud puddle. We'll cover up with the coats and the curtains and get to that farmhouse and spend the night. Afton, the best place for you would be right here with the car."

I am as good a sport as anybody, Mr. Forman; but after being treated like that I wouldn't have spent the night in the farmhouse if I had had an engraved invitation. So, after seeing that they had beds to sleep in, I started back to the bus.

Netty said, "Tomorrow morning you get up good and early and look up the nearest garage and find somebody who knows something about automobiles."

Mrs. Baker said, "Afton, you need to take measures to get over that terrible laughing habit of yours. In my opinion that is what makes you breathe through your mouth, and there is nothing like mouth-breathing to deaden the intelligence."

Lady didn't say anything at all, but I remembered afterward she gave me a kind of peculiar smile.

IV

WELL, Mr. Forman, after monkeying some more with the batteries and stopping now and then to laugh, I finally climbed into the old sardine can and curled up on the back seat. It was about an hour before I finally went to sleep, and even then I kept waking up every fifteen minutes. The last time it was full daylight and I could feel a hand shaking me.

"Here is Netty or Mrs. Baker," I thought, "come to tell me to beat it to the nearest garage."

Then I yanked off the blanket and looked around. It was Lady.

"Hello, Lady," I said. "Well, you can go back and tell 'em I'm off to find somebody to tinker up the car."

"Oh," Lady said, "that won't be necessary."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said, "here's the key."

She held out her hand and there it was.

When I got through examining same, I said, "Yes, that is the key all right. Where did you find same?"

"Over there under the big oak."

I just looked at her.

"Lady," I said, "last night after you were all gone I figured out every step I took before missing the key and I never passed near that big oak once. What's more, I'll tell you just how you got the key," because at last I had begun to see the truth. "You found it in my coat pocket when you said you were looking for matches. Is that or is that not a fact?"

She hung her head, but didn't say anything.

"Well, why did you do it?" I now demanded very severe.

"Afton," she said in a low voice, "to be a young girl like myself without any determination is not easy, especially when this young girl finds herself in company with a determined character like you."

"Go on," I said pretty gruff.

"Well, Afton, I could see you getting more and more angry all the time, and after what you said about your feelings for me I was afraid you might be so sore at poor Netty that you would tell me to get in beside you on the front seat, and my character being what it is, I knew I shouldn't have the strength to resist."

I said nothing, but took the key, fitted it, turned it, cranked up, and pretty soon the engine begun to chatter.

"Oh, it is going!" she said. "I'm afraid to stay here alone with you a minute longer."

"What are you afraid of?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "if you should want to take me away for a ride before breakfast, Netty and Mrs. Baker would think you were paying them back for the way they treated you last night."

"Well, I am going to take you for a ride before breakfast," I said with a kindly smile; "but not for that reason. I am going to take you because I want to talk a little while to a sensible person. And being as I have made up my mind to do this, you had better hop in and not talk back."

She tried to pull away, but I had grabbed hold of her arm; and pretty soon we were rolling along, headed for that fork in the roads where we had turned the wrong way.

The car ran fine. Lady didn't say a word, but she just kind of leaned against me and I could feel her arm warm against mine. Now and then she would say, "Oh, Afton, look," and she would touch one of my hands with hers.

When we reached the crossroads she straightened up all of a sudden.

"Well, here is far enough. I hope you have not made up your mind to go any farther. As I said, I am always frightened when I am with you because you are so determined."

"You can stop being frightened," I replied, "because I would not willfully hurt any living creature; but you can bet a new hat

that we are going farther and a lot farther. So sit still and don't talk about going back."

She gave a little scared cry, then settled down where she had been before, but leaning her head on my shoulder.

We were just easing into Merton when all of a sudden she yelled, "Oh, Afton, stop!"

I stopped.

"Look back there on the fence. What do you see?"

"I don't see anything except a brass sign."

"On that brass sign it says Pastor. Probably it is the pastor of that church we passed on that other corner. We'd better go back and speak to him, because if everything is all right, you can get married there this morning."

Mr. Forman, did anybody ever hit you over the head with a club when you weren't looking? Well, such was the feeling I had when Lady made that remark. For half an hour and more I had forgotten that anybody like Netty existed, and here all of a sudden it was brought back to me, and also the fact that I was slated to marry her.

In a dumb way I climbed out of the car and with Lady walked to the pastor's residence. It was still early in the morning, but he was out with his lawn mower. When he noticed us at the gate he left his mower and came to where we were standing.

I said, "Reverend ——" And then my throat dried up and I could not get another word out.

So Lady put in, "Reverend, we have come to see you about getting married."

The reverend did not seem to be at all surprised, but, wiping the sweat off his forehead, replied as follows:

"Matrimony is a state recommended to all, and I can give no better advice to a young man and a young woman who love each other than to commit same, because I do not believe in long engagements. In case you are not provided with a license, you can get one at the courthouse on the corner of Main and Fifth Street, but you will have to wait till quarter of nine. Well, I will change my clothes so as to be ready when you come back."

When we started again Lady pulled out her handkerchief and put it up to her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "what a terrible thing I have done! He thinks we are going to be married to each other and I am just on pins and needles for fear you will get the same idea into your head. You are so determined and if you should determine to change your mind I don't know what would happen."

Mr. Forman, whether you believe me or not, at this very minute, while I was turning out of the way so as to avoid puncturing a milk cart, I could feel my mind change! I saw I was now just as determined to marry Lady as before I had been determined to marry Netty, and even more so.

"Oh," Lady said, "I am afraid of you."

"You have got good right to be," I replied.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"My mind is made up," I said, "so it is useless to argue. I am going to marry you."

She gave a little squeal.

"Oh, no, Afton, you must not get any such idea into your head. Think of Netty and Mrs. Baker. Can't you see how they talk to you now? Why, they look on you already as one of the family and they talk to you just the way they talk to my father."

"That makes no difference to me," I told her in a determined voice, "and there is no use trying to influence my opinion at this late date. I have made up my mind and that is all there is to it."

Lady said, "It is ridiculous for a poor weak girl like me to try to stand out against a determined character like you. What has to be has to be. Well, we will get somebody to take the car back to Netty and Mrs. Baker, and at the same time we will send them a nice bunch of flowers to show there are no hard feelings. Oh, there is the courthouse."

So now you will understand, Mr. Forman, why it is I would like to get a job in some other town, because probably you know what in-laws are; and I hope you will consider what I have written confidential and act on my application favorable. And I can only add that right after we left the courthouse Lady pointed to a sign in front of a barber shop and said, "It is a pity Netty is not here, because tonight we can see Aimée Désirée in Love's Secret."

"Yes," I said, "we can, but we won't."

And we didn't.

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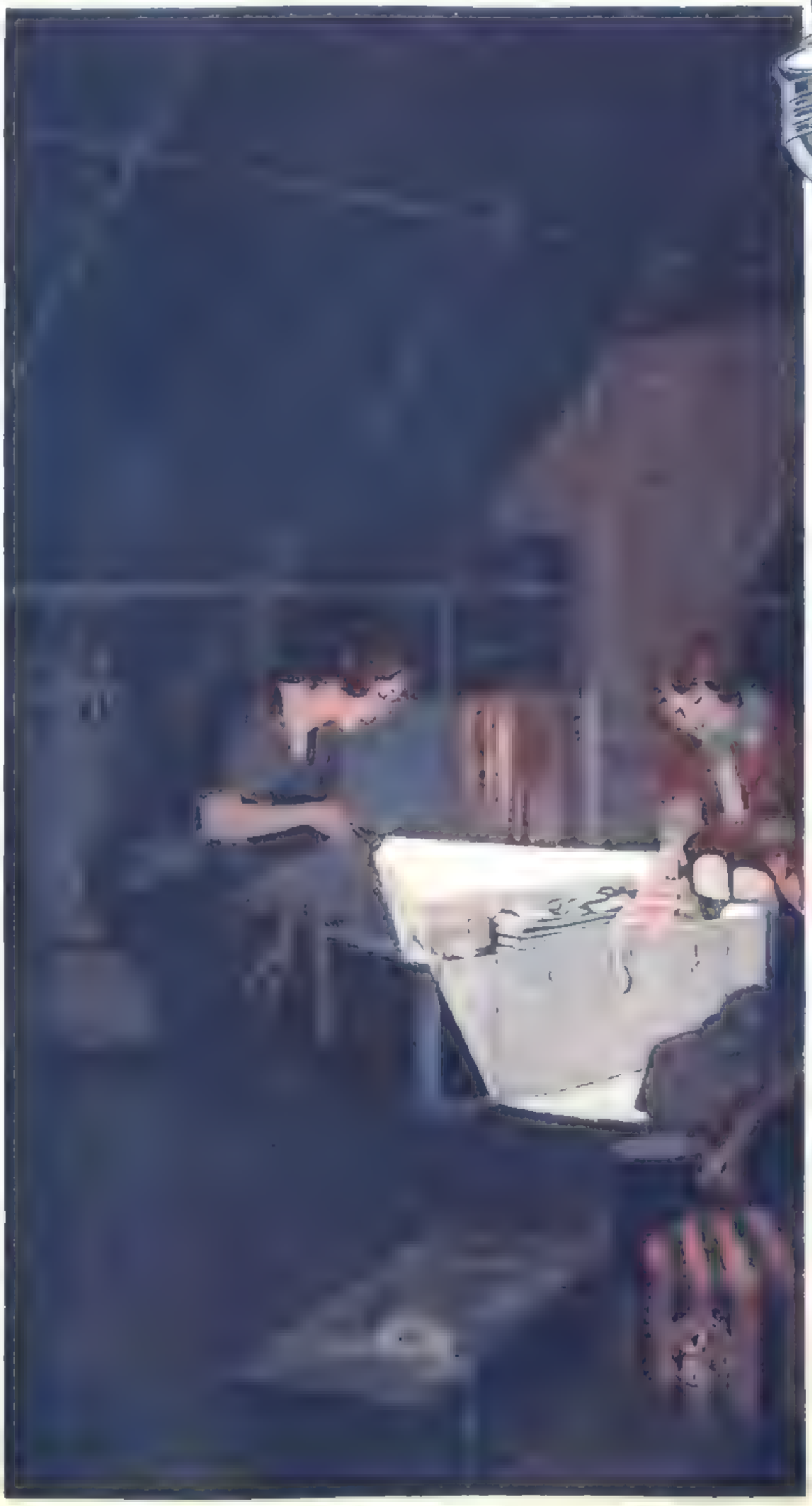

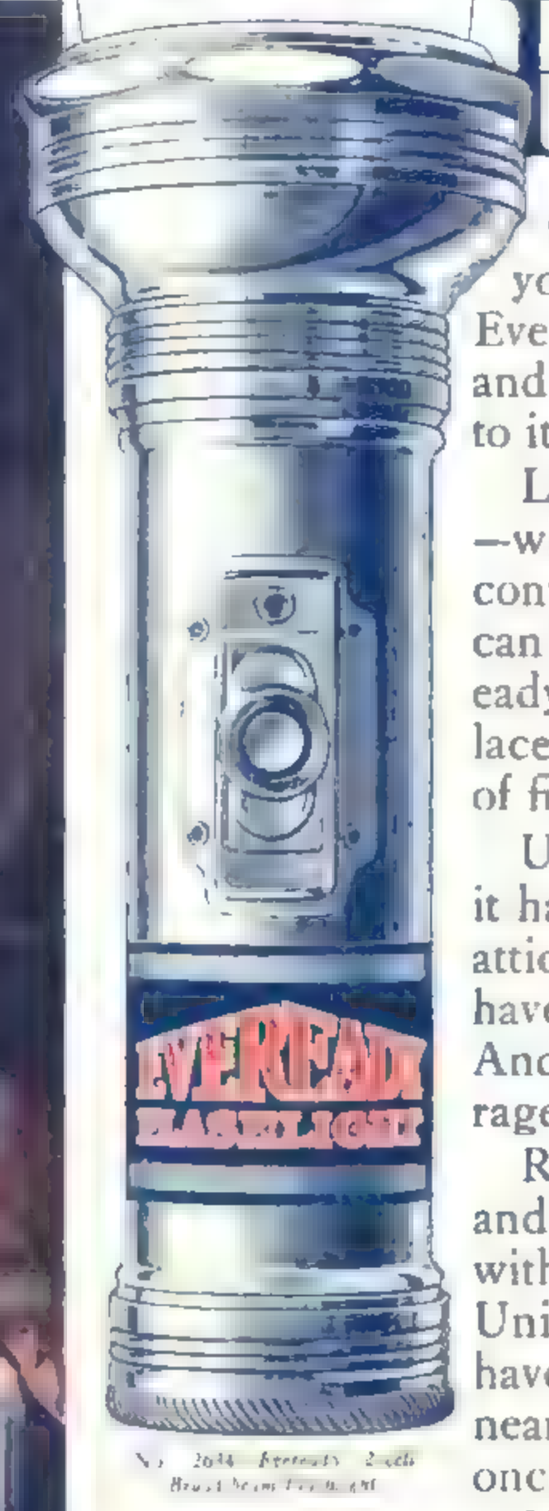

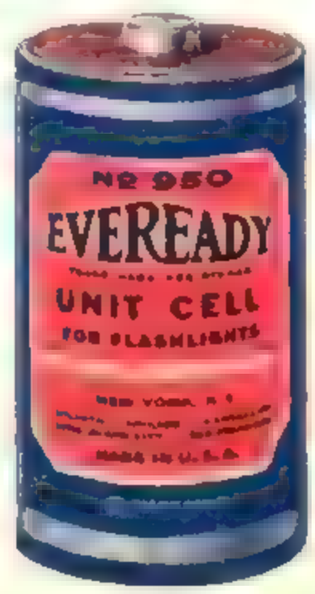

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THE MISSING ATTRIBUTE

Continued from Page 9

She hesitated, torn between loyalty to Lucy and kindness toward him, then yielded to the latter impulse. "You go to bed," she advised. "You're not used to this particular kind of barbarity. Get into a warm bed and take care of yourself. Lucy's been doing this sort of thing all her life; but you haven't. She thinks no one ever catches cold in the woods because she never does; but if I know the signs, you're in for a good one."

"Hope not," he replied. "I hate to put a wet blanket on things." He sneezed again, wiped his dripping eyes. "I guess I'm a liability, all right," he confessed.

"Take my advice and go to bed."

"I expect you're right; but I'll come down for dinner. Quite an appetite this sort of thing gives you, you know."

She watched him go up the stairs with faintly commiserating eyes; and half an hour later when they sat down at dinner she saw that there was no escape for him. He was a distressing spectacle; and even Lucy at last told him he had best go to bed and take care of himself. In spite of her patent effort to be sympathetic he felt the scorn in her tones; but the strength was gone out of him and he was past being heroic. He even submitted to a hot-water bottle which Aunt Fanny took up to him, but he went miserably to sleep at last, quite sure what Lucy must be thinking.

A cold was no light matter for Dean at any time. Next morning the sun was shining, and he tried to get up but found himself so weak and shaken that the feat was beyond his strength. So all that day he lay abed, submitting to the ministrations of Aunt Fanny. Lucy might have been more sympathetic if Aunt Fanny had not been at hand to remind her that this was just what she had predicted would happen. Rather than confess she had been wrong Lucy chose to leave Dean severely alone; and in midforenoon she went fishing, with Fryor to handle the canoe. They took a few trout, working the canoe slowly up the meandering brook which flowed into the lake near the camp; and the guide, watching critically from the stern, now and then offered Lucy instruction in the proper handling of the fly.

"Let it go for a point about three feet above the water," he reminded her; "then it'll settle down light and easy." Or: "Drop it in above that low branch. Cast kind of sidewise so it will swing around and in."

Lucy, who had taken trout before she was six years old, nevertheless knew that Fryor was an expert in the art and accepted his suggestions gratefully. They discussed the points he raised, and at length, having taken as many fish as the camp could use, stopped and landed on a little sandy point while he demonstrated how the thing should be done.

"You don't hit where you aim at," he reminded her, and took as his mark a lily pad some thirty feet away, dropping the fly lightly upon the pad or just beside it with almost monotonous accuracy. She tried to do as well and failed; and they laughed together at her failures.

When it was near noon she reminded him that they must turn back. He nodded, swung the bow of the canoe for her to enter, then reversed the craft and himself got in at the stern. As he dipped his paddle he said, "We never go up this brook above here, but I went up about a half mile last week, and there's some fishing up there that beats this."

"In the brook?" she asked.

"There's a spring hole in a deep pool," he explained. "Like a dead water. Big trout lie there. I was there one evening, and they wouldn't take a thing; but I come up afterwards toward noon, and they took a dry fly like they'd been waiting for it. Day 'bout like this. Warm and still."

She said, "Can't we go up?"

"They'll be looking for us back," he reminded her.

"Aunt Fanny never expects me till she sees me," she assured him. "How far is it?"

"We'd have to carry about twenty rod or so," he explained. "Take us half an hour to get up there. It's the right time of day though. I got some bacon and cornbread, and we can cook some of these trout."

She decided that they should go forthwith. At the end of the carry they came out upon the dead water he had described. "The spring hole's in the upper end," he explained, paddling that way. But the trout were not rising; so he suggested that they eat lunch first; and they landed upon a jutting ledge, where he built a small fire and split trout and larded them with bacon for broiling above the bed of coals already forming. Lucy watched him with that admiration which his efficiency always evoked. He burned, it seemed to her, only half a dozen twigs; they gave forth no smoke at all; yet the fish were perfectly cooked.

"Often as I've done that," she confessed, "I either have to make a big fire or eat my trout half cooked. You make it look so ridiculously easy."

"It's in the know-how," he told her, grinning. A trout broke the surface of the pool above them, and the swirl caught his eye and he pointed. "Go try him," he suggested. "You can reach him from here. There ain't much current to carry the fly; but they don't seem to mind that."

But her fly struck the water too smartly; and the trout paid it no heed, sulking on the bottom. The guide shook his head. "Can't get 'em that way," he advised. "Take it in and wait a spell. I'll show you."

Under his tutelage she presently took two trout, one of a pound or better, the second almost three times as large; then changed her fly for one with a barbless hook and for an hour had good sport, learning by her own mistakes.

Twice she thought the fish had stopped rising, yet each time Fryor, dropping the fly as delicately as a falling leaf upon the mirror of the pool, seduced them into striking again.

When, in the late afternoon, they went indolently homeward, the canoe scarce breaking the still surface of the water, she found herself curiously charmed by the economy and perfection of all the guide's actions. He knew his part so perfectly, knew so well each small device and means calculated to secure the ends toward which he aimed. He was the master craftsman, and as such he commanded, as he had commanded in the past, from Lucy an interest which she had often told herself reassuringly was no more than his due. Simple adequacy has a definite beauty and charm. Fryor was adequate to his task; he knew his business, and Lucy rated very highly such proficiency as was his. She had seen other guides; knew that even among his fellows he was credited with more than ordinary skill. She liked him too. He had perhaps a childish satisfaction in displaying his abilities; but that was no more than to be expected. He was, after all, a simple person, lacking sophistication, ignorant of the convention that one must deprecate one's virtues.

And why should he not be proud of doing well what it was his business to do? She found herself vaguely sorry for him because he was, after all, a guide and nothing more. He could have done other things as well as he made fires, pitched tents, cooked trout or built a balsam bed. Had lacked only the opportunity. She thought such a man as he was would have met any tasks successfully; found herself, abruptly, contrasting him with Dean Ward, who did well enough the things he had to do, but who outside his own world was so pitifully—so ridiculously—helpless. A person with a cold in the head is always ridiculous. Absurd of Dean to get sick as soon as they arrived here! She faintly resented his doing so, as though his defection had been deliberate; then imagined the guide transferred to Dean's world, and told herself that Fryor could do as well as Dean the things Dean did best.

No doubt he danced when he chose; people danced everywhere. She wondered who were the girls with whom he danced; thought of robust and simple damsels, thought he must at times have danced with others less simple. The thought lent him a faintly sinister charm. There was, she supposed, a physical vigor and exuberance about dancing as he knew it which might not be countenanced in the circles with which she was more familiar. She had not enough experience to know that it is only the circumspect who can afford to be audacious; and the stiff decorum of the dances Fryor knew would have surprised her.

Knowing nothing of the truth, she was free to build from her imagination a romantic background for the romantic figure of the guide. He was, she decided, handsome; much better-looking than Dean, for instance; and she turned in the canoe to speak to him and scrutinize his bronzed countenance, and so confirmed this opinion. Having turned, she watched the easy power of his paddle strokes; and she was reminded of her intention to take the two-day trip downstream to Fishkill Lake, and spoke to him about it. He nodded gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Miss Marner wrote me."

"Have you been down this year?" she asked.

He shook his head. "There's been logs in the river. They're just gone out."

"The water's still high, isn't it? Higher than I've ever seen it?" He nodded. "I've always wanted to be here when the water was high enough to run the Rips above the lake," she said.

He smiled. "High enough now," he assured her, "if you're used to it."

"We'll try it, won't we?" she suggested.

"See when we get there," he replied. "I can take you through all right, if you feel that way."

"I know you can," she told him, and smiled. "I'd be willing to trust you anywhere in a canoe, Jack."

"I can handle one pretty good," he agreed honestly, and she thought his candor amusing and appealing as a child's.

Dean was in bed when they got home. Aunt Fanny met Lucy on the wharf and told her so. "He wanted to get up," she explained, "but I wouldn't let him. But he's better, getting along all right. I guess he can be up tomorrow."

"I hope his nose won't be so red," Lucy remarked.

And her aunt said coldly, "He can powder it, no doubt, if it distresses you."

Lucy smiled at the older woman's tone. Fryor was getting the fish out of the canoe and she stood by to watch and count and tally them. Then she and Miss Marner went up to the camp together. Dean did not come down for dinner, and Lucy left him severely alone. She was irritated and impatient with him; his surrender to adversity produced in her a feeling of guilt; she felt herself to blame, and tried to down this feeling by cudgeling her anger against him.

"I hope he'll get up tomorrow," she remarked. "We ought to start for Fishkill the day after."

"You'll have a sick young man on your hands if you don't go slowly," Aunt Fanny warned her.

Lucy shook her head. "Ridiculous. Nothing but a cold. If he'd get out of doors he'd shake it off. Jack says we can run the Rips, with the water as high as it is."

"Run the Rips? Don't be absurd, Lucy."

"You don't need to try it if you don't want to, dear," Lucy told her. "You're a little old for that perhaps."

"I've been coming to Bowlders for twenty years," the older woman reminded her, "and I've seen the Rips almost every year, but I never saw anyone go through them."

"You've always been here late in the summer. There's more water now. Jack has been through ever so many times."

"I've heard Jack's repertoire," the other retorted. "There's nowhere he hasn't been and nothing he hasn't done."

"There are so many places he hasn't been," Lucy protested thoughtfully. "That's the tragedy of such a man, Aunt Fanny." She added seriously, "I was thinking this afternoon, if he'd had a chance, had the advantages Dean has had, what a fine man he would be. I'm sorry for him."

"I'm sorry for you," Aunt Fanny retorted. "Jack's a good guide, and that's all that can be said for him."

"He does, and does well everything life calls on him to do," Lucy insisted. "No man can do more than that, and most men do less."

"I imagine even Jack has his limitations."

"If he has I've never discovered them," Lucy replied. She felt the criticism in her aunt's tone, and her own was defiant. "I like him ever so well," she declared.

Miss Marner looked at her niece critically. "There are times," she announced, "when I have my doubts about you, Lucy."

Lucy smiled. "There are times," she confessed, "when I have my doubts about myself."

It was perhaps merely coincidence that as she spoke her eyes turned toward the

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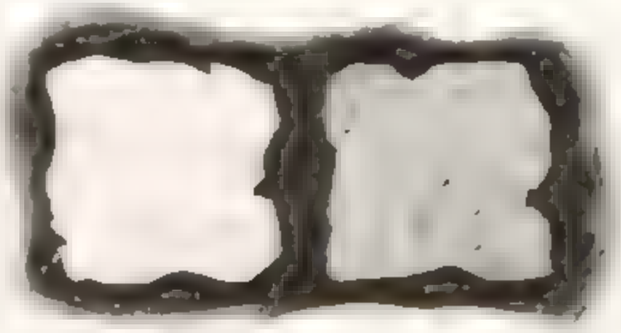
Surface appearance of bathroom fixtures after a few months



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stairs. The older woman thought it was more than coincidence; and there was faint concern in her countenance. But she decided it was best to say no more.

The trip from Bowlders, down the stream that formed the outlet of the pond, to Fishkill Lake was for Dean a long and terrible ordeal. On the second day at Bowlders he had come downstairs and ventured out of doors. A baking sun offered grateful warmth, and he permitted it full play upon his hatless head and bare arms. The result was that at the end of the day he was painfully burned, and his carelessness and susceptibility provoked Lucy to fresh scorn of him. Aunt Fanny's ministrations with cold cream and other balms failed to avert the ensuing torment; and when he took his seat in the bow of one of the canoes for the start of the journey his arms were so tender that he could not bear to rest them along the gunwales. They hurt continually and definitely. He had rolled down his sleeves; and he assured Lucy, when she inquired, that they did not bother him. But though he might deceive her he could not deceive himself; and he twisted in long discomfort all that morning.

To make matters worse, the rhythmic sway and surge of the canoe under the impulse of the guide's paddle provoked him to something approximating seasickness, and at the noon landing his head was swimming and he was deathly pale. The day's journey was to be a long one, so Fryor, as caterer, had planned a luncheon easily prepared. They had tea and canned hash; and the salty taste of the hash revolted Dean so that he could eat no more than a mouthful. The tea was strong and bold, as woods tea is apt to be; it puckered his tongue.

It did nothing to mitigate his unhappiness that Lucy was evidently enjoying herself. Fryor paddled her canoe and kept at the head of the little procession; occasional snatches of their conversation and the sound of Lucy's laughter floated back to Dean's ears. The arrangement had the advantage that it left him to suffer in silence; yet he was uneasy at the obvious pleasure she found in the guide's company. His seasickness persisted all afternoon; and it was accentuated when they struck some moderately fast water, in which the canoe swayed and tilted precariously, slid sidewise down appalling slants, swung at the last possible moment to avoid sunken rocks, darted forward or checked and floated almost motionless in a brief stretch of dead water. The experience was new and strange to Dean. He was not a timorous young man, but he had imagination, and the water which occasionally touched his hand at the gunwale was icy. He knew quite well that if the canoe overturned, his cold would be revived and intensified by the wetting.

The long glare of the sun on the water was almost intolerably hot; it burned through his shirt and scorched his shoulders; and the light beat upon his eyeballs till they ached, beat through his lids when he closed his eyes. When at last they drew ashore to make camp for the night his legs were unsteady, he tottered painfully up the steep bank and collapsed upon a rock; and it was already too late for him to take a hand when he perceived that Lucy was stoutly helping carry the dunnage from the canoes.

Aunt Fanny came and sat beside him to lend him countenance; she said the day had been a hard one, hot and uncomfortable; she suggested encouragingly that this particular camp site was a good one. No stagnant water near, not much fear that the mosquitoes would be bad. "Of course, there are always black flies," she confessed. The confession was suggested by his movement. He had felt a sharp burning pain on the back of his hand, and stared at the spot, then slapped spasmodically at a tiny winged thing ridiculously small and inadequate to be the cause of such a smart.

Lucy came and stood before them, cool and impersonal. "Tired, Dean?" she asked.

He smiled ruefully. "I'm about as useless as I expected to be," he confessed.

She hesitated. "You'll like it better tomorrow," she suggested then; and after a moment's hesitation turned back toward where the guides were busy.

They had spread the dining fly and built the table; now were putting up the sleeping tents while the cook began his preparations for supper. One of the men came out of the wood with a great mound of boughs crisscrossed along his ax handle and slung upon his shoulder, much as a farmer carries a fork load of hay. He began distributing them to make a bed in one of the tents. Lucy watched critically; and Dean, recovering his strength, rose and went toward her.

"Interesting, isn't it?" he remarked.

She nodded. "They do it so easily," she said. "Jack makes a much better bed in twenty minutes than I can manage in two hours."

He studied the process. "The trick seems to be to lay the boughs like shingles," he commented.

"It's easy to watch them," she agreed. Fryor had just entered the tent with a load of boughs, small and soft as fern, and her eyes were upon him. "But when I try it I never seem to have enough boughs, no matter how many I have."

The beds done, their dunnage bags were stowed in the appropriate tents; and Dean rummaged in his for toothbrush and soap and towel. Making his ablutions upon a flat stone by the edge of the stream he slipped in and wetted his right foot; and when he looked around, hoping the mischance had been unobserved, it was to discover that Fryor had seen and was grinning with amusement. "Wet yourself, did you?" the guide called; and Dean blushed with shame as though publicly accused and convicted of crime. He thought Fryor took a malicious pleasure in publishing his awkwardness; and he began to dislike Fryor, to dislike the guide's easy efficiency, his tireless power, and the vague and impudent assurance of his manner.

Later, while he and Lucy and Aunt Fanny ate supper—beefsteak and potatoes, hot biscuits and sirup, coffee with condensed milk—Fryor and one of the other guides waited upon them and Fryor joined easily in the conversation, eventually dominating it so that he and Lucy talked together as though Aunt Fanny and Dean had been elsewhere.

Later, when they went to bed, Dean found that Fryor was to share his tent. Dean was suffering from indigestion. He was in acute discomfort, black flies pricked him, a swarm of mosquitoes—in spite of Aunt Fanny's assurance—sang about his head; and the guide, apparently oblivious of these pests, lay beside him and talked. His talk was of things he had done, feats he had performed; he advertised himself with a curiously irritating confidence that he was entertaining his auditor; and Dean reached the point of wanting to strangle the man.

Then Fryor drew his blankets over his head and went to sleep and snored; and long after the camp was still Dean lay awake, listening to the silence, starting at each small sound, imagining a thousand movements in the night about him, and slapping hopelessly at the tormenting insects. Now and then he looked at his watch; now and then he almost slept. At last the chill of the night drove him to endure the smothering of blankets upon his head, and with the insects thus shut out he managed to sleep.

He awoke in the gray dawn to find the mosquitoes reënforced by new hordes, the black flies at their business with new efficiency. No one else was astir; but he could not lie still, so he got up and went quietly outside the tent. The insects leaped upon him with exultant ardor, tormenting him unbearably. He remembered reading or hearing that tobacco would drive them away; but to smoke before breakfast made him ill, so that he had to deny himself this solace. Then he thought of a smudge and tried to light a fire, but in the morning damp even paper refused to burn. His persistent efforts produced smoke enough; but the smoke had no result save to irritate his eyes and to awaken Lucy. She called to him softly at last.

"Are you cold, Dean? Not enough blankets?" Her voice was low, so as not to awaken the others, and she came out, and at the first trial got a little blaze started. "There's a trick to it," she explained. "You'll learn by and by." Her tone was not reassuring.

Their voices roused Fryor, and presently the camp was astir. Dean thought he must have waked them all from sound sleep. It did not occur to him that, as a matter of routine, dawn was the rising hour. He blamed himself, but had the wit not to apologize.

He was sufficiently uncomfortable; but he strove not to inflict his own discomforts upon the others, managed an amiable countenance and a smile even while his teeth chattered in the damp cool airs of morning and his nerves jangled at the continued assaults of the mosquitoes.

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102)

But he could not bring himself to leave the fire, and huddled by it, hungrily absorbing the odor of coffee and bacon till Fryor said to him, "Breakfast be ready in a minute now, if you want to wash up."

Dean was usually sufficiently fastidious, but he would this morning have sacrificed his meticulous habits for the sake of staying by the fire if he had not seen Lucy and Miss Marner returning from the stream's edge. Then, with too much zeal, he tried to shave in cold water, and raked his chin till it was raw. Breakfast call found him only half ready; he had the humiliation of being late, arrived to find the others almost finished.

It was a relief when by and by they were in the canoes and under way again. At least he had his misery to himself, need inflict it on no one else. He tried to settle himself into a mood of stoical endurance. After all, there was only a fortnight of this. Then he could go back to comfort and security again.

Aunt Fanny and Lucy, in their tent that night, discussed his case in lowered tones. Aunt Fanny approved of Dean. "There never was a young man any more miserable," she declared. "But he hasn't sulked, nor been irritable; he can always manage to grin, even at himself."

"I would have more respect for him if he raised a row," Lucy contrarily commented. "I wouldn't care much for a man that was willing to take things lying down."

"He didn't want to come, and he's miserable, now he's here; but he's doing his best not to spoil your pleasure. If you ask more than that of him you're unreasonable," the older woman urged.

"He'd enjoy it himself if he'd let go," Lucy argued. "But he expected to be miserable, and he's too stubborn not to be."

"I don't think he's just pretending to be sunburned," Aunt Fanny argued sarcastically. "And I don't think he's affecting that cold. And the lumps and spots on his hands and face look to me very much like real bites. If he's just stubborn he's a very clever actor, and his make-up is wonderful. Give him credit for that, my dear."

"I hope he doesn't keep it up the whole trip," Lucy retorted.

"It might help a little if you'd give him a kind word now and then," the older woman suggested. "Whether you're in love with him or not, Lucy, he's your guest, you know. It would be courteous, if nothing more, to treat him with some little consideration. As much as you show Jack, for instance."

"Jack deserves it," Lucy replied stubbornly. "He's a wonder. I like any man that knows his job and does it. He's a man."

"He's a guide," Aunt Fanny reminded her. "And Dean's a business man. You might remember they're on Jack's ground, before you compare them."

"I guess it would be the same anywhere," Lucy said, a little sorrowfully. "Whatever Jack had to do, he'd do. Dean can only do the things he knows; that's all."

There was a momentary silence; then the other said, "Well, I can only remind you again that it's a part of your duty as hostess to be nicer to Dean."

"I'll try very hard to remember," Lucy curtly replied; and they spoke no more that night at all.

That camp was on the upper end of the Rips. They had halted in late afternoon and come ashore; and, since there was time to spare, Lucy and Fryor walked downstream to see the state of the water in the rapids. The other guides were busy making camp. Lucy had never seen the water so high. The current tore and swirled among great bowlders, raced cruelly over gravel bars, swung and turned and boiled. In the ordinary summer, when the water was lower, it was customary for passengers to walk along the path beside the stream while the guides waded, dragging the canoes down the shallows.

"But she's high enough to run now," Jack announced.

Lucy looked at him thoughtfully. "Sure?" she asked. "It looks pretty hard, to me."

He chuckled and spat. "I been through worse places," he declared. "'Course a man might get in trouble if he didn't know how; but I could take you through."

She studied the water again and felt her pulse lift a beat. "It would be wonderful," she said.

"Well, we'll run 'em then," he replied.

She hesitated, then abruptly nodded with decision. "In the morning," she agreed. "All right. If you say you can."

"Sure I can," he told her.

So they turned back to camp, and Lucy told Dean and Aunt Fanny what she meant to do. Dean listened without comment; but he went down the path to study the swift water. Aunt Fanny made instant and vehement protest; found Lucy immovable, and threatened at last to forbid the guide's attempting the feat. At supper they still continued the discussion. Miss Marner's hand was strengthened by the reluctant confession of the other guides that they held themselves incompetent for the attempt. They did not venture to contradict Fryor. "He's a good man," they agreed. "Jack can do it prob'ly. But I wouldn't want to tackle it myself."

In the end it was agreed that the dunnage should be carried around the Rips, and the other canoes as well, while Jack and Lucy ran the swift water in his canoe. He amended this by saying he would take enough of the luggage to give his canoe proper weight and balance. Dean took no part in the discussion. Before dark he had walked the length of the Rips and back again; and it seemed to him impossible that any craft so frail as a canoe could weather them; but he knew his own ignorance, silenced his fearful misgivings and held his tongue.

Next morning at breakfast Aunt Fanny made a further effort to prevent the attempt; but Fryor with the engaging impudence characteristic of the young man, laughed her into silence, into a reluctant acquiescence. "I never put a canoe on a rock yet," he reminded her, "nor ever tipped one over. I'm too old to start doing them tricks now." She knew his skill well enough, told herself that he would not dare risk disaster with Lucy in the bow.

So, breakfast done and the packing finished, Fryor went down to the shore. He took one of the wooden buckets in which the food was packed and set it near the bow, just behind the seat Lucy would occupy; bade Lucy get in, and himself took place in the stern. The trim of his craft suited him; he held the canoe poised for a moment while he lit a cigarette, enjoying this gesture of assurance, then called to the other guides, "I'll land at the ledge, come back up and help you pack the stuff down."

They nodded, watching silently and curiously; and as he swung out from shore they moved to vantages from which they could see the beginning of the Rips. Aunt Fanny, following them, looked around for Dean. He was not at hand, and she wondered why, wondered where he had gone. Out in the stream the canoe was already responding to the tug of quicker water; her eyes turned that way and she forgot Dean in watching what followed.

The Rips as a whole are perhaps half a mile in length; but they are in fact three in number—three stretches of quick water, separated by short pools where the current checks as though gathering strength for a further plunge. The first of these rapids is the least hazardous, the second is the worst, the third is simply a wide curve around a jutting point, where the current is swift as a chute, and where the canoe must be swung at a sharp angle to make the turn without going broadside on. The first rapid is a zigzag through a group of huge bowlders; but it is not difficult because the pitch is not steep, and the canoe may always be checked with a pole. In the others there is such depth and the bottom is so ledgy that a pole is uncertain, and reliance must be put upon the paddle. Fryor, pole in hand, went into the first rapid, standing erect; they were able to watch him swing this way and that, choosing his course, checking the canoe and holding it at will, easing it around obstacles and down declivities until it slipped out at last into still water below. The guides hurried along the carry path to watch the next descent; but Aunt Fanny was distanced here, abandoned the effort to keep pace with them, and went more leisurely along the way.

The second rapid is really a double fall. The first has a drop of perhaps three feet in twenty; the second is narrower, and the water, shouldered in from either side, plunges over the lip of a ledge into a caldron. In the upper rapid the danger is that the canoe may get broadside on; in the falls the peril is swamping. Lucy, sitting very still in the bow, felt her heart pound as she saw the plunge before her. Her eyes were fixed on the water. The guide had refused to let her take a paddle; bade her simply sit very still and avoid shifting her weight. So she had to endure inaction and helplessness, submitting herself to his control. The first rapid, where the canoe was checked by the pole, was interesting but never perilous; this one had an element of danger which increased its fascination. She knew enough of such matters to perceive the danger; and she felt her hair prickle as the bow dipped dizzily downward at the first chute. There was a swift glide and a swirl as Fryor dug his paddle; then they were in momentary security upon an even keel and she heard the guide straining behind her to swing their bow into the cut between two swirls, where the current plunged ahead. Spray wet her hands along the gunwales; the bow lifted; they swept crabwise half a dozen feet, heeling perilously; then shot ahead and down, and solid water combed along her clenched fingers at the very rim of the canoe before they lifted and drove on again, the danger past.

Routine work lay ahead of them for a hundred yards or so. She turned to call over her shoulder, "Wonderful!" Her voice was drowned by the roar of the water; but she saw him grin faintly and nod his understanding. His eyes were on the water ahead; the cigarette was firmly held between his lips, and smoke issued indolently from his nostrils. He was the picture of careless assurance, reckless calm; and she was conscious of a lift and throb of wonder at him, a curious and compelling rapture. What a man! Then his eyes dropped to hers; and she felt her cheeks crimson, and turned again to look forward. She must not distract his attention from the task that still lay ahead.

They were already almost upon the rocky, wooded point around which the final rainbow chute of water swept.

She saw, then, Dean Ward standing on a bowlder at the water's edge; and his hands were lifted and his mouth was open. He was shouting something indistinguishable; but his gesture was unmistakably a warning to them to stop. She was for a moment uncertain, and turned to look at Fryor, and saw that he had seen Dean. But the guide was grinning reassuringly, so that she was ashamed of her own momentary doubt. Dean was ridiculous; trying to stop them now when the worst was past. She laughed up at him as they drove toward the shore below where he stood; then her eyes turned to follow the current as the canoe swung to the left, the point on their right side. She saw where the water swirled up on a great ledge ahead and banked back. They shot up this slope of water and hung for a moment, turning for the dive and plunge at right angles to their former course; and as the canoe turned her eyes turned.

Then she saw why it was Dean had tried to stop them. Sometime during the night—for she and Fryor had examined the length of the Rips the evening before to be sure the way was clear—a great spruce log had come down river, had pounded through the rapids, and now was stranded almost completely across their course. One end had caught against a bowlder, swinging the log broadside on; the other rested against the other side of the chute, half submerged. The canoe could not pass under the higher end; there was a bare chance that it might shoot across the lower.

It seemed to Lucy an interminable moment that they hung there, as though pondering the decision. She could not turn to look at the guide; tried to do so, but it seemed to her the movement of her head was intolerably slow, so long this instant was. Then the canoe plunged down, and she stiffened herself for the shock. The bow struck the log and crumpled under her feet. At the same time she felt herself lifted into the air and flung forward; threw her arms out in the motion of one diving, and struck the water; had an instant's thankfulness that she had cleared the log and fallen into the tail of the rapid, where the current carried her out into the broad and easy pool below. She came to the surface, saw a sand bar at one side and swam strongly toward it. Shallows helped her, and she drew herself ashore.

This so quickly that she got to her feet in time to see what followed. When the canoe hit the log it had swung and overturned. Fryor, thrown out, managed to get both hands on the log and now clung there, striving desperately to maintain and improve his hold. But the current tore at him, roared over him; he was almost continually submerged. She thought how stupid he was not to let go and drift down with the relaxing pressure of the water, and swim ashore. But he clung with the strength of desperation. She tried to go toward him through the water, wading across the shallows; then she saw that Dean had slid down the bowlder from his vantage. He gave her a glance, saw that she was safe, then turned his attention to the guide. But as Dean reached the water's edge Fryor's fingers let go and he was swept away. Instantly Dean dived after him.

Lucy thought then that Dean was stupid, since Fryor would readily swim to shore when the current let go its hold of him. Dean had dived and had not yet reappeared; neither had Fryor. She watched dispassionately, her emotions numbed by the shocking suddenness of the disaster; and after what seemed to her an interminable interval she found herself saying, "Why don't they come up? Why don't they come up?" Then thought, "They're going to drown." And then, "Dean's going to drown." She felt no fear, merely understanding.

Then something broke the surface, far down the pool, and she saw that it was Dean's head, and that he was laboring. He dragged the guide's head above water and turned on his back, holding Fryor beneath the arms swimming laboriously with his legs, working toward shore. While she still watched, he made it; she saw him get his feet under him and drag the guide to the shore and begin at once the mechanical processes of resuscitation.

Then one of the other guides came clambering down to help her to dry land and security; and by the time she reached where Dean was, Fryor was beginning to gasp and strangle back to life again. Dean nodded with satisfaction and relaxed his efforts.

He looked at her and asked quietly, "All right, are you Lucy?"

"Perfectly," she replied, a little impatiently. She was irritated with them both for being so stupid; and she said querulously, "Why didn't he let go and swim?"

"He can't swim," Dean explained.

"Can't swim?" she repeated, slow understanding dawning. "Why, can't swim at all?" Her reaction was complete bewilderment. "You mean he can't swim?" She knew herself absurd as a parrot, but could not avoid repeating yet again, "Can't he swim at all?" The thing seemed incredible and shameful.

"Afraid not," Dean replied.

Even then she would not believe until she had it from the guide himself. When he got to his feet, weak and shaken, she asked him, "Why didn't you let go? Can't you swim?"

And he replied, "No, I never did know how."

She was rather glad when Aunt Fanny, puffing with haste, arrived. It was an hour before they had changed into dry clothes and before a fire had driven out the chill of the water. Dean quite obviously had caught fresh cold. His eyes were watering, and twice he sneezed; but Lucy found these manifestations evoked rather sympathy than scorn. Abruptly she decided that they had best turn back to Bowlders.

"Dean may be going to be sick," she told Aunt Fanny. "And—I don't feel like going on anyhow."

The loss of the shattered canoe crowded the others. Fryor had the humiliation of going in as bow paddle in one of them. It was Lucy who assigned him to the craft in which Dean was a passenger. He said protestingly, "Better let me take you in Dave's canoe, hadn't you?"

She shook her head. "No," she said decisively. "You'd best go with Mr. Ward. Then if you fall out he can take care of you."

This remark may have been unnecessarily cruel; but Dean, catching Aunt Fanny's eye, thought it seemed to give the older woman decided satisfaction.

PEERLESS

PEERLESS Six owners claim that this is the best six cylinder car in the world—*regardless of price.* That's exactly what the Peerless ideal has always been—to produce only the *best!* You, too, will realize how true this is by simply driving and riding in this Six yourself. In every way you'll find this Six worthy of its famous companion—the Peerless Eight. And that means a lot to those who know.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ CLEVELAND ~ OHIO

Avoid Fall and Winter troubles

DRIVING an automobile in cold weather was almost a heroic adventure twenty years ago. Cars had no windshields, no front doors, no adequate tops, no comfortable enclosed bodies and heaters. The driver sat right out in the open!

And mechanical troubles were legion.

But one by one the bars to cold weather driving have been broken down. Windshields, tops, side curtains and enclosed bodies came.

The self-starter and advances in design and construction have made today's automobile almost as easy to drive in cold weather as it is in summer.

And yet cold weather must be specifically reckoned with—particularly in regard to lubrication. Why?

In some cars the oil pump is located above the oil level, in others there is exposed oil piping, while cars with splash feed systems require an oil that will be readily atomized. In these cases an oil of the proper character and fluidity is necessary to complete circulation of the oil and to assure correct lubrication during cold weather.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers has carefully determined the lubricating oil requirements of all cars under winter operating conditions. Many require an oil of different body and character than is recommended for summer use.

Is your car among these?

For correct lubrication of the following automobiles during cold weather we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

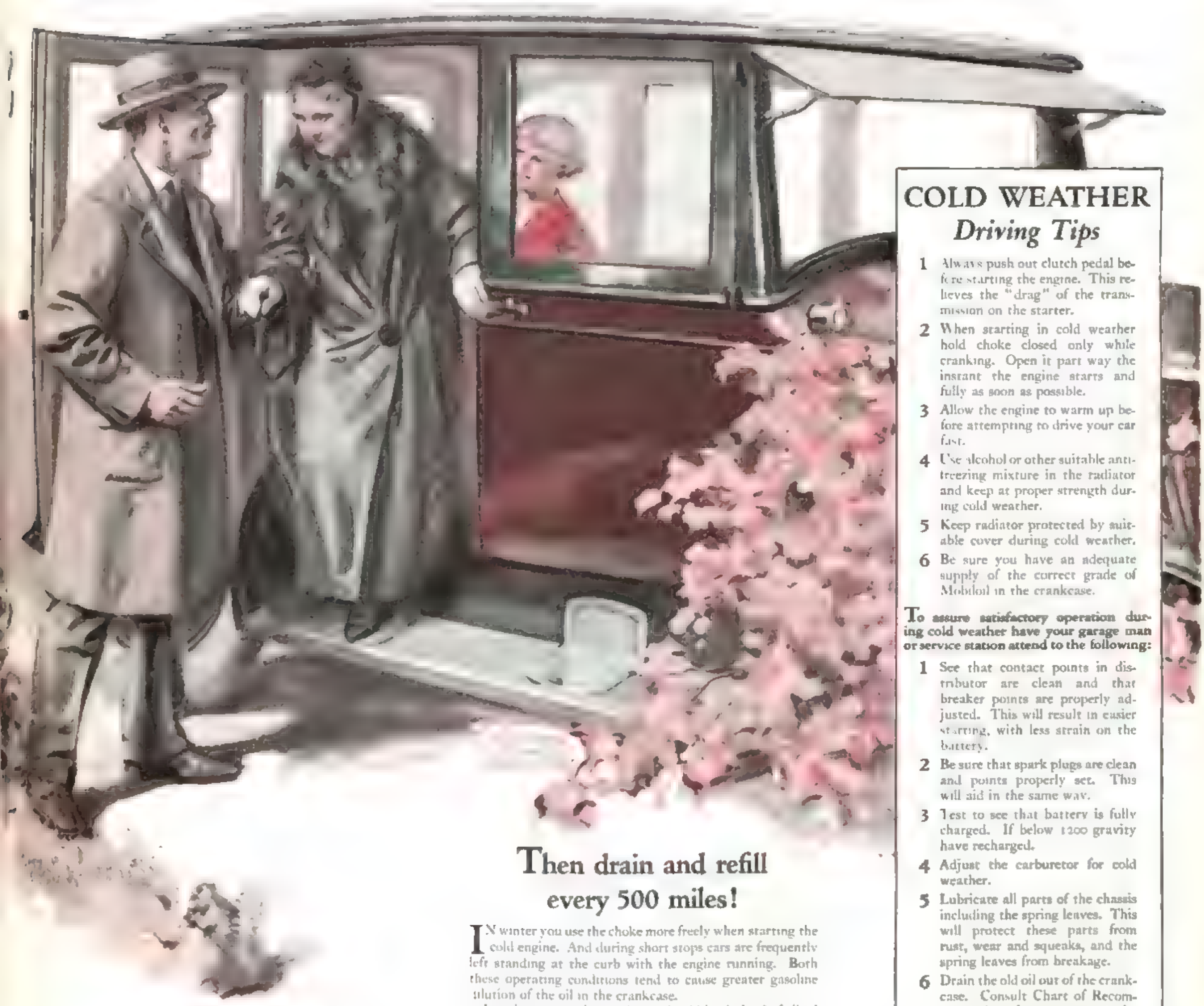
Buick	Jewett
McLaughlin-Buick *(Canada)*	Jordan
Chandler	Kissel
Chevrolet	Locomobile
Cleveland	Maxwell
Dodge	Moon
Dort	Nash
Durant Four	Overland
Essex	Packard (8 cyl.)
Flint	Paige
Gray	Reo
Haynes	Rickenbacker
Hudson	Star
Hupmobile	Studebaker

For Fords—*use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's. Then you will be sure of securing the oil best suited to your engine for cold weather driving.

Domestic Branches: New York (*Main Office*) Albany Boston Buffalo Chicago Dallas Des Moines Detroit Indianapolis

VACUUM OI



COLD WEATHER *Driving Tips*

1 Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2 When starting in cold weather hold choke closed only while cranking. Open it part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

3 Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4 Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freezing mixture in the radiator and keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5 Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during cold weather.

6 Be sure you have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil in the crankcase.

To assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1 See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2 Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

3 Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.

4 Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5 Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6 Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil. Change oil every 500 miles thereafter.

Tear out this list. Check what you wish to have the garage man do. Give it to him with your car.

- ☐ Inspect and adjust contact and breaker points.
- ☐ Clean and adjust spark plugs.
- ☐ Test and fill battery or if below 1200 G recharge.
- ☐ Adjust carburetor.
- ☐ Lubricate chassis and spring leaves.
- ☐ Drain oil from crank case and refill with correct grade of Mobiloil for winter.
- ☐ Fill radiator with alcohol or anti-freeze mixture
- ☐ Supply radiator cover.

Then drain and refill every 500 miles!

IN winter you use the choke more freely when starting the cold engine. And during short stops cars are frequently left standing at the curb with the engine running. Both these operating conditions tend to cause greater gasoline dilution of the oil in the crankcase.

For this reason the crankcase should be drained of all oil every 500 miles and refilled with the correct Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If you keep your car at home, a 5-gallon can or a 15-gallon steel drum of the correct Gargoyle Mobiloil will provide perfect engine protection this winter.

Fair retail price 30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

The Quart Can: The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E", Arctic and "A" 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

L COMPANY

Kansas City, Mo. New Haven Philadelphia St. Louis
Minneapolis Oklahoma City Pittsburgh Springfield, Mass.
Peoria Portland, Me. Rochester

The same pipe
the same tobacco
—yet it tastes
entirely different

What causes this surprising change in tobacco taste?

"Ageing in wood" mellows and ripens tobacco as nothing else can

Innumerable things affect in some degree the taste of tobacco. During growth, the seed, the soil, the climate, the farmer's skill, each plays a part; then after the crop is gathered (still green) it must be cured—and many a crop is ruined right here.

But none of these factors compares in importance with the change which takes place *after* curing, when "mellowing" commences. The very same lot of tobacco, smoked in the same pipe, will yield an entirely different taste at various stages of this change, grading all the way up from green harshness to full-bodied ripeness and sweetness. And the pleasure you get from a pipe depends almost entirely on how far this mellowing is allowed to go before your tobacco is considered "right" for manufacture and packing.

It is after tobacco leaves the curing barn, not before, that the real mellowing commences.

You know how ageing in wood mellows fine wines—it does the same thing for fine tobaccos.

In all our experience, we have found nothing that equals "ageing in wood" to ripen and sweeten tobacco for smoking. A much slower process, to be sure, and much more expensive—but when tobacco has been thoroughly "aged in wood" (and it takes a couple of years), you can know it is as mellow and flavorful and satisfying in your pipe as tobacco can ever be.

So in making Velvet we have passed up the tempting short-cuts that go only half-way; the longer, slower route is the only one that gets there in the end. No forcing, no "hurry-up" to save money at the cost of flavor. We buy Kentucky's best Burley leaf—and every ounce in every pound is patiently "aged in wood" till sweet as a nut and just right for smoking.

The less haste, the more taste—a generous measure of that mild, ripe, mellow taste which "ageing in wood" alone can give. For men who love a pipe, there's nothing quite like Velvet.

Velvet

—the aged in wood tobacco

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 22

international attraction the like of Sir Harry Lauder.

When Cosher and his wife left at the end of the seventh season, attracted by bigger money and a company of their own, and Charley Bigelow followed, Fields was for engaging Nat Goodwin and his then wife, Maxine Elliott, two of the legitimate stage's most notable stars. They could be had for $2500 a week, he said.

"Where are we going to quit?" Weber asked. "I guess we could pay them $2500, but each season we pay more. We can't keep on at this rate."

Fields dropped his negotiations. Louis Mann, Carter De Haven and the McCoy sisters were engaged to strengthen the company. But when Fay Templeton was lured away once more and no adequate successor could be found, Weber listened to Field's amazing suggestion that they angle for Lillian Nordica, then the leading prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"We're both going crazy; but all right," Weber agreed.

Madame Nordica's talents obviously were not particularly adapted to Weber and Fields burlesque, but that was not the issue. Would the public talk? Would the public come? The public would, indubitably.

Six thousand dollars was the sum named by Madame Nordica's pianist, who also was her business manager. This was four times the wages of Lillian Russell, the music hall's most expensive ornament. It is an unheard-of salary today. Joe and Lew grit their teeth. They would try raising prices.

"Look at the talk it will make," ventured the sanguine Fields.

"Who said talk was cheap?" Weber groaned.

The pianist arranged a meeting with the prima donna at her home in Ninth Street. Joe and Lew walked down Ninth Street on tiptoe, were ushered in and sat in that hushed silence accorded to death and important money. Ten slow stiff minutes elapsed. Then the pianist entered, moved directly to the grand piano and struck a thumping chord. At this, one of the portieres parted and Madame Nordica, in jewels and evening dress, swept through. The pianist leaped to attention, clicked his heels and bowed from the waist. Joe and Lew endeavored to copy the grand manner, but succeeded only in bowing their heels and clicking their waists. Madame smiled graciously.

Matchless Louis Mann

The conversation passed from the amenities to business. Madame had considered the offer of $6000 to appear at the music hall and would accept. It would be a bizarre experience for her, but, she trusted, a pleasant one—mutually pleasant.

"We are deeply honored," Weber and Fields murmured. "Just make out your own contract."

"But I am puzzled," madame went on. "Yours is a very small theater, I understand. They tell me that it could be tucked away in the last gallery of the Metropolitan. And surely your prices are modest. How then is it possible, I ask myself, that you can pay me $6000 a performance?"

Some minutes later Messrs. Weber and Fields emerged benumbedly into the fresh air of Ninth Street and laughed weakly. There had been a slight misunderstanding. Six thousand dollars or any other sum in the theater means weekly. The week is understood. In grand opera $6000 would mean per performance. The performance is understood. Madame Nordica did not join the Weber and Fields company.

The last-minute choice fell upon Evie Stetson, who outweighed Miss Templeton, at any rate, such being no mean accomplishment. There was no perceptible falling away in the brilliance of the opening-night spectacle. True, the advance auction of first-night seats had not brought quite the prices of other years, but everyone that mattered was there. Frankie Bailey's and Bonnie Maginn's copyrighted legs were missing and mourned, but Miss Russell stepped into the breach, as it were, sang one song in male evening dress, and was prettily embarrassed. The opening had been postponed for two weeks while she subdued a summer cold—not because, Peter Dailey told the first-nighters, the tailor had not finished her trousers in time.

In this number the fair Lillian dawdled with a cigarette.

"Her lighting and smoking of a cigarette claimed admiration for true naturalism and ease," The World reported with a straight face the next morning. And this was only twenty years ago!

Peter Dailey, as always, was master of ceremonies at the love feast and flower show that followed the final curtain, though Louis Mann strove to edge him out of the center of the picture. When his turn came, Mr. Mann delivered a carefully rehearsed impromptu speech.

Louis Mann is a character. He is an undisputed artist in his field; no one probably ever has excelled him as a German comedian. He knows every dialect and colloquial mannerism of the German states, and how best to use them. Mr. Mann has been accused, however, of appreciating his own merits rather too whole-heartedly. It has been said, indeed, that he has all the shy reticence of Sousa's band playing The Stars and Stripes Forever.

When Weber and Fields approached him with a music-hall offer he declined to talk business informally. They must wait upon him in his home, he ruled. Accordingly, Joe and Lew presented themselves at the Mann residence off Riverside Drive immediately after a night performance. After ringing the doorbell for what seemed an interminable time, a figure appeared in the rented livery of a butler and showed them into the drawing-room, where Mann, in immaculate evening dress, greeted them.

Fields, who was tired, rudely began to talk business. His host ignored this breach of etiquette, and a pleasant quarter of an hour was passed in social chat, until Mrs. Mann—Clara Lipman—joined them. Dinner was announced by the butler. It was a very correct meal, two hours in the eating. At two o'clock the four arose and repaired to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. When each had been supplied with a demi-tasse, and the men with tobacco, Mr. Mann cleared his throat.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "to what do I owe the honor of your company?"

At 2:30 A.M. an agreement was reached with Mann to join the Weber and Fields company for thirty-five weeks at $1000 a week, exactly what he had been offered at the first meeting.

During the Equity-Fidelity fight Mann affiliated with Fidelity and presided one night at a meeting at which George M. Cohan gave a large sum to the cause. If Equity members may be believed, Mann waved a bit of paper above his head and declared, "I hold in my hand an anonymous check for $10,000."

Mann's father bred prize Saint Bernard dogs and sold two of his best to the late James Gordon Bennett, of the late New York Herald. The dogs became ill and Bennett sent for the senior Mann to doctor them. The father mentioned the incident in a letter to Louis, who was on the road at the time with The Girl From Paris company, which was to open at the Herald Square Theater a week later.

On receipt of the letter Louis wired his father:

"When you next see Bennett arrange that I get good notice in The Herald when the show opens in New York."

The father followed instructions and was met with a curt refusal from Commodore Bennett.

"A good notice for Louis or I don't doctor the dogs," the elder Mann threatened.

The Girl From Paris reached the Herald Square as scheduled. Whatever the other papers said, The Herald had none but kind words for the show and Louis. The dogs got well.

Mann liked to tell the Weberfields of how he had acquired an education by dint of extraordinary perseverance and industry against pathetic odds. He was playing the old tune with variations in the barroom of the Baltimore Hotel in Kansas City during the 1904 road trip of the company, when a fellow actor, who had confined his speech hitherto to brief cash exchanges with the bartender, cut in.

"Louis, if you're so well educated, tell us where Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg speech," he said hoarsely. "And who delivered it," the hoarse voice continued before anyone could titter.

Mann strolled into Weber and Fields' dressing room one night as the latter were killing time by cutting cards. There were no stakes.

"What are you playing for?" Louis asked.

"Fifty dollars a cut," said Lew.

High Cut

Fields cut the high card and won, and Weber, catching the former's wink, suggested making the next cut for $100. Joe lost again and suggested redoubling the stakes.

"Write your own ticket."

Lew flicked the ash from his cigarette boredly. The stakes climbed to $200, $400, $800, $1600. For once Mann was silent. He watched popeyed as $3200 wavered on the cut of a card. When Weber's imaginary debt to Fields reached $50,000, Mann was perspiring like a lawn sprinkler.

"One cut for $100,000 or nothing!" the ruined Weber shouted.

"You're on!" Fields hissed.

Mann seized Weber and dragged him back. Joe escaped and reached for a card. Mann begged him to remember his family. Joe pushed him aside.

"Seven!" Fields yelled, without looking at his card.

"Nine!" Weber exulted, without a glance.

"Thank God!" Mann breathed.

In the first scene Fields played with Mann in Whoop-dee-doo, the latter backed Lew upstage and blanketed him, stealing the scene, an old stage artifice. Louis did it again the second night, but on the third Fields got the jump on him and kept one step ahead.

In the middle of the scene the two reached the back wall of the theater, which, by reason of the stage's shallow depth, had been painted to resemble a set.

"What do you think you are doing?" Mann demanded.

"I'm going to back you right through that brick wall if you start that crowding again," Fields warned.

After the separation of Weber and Fields, Lew and Edgar Smith were in Pittsburgh with Marie Dressler in Tillie's Nightmare. On an after-dinner stroll they passed a theater where Mann was playing in The Man Who Stood Still. Fields studied the billing a moment and read the name of the play aloud.

Carter De Haven and the McCoy Sisters, Bessie and Nelly, Singing "Papa Wouldn't Care for That" in Whoop-Dee-Doo, Last of the Music Hall Shows

Fun with the Straube Your Boy will Appreciate

Joe gives them the "down beat" with a vigorous bob of his head. They're off. And the way they sail into the latest hit might put envy into the heart of professionals.

Music? Lots of it. Fun? Boy howdy, if there's anything that beats it—well, but there just isn't, that's all. Joe will tell you so, and so will Bob and Harry—and aren't they the "Original Syncopating Three"?

Don't you want your boy to feel that home, after all, is the best place for a good time? Put a Straube in the home, and it *will* be. Not only for the boy, but for all the family. For the Straube gives to each the kind of music he or she likes best.

Easy to play, thoroughly dependable, beautiful in tone, handsome in appearance, your Straube will be the prized possession in the home. Ask your dealer to explain the many exclusive features, including the Melo-Harp, and the Patented Pendulum Valve.

Straube player pianos are nationally priced, f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows:

Arcadian Model . $750
Imperial Model . 675
Colonial Model . 625
Puritan Model . . 595

The Patented Pendulum Valve, heart of the Artronome Player Action.

Any Straube dealer will accept your used instrument as part payment for a new Straube. Convenient terms can always be arranged.

Send for Catalog, Free. Illustrates and describes the various models of Straube player pianos [for foot power or electrical operation] and pianos. Explains the *exclusive features* of the wonderful Artronome player action, which may be had only in Straube made instruments.

STRAUBE PIANO CO., Hammond, Indiana
Dept. G

Straube
PLAYER PIANOS

"Huh!" he grunted. "That must be some other Louis Mann."

The McCoy sisters were Lizzie and Nelly in 1903. Lizzie changed her first name later to the more euphonious Bessie, and her last name still later to Mrs. Richard Harding Davis. Their mother was their constant companion. Carter de Haven, who still was a mere youth, also was accompanied by his mother at all times.

At the first meeting of the two mothers at an early rehearsal, as is the wont of stage mothers a difference of opinion arose. Mrs. McCoy gave it as her frank and unbiased opinion that her daughters were the stage's most gifted dancers. Mrs. de Haven no less disinterestedly intimated that her Carter could dance more giftedly on one leg than Mrs. McCoy's daughters on four. The feeling grew cooler—or warmer—at each succeeding rehearsal.

In the midst of the trying ordeal of the Whoop-dee-doo dress rehearsal a thud and a scream came from offstage. Mrs. McCoy had fallen down a flight of stairs in hurrying to help her daughters in making a change. The dress rehearsal scarcely was under way again when a louder crash came from the opposite side of the stage.

"What now?" Fields exclaimed.

"Don't bother," Edgar Smith advised coolly. "That's probably Carter's mother falling down two flights of steps. She isn't one to let Mrs. McCoy get the better of her."

This was an era of ping-pong, pyrography, peg-top trousers and more important things. Little Japan was thrashing giant Russia. A new Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso, made his bow at the Metropolitan. And on December 17, 1903, two young bicycle builders of Dayton, Ohio, Orville and Wilbur Wright, fluttered perilously over the sands of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in the world's first airplane flight. Less than a month later a man from Michigan whose name did not break into Who's Who until eleven years later, drove a motor car of his own making over the frozen surface of Lake St. Clair, Michigan, in the fastest mile ever attained by man until then.

This was Henry Ford, not unknown to his generation, but not known as a maker of racing cars. His time was thirty-nine and two-fifths seconds, a record lowered later in the month to thirty-nine seconds flat by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in a foreign car on the beach at Ormond, Florida.

In these same months the first New York subway began operation, the Hudson tubes were joined, the Pennsylvania Railroad announced its purpose of coming into Manhattan by other tunnels under the Hudson to a great new terminal to be built in Thirty-fourth Street, and the New York Central began building its new terminal on the site of the old Grand Central Station in Forty-second Street.

Six Musical-Comedy Hits

The world, America, and New York in particular, were on the threshold of a new, fantastic age. The young twentieth century had its foot on the gas and the cut-out wide open, and the destinies of the least of us were scrambled. In 1904 the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was the hub of New York and the city's most famous skyscraper. The great stores lay in and around Twenty-third Street, and there, it seemed likely, they would stay indefinitely. It had been understood for years that when the Central road got around to building its new passenger terminal it would come down to Twenty-third Street by tunnel under Park and Fourth Avenues.

Now New York's retail district shifted overnight, so to speak. The great stores rushed for Thirty-fourth Street, driving the theaters northward before them. The displaced white lights settled in and around Times Square, made a pivotal point by the new subway. Four-fifths of the Broadway theaters were overwhelmed in this tide rip of trade and traffic. Of the first-class theaters of 1903–4 only the Casino, Empire and Knickerbocker survive in their original character, and all lay on the northern fringe of the old Rialto. Wallack's, Daly's, Weber and Fields', the Herald Square, the old Bijou, the old Princess, Hammerstein's Thirty-fourth Street, Manhattan and Madison Square are gone. The Savoy, Grand Opera House, Academy of Music and Broadway are picture houses. The Garden is a Jewish theater and the Garrick a Theater Guild plaything. Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway has been left in a backwater. Three-story taxpayers now stand on the site of the music hall.

Inside the American theater another revolution was in full swing. This was the season in which musical comedy came into its own. It brought to Broadway the Wizard of Oz, which elevated Montgomery and Stone to stardom, George Ade's Sultan of Sulu; the Prince of Pilsen, the Merry Widow, Mr. Bluebeard and A Chinese Honeymoon—six of the best remembered musical comedies of our stage—all in twelve months. The musical-comedy form was no novelty, but these were bigger, brighter, fresher—break-aways from stereotyped forms. The public turned to them, and the music hall was face to face with formidable competition for the first time in its history. Fields believed that the day of the Weberfields shows was passing. He was for going over to the enemy. Weber studied the ledger and held back.

The final blow fell on December 30, 1903. On that afternoon 575 persons lost their lives in the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago. Their old friend, Eddie Foy, played the hero in real life. With the flames bursting through the curtain at his back, Foy stood upon the apron and clowned in furious earnest in a desperate effort to stop the panic-stricken stampede for inadequate exits, narrowly escaping finally with his own life. Every American city revised its theater-building code at once. New York enforced drastic changes calling for new fire walls, asbestos curtains, increased exits and unobstructed alleyways on each side of a theater. The music hall would have to be rebuilt or abandoned. Fields was for abandoning it; Weber opposed.

Divided, They Fell

The skies had smiled upon Weber and Fields continuously for eight years or more. Were two men who virtually had lifted themselves by their own boot straps from mean and hungry streets to a stage box on Broadway to collapse like turkey chicks in the first shower? They had capital, prestige and youth—they still were in their thirties. Their success had been won with only the last of these assets. The answer is to be found in an old adage. United, Weber and Fields stood; divided, they fell.

Joe and Lew would have found a larger theater, changed their show to suit the times, jockied their way back to the rail and gone on. Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields went their separate ways. The music hall closed on January 30, 1904, never to reopen as Weber and Fields'. Two nights later the company, augmented by Charley Ross, Mabel Fenton, Frankie Bailey and other music-hall alumni who returned to make the transcontinental junket, left for San Francisco by special train. The rest of the season would be spent on tour, it was announced. Broadway and the company believed that this was done to give time for remodeling the music hall or for procuring a new theater. Weber and Fields still kept their secret.

Klaw and Erlanger controlled the first-class theaters of America so closely in 1904 that it was next to impossible to book an extended tour other than through their office and at their terms. The heads of the Shuberts, Sam, Jake and Lee, who were to challenge this monopoly, were just showing above the horizon. It so happened, too, that K. & E. were producing the Rogers Brothers shows, old rivals of Weber and Fields.

When Joe and Lew went to K. & E. to book their show to the coast and return they stumbled over the outstretched feet of Max and Gus Rogers a second time. Weber and Fields asked for 80 per cent of the gross receipts, not an unusual division for a show of their pretensions. What is more, they carried their own stage crew and orchestra, making the theater's share of the box-office income almost net. The syndicate countered with a lower offer, which Joe and Lew refused.

"Take it or leave it," said K. & E., and added, "We've got a better show in the Rogers Brothers anyway."

This slur called for defiance. Joe and Lew left it. Booking independently, they managed to patch out a tour to begin in the Stair and Havlin houses in the West. Marc Klaw and Abe Erlanger were not the lads to let such finger-snapping go unrebuked. They promptly made a pooling agreement with Stair and Havlin, who

Continued on Page 112

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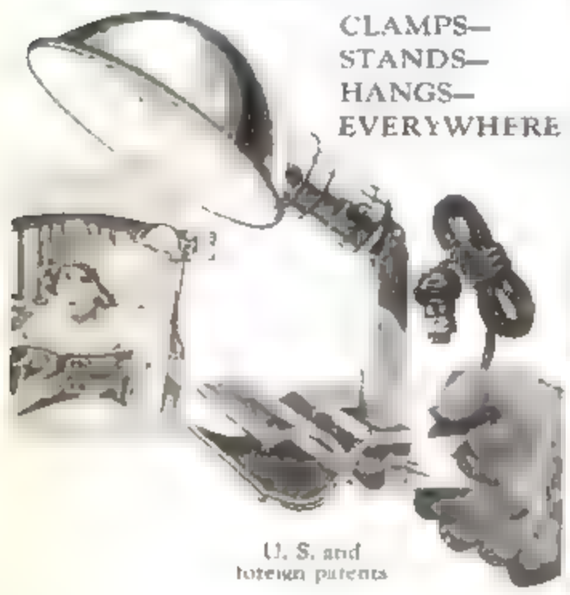

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Complete with cord and plug. Brass, $3.95; bronze, nickel-plated or white enamel finish, $4.45. West of the Mississippi, 25c additional.

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S. W. FARBER

141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, New York

(Continued from Page 110)

canceled Weber and Fields' route in the middle of the show's second week in San Francisco. Joe and Lew were left 3000 miles from Broadway with a company of 103 persons on their hands.

Their memories of names, dates and localities normally are poor, but ask either where the Frying Pan River heads, what the mileage from Ash Fork to Flagstaff, or what the seating capacity of the Bird Cage Opera House at Tombstone, and they will answer correctly offhand. This is the fruit of the intensive study they gave to maps, railway folders and the Billposter's Friend in their final three days in San Francisco. An independent house was found in Los Angeles and booked at once. But from there to Denver, 1400 miles, the route was blank. In all that territory there were just four recognizable theaters, and K. & E. had roped and branded these.

The Weberfields had their option of a 1400-mile dead haul, of buying a tent and wildcatting, or of trying to crowd Lillian Russell, Peter Dailey, Evie Stetson and Broadway's most famous chorus into sagebrush opera houses where the star's dressing room once a year houses the bloodhounds of an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe or into town halls usually given over to the Knights of Pythias drill teams and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Anti-horse Thief Association.

Came at this juncture, as the boys and girls in Hollywood say, a caller from Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Elks of Albuquerque, he stated, were just completing a handsome new theater and the boys hoped to open it with a splurge that would set the Rio Grande and the Sangre de Cristo range afire. Weber and Fields were just the sort of outfit they would admire to corral. The man from Albuquerque was in Los Angeles to talk business.

"Where is this Albercookie?" asked Weber.

"Al-bu-ker-kee, sir," corrected the New Mexican, "is the seat of Bernalillo County and the largest city in New Mexico. Located on the right bank of the Rio Grande, division and junction point on the Santa Fe railroad better than halfway from here to Denver. The state university is located here, important cattle and sheep center, and ——"

"How big?" Fields cut in.

A Hard Bargain

"Well, the last census gave us only 6238, but we've been growin' fast since," the Albuquerquean defended. "The chamber of commerce estimated the population at 10,000 on January first."

"What'll you give us?" Joe asked.

"Whatever's right. Half the round-up is the usual split, isn't it?"

Weber shook his head.

"Sixty-forty, then," the caller raised his bid.

"It will cost us $3000 to stop off at your town," Weber countered. "As Brother Elks of Brooklyn Lodge No. 1, we'll play your theater for cost, cash in advance, just to accommodate the brothers."

"Done," agreed the other. "I'll wire the boys."

"Ever been in Albercookie?" Weber asked a Californian when the visitor had gone.

"Many's the time," the Californian admitted.

"What sort of a place is it?" Joe wanted to know from an impartial source.

"Well, it ain't any Los Angeles, brother," the native son told him. "Seven or eight thousand, maybe."

Weber congratulated himself.

"If nobody but one of those Navy-joe Indians and the girl at the Harvey House lunch counter shows up at the theater we've got our $3000 and we've broken the jump to Denver," he exulted.

"Oh, there'll be a plenty there," the Angelino thought. "Albuquerque ain't any slouch of a town at that."

"It don't sound like any Lillian Russell among cities to me," Joe retorted. "If they slapped a dollar head tax on everybody there they couldn't raise more than $6000. It's a wonder they didn't want us to take our share out in town lots. A fellow has to keep his eyes open out here in the West."

At Albuquerque the Weberfields were greeted by an official reception committee bearing a certified check for $3000, a brass band and the larger part of New Mexico. Punchers had galloped in from range and ranch to see if Lillian and Frankie looked like the cigarette cards tacked on the walls of every bunk house in the West. The governor and all the territorial officials had come from Santa Fé in a body. Delegations of brother Elks were there from El Paso, Las Vegas, Phoenix, Tucson, Bisbee, Santa Fé and Trinidad. There was a carnival parade in the afternoon with costumes funnier than anything in the show. Every seat in the fine new theater had been sold at auction at prices equaling the best Broadway ever had paid for a music-hall first night.

A Sentimental Occasion

The receipts for the one performance were $12,500. The show's share at 60 per cent would have been $7500. Weber and Fields had lost $4500 by their insistence on a $3000 lump-sum guaranty.

On the journey out to the coast Fields had overheard a group of chorus girls complaining of the cost of eating in dining cars. He spoke to Weber and the two decided to pay for all meals eaten by the chorus while en route. The first statement from McBride, the business manager, reached Weber's eyes just as K. & E. cut the ground from under the show at San Francisco. The total was staggering.

Coming into Los Angeles several mornings later, Weber watched one of the chorus at breakfast. She began at the upper left-hand corner of the à-la-carte menu and ordered it all. A waiter staggered in with more than six dollars' worth of breakfast, at which the young woman pecked casually, then told her companion that food annoyed her in the morning.

That ended the Chorus Girls' Free Lunch Counter. On the first morning out of Los Angeles, Weber kept an eye on the same young woman at breakfast. She glanced at the card and said to the waiter, "Bring me a pot of coffee and an order of buttered toast."

From Albuquerque the company jumped to Denver, arrived at eight P.M., began the show at nine, and were on their way East again at one A.M. From Chicago east the Shuberts were able to give the show regular booking. It had reached Pittsburgh in March when the first credited report of Weber and Fields' separation came to Broadway. John T. Kelly had discovered the truth. He sent notice to New York by wire that he would not be with the music hall the following season and hinted at the real reason. Joe and Lew denied the report categorically. In New Haven on April twelfth Peter Dailey admitted that this would be his final season with the show and the rumor revived. Despite Joe and Lew's disclaimers the story now was credited generally along the Rialto.

The partners still were denying on April eighteenth in Boston, but on the following Sunday they slipped away from the show quietly for New York. They met on Monday morning, April twenty-fifth, in the office of Abe Hummel, Weber's attorney. Fields' lawyer accompanied him. In twenty minutes' time an agreement was concluded ending the partnership of twenty-eight years. Joe gave Lew his check for $40,000 and took over the music hall.

The two returned that afternoon to Boston, where Fields fell down a flight of hotel stairs two days later. The first examination indicated a broken hip, and Weber was about to close the show then and there, when the doctors concluded that Fields' injuries were less serious and that he could return to the cast inside the week.

The end would have come at Boston with the completion of the local engagement, but mutual friends intervened. The New Amsterdam was the newest and costliest theater in New York. On their own initiative, these friends rented the future home of the Follies for a Weber and Fields' farewell and persuaded Joe and Lew to keep the engagement.

The New York newspapers of the morning of May 30, 1904, tell the story:

"The Weber and Fields partnership was dissolved last night with the final performance of Whoop-dee-doo at the New Amsterdam, closing that theater's first season," said the ever-flippant Sun. "Everybody in the company made speeches, including Peter Dailey, Lillian Russell, Louis Mann, John T. Kelly and Charley Ross. The chorus girls wept. Ross told the audience that it was business suicide for Weber and Fields to break up, and the audience agreed vociferously. Miss Russell shed real tears, and it was twelve o'clock before the obsequies ended and the mourners departed."

The Herald wrote in a different vein:

"A demonstration unique in theatrical history marked the ringing down of the last curtain. An audience which filled the large new theater, and composed of representatives of society, clubdom, the world of first-night, the theater and every walk of life, called for the curtain to rise again. Then in response to demands, speeches were made by members of the stock company in which the two men who have made Weber and Fields a household word were told that they were committing business suicide; were told that they were making a grievous mistake, amid cries of 'Right! Right!'

"A Broadway audience is not particularly sentimental, but the tears that streaked the painted and powdered faces of the stage were multiplied many times in the audience as Auld Lang Syne became the final musical number."

A Tearful Curtain

Among that tear-stained audience The Herald's society reporter noticed Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, James Hazen Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould, D. Phoenix Ingraham, W. H. Neilson, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Northrup, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Stedman, J. Sayre Morton, Frank Crowninshield, John Forrester, Chalmers Daly, Jr., Jesse Lewisohn, J. P. Whiton Stuart, Judges Levintritt and Dugro, of the Supreme Court, and all the charter members of the Music Hall First Night Club.

Willie Collier and his wife rushed The Dictator through its evening performance and hurried to the New Amsterdam to pay their tribute. Fay Templeton and Sam Bernard were out front. Aimee Angeles came from the Majestic. Warfield, who was on tour, sent a telegram. Frankie Bailey burst into tears when her name was called and ran off the stage sobbing.

The audience stood and refused to leave the theater until Weber and Fields responded. They appeared together from the wings at last, both visibly moved by the demonstration.

"Speech!" shrieked the house.

When Weber spoke his voice carried only to the front rows.

"We can only say that we are sorry," he murmured, and gave it up.

"Fields!" the house cried.

"I can only echo Mr. Weber's sentiment," Lew's trembling voice answered.

"Shake hands," a gallery voice demanded.

They shook hands.

"Both members of this club," shouted some anonymous wag. Joe and Lew smiled wanly and the curtain fell slowly.

The partners had dressed in the same room the last night as they had the first. The stage was crowded with friends and fellow players as the two climbed the winding stairs to their joint quarters, but none had the poor grace to follow. Their farewell said in the privacy of their dressing room, Joe and Lew emerged in their street clothes and passed separately out the stage door.

Continued on Page 115

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SUNBOWL will bring to that chilly room all the radiant warmth of the Summer sun. His great big copper bowl is just *overflowing* with good cheer.

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QUALFORM
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Inter woven
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Wonderful Color Mixtures
The Best Wearing Wool Socks Made

(Continued from Page 112)

The history of theatrical teams dissolved by death, agreement or disagreement is a melancholy one. Success demanded in the beginning that they merge their individualities in the team. Having ceased to be individuals professionally, accustomed for years to achieve all their effects cooperatively, few have been able to readjust themselves when the union ended. Smith and Jones become, in the public mind, Smithandjones. Smith is no one, Jones is no one, Smithandjones is everything.

Only one notable exception occurs to the writers. Stuart Robson and William H. Crane went separate ways successfully, but they were of the legitimate stage. Montgomery and Stone, however, came up from the circus, partners for thirty years or more. Dave Montgomery died and Fred Stone continues to be a star of the first magnitude. On the other side of the ledger is a long list, Siamese Twins of the stage who failed to survive the operation that severed them. Max Rogers passed out of the picture when Gus Rogers died. Harrigan and Hart were supreme together. Tony Hart lost his mind and Ned Harrigan fell off into mediocrity. Evans and Hoey were great in union, ordinary singly. A bolt of lightning killed Bert Savoy on a Long Island beach a year or so ago. Jay Brennan has found a new partner, a competent vaudeville comedian, but the old savor is gone from the act. Scanlon and Cronin once were a team of note. Scanlon lost his mind. Some old memory in the back of Fields' mind was stirred one night at the Broadway Theater, about 1910, by an old man among the fifty-cent-a-night supers. Fields asked the old fellow his name. It was Cronin. Lew put him on the salary list for the rest of the season.

A Team Reunited

"Every time I saw Fields' name on a show poster after our separation," Weber recites, "I thought of a one-legged man. If I used the telephone the conversation would run something like this:

"'This is Joe Weber speaking.'

"'Who?'

"'Weber Joe Weber.'

"'I don't get the name.'

"'Joe Weber, of Weber and Fields.'

"'Oh, yes, Mr. Weber?'

"Lew and I have answered either to Weber or to Fields for forty years. 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Weber,' a man says on shaking my hand; and 'Good-by, Mr. Fields' when he leaves. My wife and I are used to being introduced as Mr. Weber and Mrs. Fields. We were in Florida last winter. A young woman from a Palm Beach paper interviewed us. Her story in the next day's paper read correctly until the last line. 'Mr. and Mrs. Fields will be in Palm Beach for several weeks,' it concluded.

"Lew and I sometimes wonder if they'll get our names straight on our tombstones and on the judgment morning. Probably not. For one thing, his real name is not Lew nor mine Joe. Both of us were born Moisha, the Hebrew of Moses."

In this story of Weber and Fields, as in all proper tales, the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and the curtain falls upon a happy ending.

The music hall reopened in the fall of 1904 with Weber's name alone in the electric lights. In order to procure Anna Held for his company, Weber took Florenz Ziegfeld, then Miss Held's husband, into partnership. The show was Higgledy-Piggledy, built on the old music-hall recipe. Marie Dressler, Charley Bigelow, Sam Marion, Bonnie Maginn, Aimee Angeles and Aubrey Boucicault were in the cast. Ziegfeld withdrew after one season and invented the Follies.

Fields went into partnership with Fred R. Hamlin and Julian Mitchell. A new theater Oscar Hammerstein was completing on Forty-second Street, now called the Frazee, was christened the Lew Fields. There he opened on December fifth, an independent star, in It Happened in Nordland. Victor Herbert wrote the music. May Robson, Bessie Clayton, Marie Cahill, Pauline Frederick were in the cast. Hamlin died on the eve of the opening and the brief partnership ended. The show, however, was a success.

For more than seven years Weber and Fields pursued their separate paths, each with his successes and his failures; more, it is pleasant to record, of the former than of the latter. They wished each other well, but they met only once, at a benefit performance in which both took part.

Early in January, 1912, Fields' father died and Weber attended the funeral. He and Lew rode together returning from the cemetery. Their route led through the Bowery. There was Miner's, here Donaldson's London, farther down the street the old Bowery Theater, there what once had been the Chatham Square and the Globe Museums; a moving panorama of their youth. Newer immigrants had displaced their generation from these crowded tenements. They saw themselves in the urchins that played in the noisome streets and fell silent.

'So you're giving up the old music hall, Web?" Fields asked at length.

"Yes," Joe said. "It has been losing money in recent years. It has seen its day."

"We ought to go together again, Web."

"I'd like to," Joe agreed quietly.

That was the reunion of Weber and Fields. Their first thought was of Lillian Russell. She met them at the door of her home, took their hands and clasped them together.

"This is a sight for sore eyes," she rejoiced. "Most certainly I want a part in the reunion. Try to keep me out of it! Pay me what you like."

They paid her $2000 a week. Fay Templeton, much more of her than in the old days, was the next to enlist. Then Willie Collier and his wife; John T. Kelly, Ada Lewis, George Beban, Bessie Clayton, Frankie Bailey. Many of the old Weberfields, Sam Bernard and De Wolf Hopper included, were under contract for the season and could not break away in mid-year. Ross and Fenton were celebrating their own twenty-fifth anniversary at Hammerstein's Victoria. Edgar Smith returned to write the book, a potpourri of Weber and Fields' reminiscences, and called it the Weber and Fields Jubilee.

On the night of February 8, 1912, at Felix Isman's Broadway theater, Noah Webster's worst enemies returned to the stage together. The seats had been sold at auction as of old. Boxes brought as much as $900, orchestra seats $35! There was $13,800 in the house the opening night, a new Broadway record.

Fields and Weber were offered $1250 each for the two lower boxes, but saved them for their families. Weber's mother, ninety-three years old, was in his box, her first time in any theater.

Ten years before, Lillian Russell had been the victim of a Felix Isman joke. He had substituted the name of a chorus girl for that of Miss Russell on a gorgeous floral piece handed over the footlights. Lillian knew the flowers had been intended for her.

"You did that," she accused him quietly as she passed him in the wings.

Weber and Fields' Jubilee

The subject never had been mentioned again by either. Now Mr. Isman commissioned a florist to drape the proscenium arch and the orchestra pit with entwined American Beauty roses, to weave a carpet of American beauties for the floor of Miss Russell's dressing room and to hide the walls of the room with bowers of the same flower—American Beauties in compliment to her stage title. She gasped when she saw it and threw her arms around Mr. Isman.

"You got even," she said. Only the two understood the remark.

Peter Dailey, dead four years, alone was missing when the orchestra struck up John Stromberg's Dinah as an overture, and the show was on. Time and tide had waited on Frankie Bailey's legs, it appeared. Lillian made her entrance in a gem-bespattered gown that tinkled like a glass chandelier when she moved. Her fiancé, Alexander P. Moore, Pittsburgh publisher, now ambassador to Spain, and her daughter Dorothy were out front. Another Pittsburgher, W. J. Patterson, husband of Miss Templeton, sat near by. There were William A. Brady and Grace George, here ex-Sheriff Tom Foley, Al Woods, Ziegfeld, Fire Chief Croker, Commissioner Daugherty, Frank McKee, David Belasco, Morris Rose, E. J. Conley, Julian Mitchell, Clifton Crawford, Olive Wyndham, Gertie Vanderbilt, Diamond Jim Brady, Arthur Brisbane, William R. Hearst and family party, Sam Harris, Augustus Thomas, A. E. Thomas, Will Irwin, Charles Dana Gibson, J. J. Shubert, Thomas F. Ryan, Mrs. Willie Collier and Willie, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Condé Nast, Mrs. M. Sheldon Fuller, Miss Marjorie Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart Barney, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rawlins, T. Pearsall Thorne, Louis Larocque, Thomas B. Clarke, Jr. Justice James W. Gerard excused himself from Ambassador Whitelaw Reid's dinner and arrived during the first act.

"Don't poosh me, Myer!"

Weber's voice from the wings! Enter Mike and Myer sputtering the old hashed German-English to a reception the like of a stampede in a national convention. Fields resumed the gouging out of Weber's eye where he had left off eight years earlier. In its affectionate enthusiasm the audience made such a racket that the comedians' lines were drowned out repeatedly. What matter? All knew the lines by heart.

Russell, Collier, Weber and Fields were in the midst of the old poker game from Hokey Pokey when a cry came from offstage.

"Bine gollies!" said the voice.

"Sounds just like Warfield," the audience whispered.

Collier, Russell, Joe and Lew turned in amazement as a Jewish peddler emerged from the wings, rubbing his hands and chattering in the almost forgotten accents of the pre-Belasco Warfield.

"A perfect imitation of Warfield," the audience whispered. The whisper changed to a shout.

"It is Warfield!"

It was Warfield! He had shortened his usual performance of The Return of Peter Grimm, slipped out of the character of that ghostly Dutchman into the old make-up of his East Side peddler, jumped into a taxicab and popped in at the New Amsterdam to add his bit to the jubilee—as graceful a deed as one actor ever did for another. Warfield spoke, Belasco spoke. A quarter of an hour passed before the delighted house permitted the show to go on.

The New Music Hall

The gay, excited crowd was spilling into Forty-second Street by midnight, the show over. Backstage, the company hurried into other clothes to attend the dinner the Friars were giving to Weber and Fields, a signal honor to any actor. Caruso was one of the party at the head table. The tenor had been a constant patron at the music hall in its last season and his first in America, visiting backstage and drawing his cartoons of everyone in the troupe.

When a speech was demanded of him this night, he rose and convulsed the diners by saying, in a purposely thickened Italian accent:

"At the Metropolitan Opera House we study so hard all our lives to learn to sing. Mr. Gatti-Casazza gives you an all-star cast. We sing like the angels and you pay $10,000. But Fields here, who sticks his finger in Weber's eye, plays to thirteen-fourteen thousand dollars. How is that?"

Road bookings forced the show to close its Broadway engagement while New York still was paying fancy prices to speculators for tickets and crowding the theater to capacity. On tour, the Jubilee duplicated its New York triumph, playing in the largest theaters to be had; in Chicago the Auditorium, in Kansas City Convention Hall. The season closed in Pittsburgh in June. Miss Russell and Mr. Moore were married the following night in the Hotel Schenley in the presence of the Weberfields.

Weber and Fields' New Music Hall, now the Forty-fourth Street Theater, opened the following fall with an all-star stock company that included Frank Daniels, Marie Dressler, Nora Bayes, Jack Norworth, Helena Collier-Garrick, Bessie Clayton, Arthur Aylsworth and Joe and Lew. It lived only one season. The venture required patience. Broadway needed time to adjust itself to the new location, the new principals and the much larger theater. Joe and Lew, deceived by the sentimental outburst of the Jubilee, expected to resume where they had left off at Twenty-ninth Street in 1904. When the season ended with smaller profits than they might have earned independently, they gave the new music hall up.

Mr. Fields returned to musical comedy and still is actively of the stage. Mr. Weber has given more of his attention in recent years to producing. You may see them, Mike and Myer, again the coming winter in vaudeville. Should you hear a plaintive voice offstage saying, "Don't poosh me, Myer," they will be next on the bill.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout

Berg

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REG U S PAT OFF

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REG U S PAT OFF

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

SPEED

(Continued from Page 7)

"Why don't you make her hang up her own things?" he growled, cross because of his uneasiness. "Don't she ever stay home long enough?"

"Just lately she's had so many parties - the young folks all coming home for the summer, you know. She only had time after tennis this afternoon to dress for the evening."

"Where's she going tonight?"

"Mrs. Patterson's giving a dinner, and they'll dance afterward at the club. Would you like to go over for a while, Sam?"

She turned away from the closet door and looked at him somewhat wistfully. The source of Wiletta's beauty was apparent in Mary's blue eyes, in her fine skin and in her smile, which was at once sweet and humorous.

Had she cared to make the best of it, she might have been taken for her daughter's older sister.

But she had always been rather humble in her estimate of her own appearance; and now, after twenty-two years of being a wife and mother, she never thought about it. She had not changed the style of doing her hair in years. She had accepted middle age without a struggle

"Oh, Lord, no!" Sam replied to her question. "Hard day in the store. I thought we were going to work in the garden after supper."

He lingered, watching her moving about the room with her step which was so light and quick. He had an odd feeling that he wanted to keep near her, as if disaster and worry could not possibly come to them when they were together. When Sarah, after her usual custom, called up the stairs, "Supper's on, Mis' Whipple," they went down together, Sam's arm about Mary's shoulder, since there was no one to see.

At the top of the stairs Mary paused to call, "Ricky?"

"I guess he hasn't got back yet," said Sam.

"Back from where?"

"Oh, I told him to take that saxophone back to Red. I wish you'd speak to him about this fool habit he has of borrowing musical instruments."

"Maybe if he had some of his own he wouldn't borrow," said Mary quietly.

"You don't want him to join a—a minstrel show, do you? Gosh, it does seem to me as if an eighteen-year-old boy ——"

"Seventeen."

"Well, at twelve I was at work, Saturdays and after school; and I knew what I wanted to be too. I was headed for something But there don't seem to be a darned thing Rick is interested in but tootling away at some instrument or trying to kill someone with a borrowed automobile. Speed! Speed up! More speed! It's the only thing they care about—speed and jazz"

Eat your dinner, Sam," Mary said, the brightness fading out of her face. "We won't wait for Richard, Sarah. Put this plate in the oven for him. He'll be along pretty soon."

"Yeh, if he does," said Sam, "it'll be the first supper he's had at home this week. What does he do with himself, will someone tell me?"

"I don't know," Mary sighed. "Red has a car of his own now. I think Ricky is teaching him to drive it."

Sam laughed sardonically.

"God help Red, then. Does Red's father know that Rick has already smashed up one car for me and cost me a young fortune in damages?"

Mary did not reply directly to this, but presently she said thoughtfully, "Sam, sometimes I think it is a mistake not to have a car of our own."

Sam's face darkened.

"You know what happened when we had a car. Did we have an easy minute? No! If it wasn't Rick up for driving without a license or crumpling up someone's mud guard, it was Wiletta. No, sir, they disobeyed me just one too many times. Maybe you've forgotten the night Wiletta sneaked the car out when I'd forbidden her to touch it, drove twenty miles to a barn dance and ended in a smash against a telephone pole."

"I know," Mary sighed "But they have so much energy."

"Let 'em work it off then at something worth while, the way you and I did when we were young." She looked across the table at him with her clear blue gaze.

"Sam, maybe you and I, when we were their age, were industrious and law-abiding because we had to be. Our grandfathers were pioneers. We were still poor. Everything was being made, don't you see—the town, our business and our places in life. We were helping to make things. Maybe that's why we behaved so well. We had work of our own. But what is there for Wiletta and Ricky to make?"

Sam looked bewildered and hurt.

"Mary, are you siding with the children against me?"

Mary pushed back her chair and tinkled the little bell at her plate.

"Don't be foolish! We've finished, Sarah. Come on, let's get at the sweet peas before it gets any darker, Sam."

The flower beds at the side of the house breathed upon them soothingly.

"If Wiletta and Rick would come out here and work every day," said Sam sturdily, puffing a trifle as he cut runners off a row of strawberry plants, "it would take a lot of nonsense out of them. But I suppose there isn't enough speed in it for them. Why can't they like the things we like?"

Mary sighed.

"My dear, if we could answer that question we should know our children better"

Again he felt that sharp stab of dismay. Was Mary afraid, too? He peered at her through the deepening twilight.

"Do you"—he stammered, finding it hard to say because of the door it opened into the deeper places of his being—"do you feel sometimes as if you didn't know what they were going to do next?"

She drooped her head over the budding delphiniums.

"Yes, I've thought about it a good deal lately. In the last year or so they've become almost like strangers, as if they"—she laughed a little sadly—"as if they were boarding with us."

"Exactly," he returned grimly.

They gathered up their gardening tools and went across the lawn together. This was the hour they particularly loved, when the last of a clear primrose afterglow turned their great oak beside the house into gilded bronze; when their garden had been tended and within the house they loved, a light called them to a peaceful evening together. They had all they wanted; or at least, so it had seemed until lately.

"I got that sketch today for the new veranda," said Sam, who half believed that if you pushed unpleasant thoughts out of your mind their cause somehow ceased to exist. "It strikes me it's better than the other one Ridgely made."

His cheerfulness recovered, he put up the card table, spread out the blue print and reached for a pencil. His fingers touched the letter he had brought home to show to Mary. They must discuss that thing, but not just now, with this enticing project before him. He and Mary had spent many a pleasant evening already arguing over the new veranda. They could get as much enjoyment out of this occupation as most folks of their age did out of a game of bridge.

So, under the shaded lamp, with a little fire on the hearth because the evening had turned cool, they talked about improvements in the house, and the day's news of the store, and whether Mary should buy new grass rugs for the new veranda. They forgot for two hours that they were parents; until in fact the clock struck 10 30. Then Sam suddenly grumbled, "Where in heck is that boy? A pretty time of the night for him to be out. Where ——"

"I'll telephone Red's mother," Mary interposed hastily.

She came back from the hall telephone with a disturbed expression. Red's mother said the two boys had taken Red's new car out at seven o'clock, promising to be back at dark. Mrs. Warner was as worried about them as she was; but what could she do about it? Nothing!

"Well, something's got to be done about it!" declared Sam belligerently. "That boy's got to learn, at least, to let us know where he's going. No manners, no consideration, no sense of duty. Look at this letter."

Mary, with a wince, took it and read.

"I know," she sighed. "He told me last week he did not want to go to college."

"Well, he's just got to go! By Henry, when I was his age, wasn't I crazy to go to college? But I couldn't, and I've regretted it ever since. I said to myself the night he was born that my son should have a college education, and he's got to have one, whether he wants it or not."

(Continued on Page 121)

"Hot Dog! Look Who's in It!" Richard Stood in a Stupor of Amazement, Staring

NEW BEAUTY *in* CONCRETE

has been added to permanence and economy, through ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

THE photograph shows the interior of the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, in Washington, D. C., an epoch making achievement in the use of concrete. Every detail of its intricate decoration has been worked out through a new technique in concrete with Atlas Portland Cement. Its sumptuous colors were secured and made permanent simply by the manipulation of the aggregate. And though these colors vie in richness with the most elaborate mosaics of the Orient, the nature of the material, breaking its surface into innumerable small facets of light, blends the color scheme into a harmonizing whole, possible with no other material.

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RADIO REPRODUCER

(Continued from Page 116)

"But, dear, do you think it will do him any good if he is forced - "

"But what'n Sam Hill does he want to do?"

"I don't know," she confessed. "I'm hoping time will tell. And I'm afraid that if we force him he'll—run away again."

She found it difficult to say the words, for this incident of their son's past was something they did not speak about. They had a vague feeling that they had not handled the episode very skillfully. When, the summer before, Richard had disappeared without warning, they had in a panic hired a detective to trace him; and when he had been found playing the cornet in a tent show in the next town, they had worked upon his sentiment with a tale of his mother's distress and he had come home. He offered no explanation.

"It was fun," he had said briefly. "I'll bet I could have been leading that band in another month."

But to Sam it was humiliating. Men in the drug store had joked him about it. It wasn't dignified to have a son like that; and it was mystifying too. One did not know where he'd break out next.

"He's just got to buckle down and give up this kid business."

Sam folded up the card table with a slam and picked up the evening paper. He read and Mary sewed until the clock struck 11:30. Then, with a start, Sam went to the front door and looked out. The night lay fragrant and cool across his shaven lawn; under the maples Palmer Avenue was deserted; in the Adams house across the street only a dim light burned in the upper hall. Their children were grown up and safe. At this instant Sam remembered something that had been in his mind to ask Mary all evening. He turned back to the sitting room.

"Mary, who's that chap in the green roadster that took Wiletta to the party this evening?"

A curious expression of dread passed over Mary's face. She bent lower over her sewing.

"Did he come here for her? I was upstairs ——"

"No, he didn't. It struck me he was sort of hanging around in the street for her to come out. I don't seem to remember any of the boys driving a car like that."

Mary snipped off her thread and held her needle up to the light. But her hands appeared to be unsteady, and suddenly she dropped them in her lap.

"I shall have to get me some glasses for sewing," she murmured. "Why don't you go to bed, Sam?"

"Me?" His tone was truculent. "I guess I can sit up the rest of the night if you do. I'm not sleepy."

But a moment later his head dropped back against the chair and his breath began to puff in and out rhythmically. As soon as she had assured herself that he was asleep, Mary Whipple put her sewing on the table and drew from the front of her dress a crumpled sheet of note paper. This she read through very thoughtfully, and when she had done so she suddenly put her hands over her face as if she tried to shut out something.

Sam slept on until he was awakened by Mary's voice, speaking over the telephone. He sat up with a start and stared incredulously at the clock. It was two o'clock. He bounded out of his chair and stood bewildered, with rumpled hair. The first sight of Mary's face as she came back into the room awakened him thoroughly.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I don't know," she said in a low voice. Her face was white and drawn. "I've been talking to Mrs. Patterson. She says Wiletta didn't come to the dinner, and she was not at the club afterward. No one has seen her."

"Well, by Henry, this is an outrage!" Sam blustered to keep back that strange pang of fear. "That girl's got to be taught manners."

"Oh, don't!" Mary's face quivered sharply. "It's something bigger than manners. I wish -I wish I had told you before. Sam, it's that Cartwright man—Jack Cartwright."

"She doesn't know that—that skunk, does she?"

Mary nodded. She could not show Wiletta's father the note from Cartwright she had found in the pocket of the crimson sweater. That would have been treachery. There was a tone of assured insolence in it that made her blush for her own sex.

He stood staring, with his jaw falling. Jack Cartwright, notoriously separated from his wife, a fellow whom he had always thought of with mild contempt as a rich young wastrel, who wore white flannel pants all summer and was a dummy on the board of directors of his uncle's bank. It was an affair with one of the girl stenographers in the bank that had finally caused his wife to leave him.

Sam Whipple felt a rending pang of horror. His little girl, motoring half the night with a good-for-nothing rake like that, meeting him clandestinely! Then she was grown up!

He knew now that although he had pretended she was grown up, with his talk about her being old enough to do this and that, in reality he had been thinking of her as a little girl. And in this moment through which he had just lived that little girl had vanished, never to come back again. He was aware of a sense of irreparable loss, and he would have liked to put his head down on the table and weep.

But he had to think of Mary; there was such unhappy fear in her face. And he had to pump himself up to a good, wholesome rage with that pup Jack Cartwright.

"I'll take a horsewhip to him!" he ground out between his teeth. "And as for Wiletta, she ought to be shut up on bread and water, the way they used to do."

This outbreak seemed to steady Mary. She wiped her eyes and looked at him sadly.

"You're talking foolishly, Sam. Horsewhips and bread and water are no good nowadays, because a girl needn't stay at home if things are made too hard for her. No; what we've got to think of is how to find something to take the place of—that man. And I don't know —— Oh, Sam, we don't know our own children!"

He sat down on the arm of her chair and smoothed her hair while she wept for a little while with her face pressed against him. But for the first time they seemed to get no comfort out of each other. The walls of their fortress had a breach in them now.

The clock struck again while they sat there. There was nothing they could do but wait. If they should set out to search, they had no clew which way to start. The country club closed at twelve, and when they asked each other where young people went after that hour, they found they were as innocent of knowledge of all-night resorts as Wiletta was supposed to be. They would not let themselves think of accidents.

"Oh, damn the automobile!" groaned Sam. "Sometimes I think it's the greatest curse ever let loose on the world. If it wasn't for the automobile we'd know where they are now."

It was a quarter to three when the lights of a car running up the drive swept over the shrubbery outside the windows. Both of them sprang up with an exclamation, and Sam went to the front door. A taxicab stood there, chugging busily.

A white-stockinged foot minus a slipper was thrust out the door of the cab and Wiletta's voice cried, "Got any money on you, dad? Pay the driver, will you? Don't faint, mamma. Rick's battered, but all here. Steady now. Take it easy, put your arm around my neck, you poor prune."

She backed out of the cab. One side of the green chiffon dress was in ribbons, one arm was tightly wound with a bandage from elbow to shoulder.

Sam, in grim silence, looked at the taximeter. Seven dollars and sixty cents!

"Been driving to Chicago and back?" he inquired sarcastically of the man.

"Picked 'em up at Jackson's Hospital on the Hoosier Boulevard, that's all," said the man, grinning sympathetically.

Jackson's Hospital! Thirty miles out!

"Get into the house!" he bade his daughter in a tone she had never heard before.

"Don't be stuffy, dad!" she cried hardily; and limping on one slipper, she skipped up the steps before him.

When Richard had been assisted into the lighted living room it was seen that he was indeed somewhat battered. One hand was bandaged, his face was a crisscross of surgeon's plaster, his blond hair stood up in a windrow between two strips of plaster. He sat down weakly upon the sofa and grinned as he met his father's darkling eye.

"Wreck of the Hesperus," he murmured.

An ominous silence obtained for an interval, then Sam made a sound like the first growl of a thunderstorm.

"Well?"

Wiletta immediately swaggered. She threw back her head and burst into a high, nervous laugh.

"The joke's on us, I'll say. If you'll believe it, we ran into each other. Rick and I collided. Did you ever hear of anything so weird?"

"How? Where?"

"Rick was driving Red's car and I—I was driving—a friend's car ——"

"You were driving Jack Cartwright's car."

"Good gracious, dad, don't look at me like that! What do you expect? If you won't have a car, why, we simply have to borrow other people's."

"You don't have to drive with a good-for-nothing waster like that Cartwright fellow."

Wiletta flushed and her eyes became blue ice.

"Father, I'll thank you not to call my friends names. He is not a good-for-nothing. He's ——"

"Never mind," growled her father. "Where were you going with him at that hour of the night? That's what I want to know."

Wiletta's face, her whole body, appeared to harden.

"If you insist on knowing, we were going to Chicago."

At this Sam and Mary looked at each other with horrified eyes.

"Do you realize, miss," roared Sam, "that you'd have been all night going and coming?"

Wiletta smiled frankly.

"At the rate we were going we'd have been back here by three A.M."

Here Richard broke in.

"Yeh, I'll say you would! You were going sixty when I met you, if I know speed"

Wiletta reminded her brother sharply that he was not exactly crawling himself.

"You'd better learn the rules of the road too! You were hogging the road, that's why I sideswiped you!"

"Huh! If I hadn't been doing some darn good driving we'd both be in the morgue right now. Anyway, I wasn't driving and having a petting party at the same time."

Mary made a piteous small sound.

"Oh, Willy, my dear, how could you do it? How could you go out with a—a notorious man? If you had been killed ——"

"Mother, don't try to get at me that way. We weren't killed. And I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of, I haven't!"

"Huh! Well, you've done something we're ashamed of," barked Sam, recovering. "And I can tell you right now, Wiletta, this has got to stop! You've got to stay home and -and be company for your mother and learn a few useful things." An unwary chuckle from the sofa caused him to whirl around upon his son furiously. "You just wait, young fella! Your turn's coming. You're going to have a tutor the rest of the summer and make up for the time you've wasted."

"Oh, gosh, dad, I don't want a tutor! What's the use of going to college?"

"You he quiet!" And then Sam delivered himself of that blustering threat which probably Adam first used: "As long as you live under my roof you'll do as I say."

Richard dropped back upon his cushions sullenly, but Wiletta drew herself up like a slim flame.

"That's old stuff, father. I don't have to live under your roof if I don't choose."

"Huh! I'd like to know what you'd do if you didn't."

"I'd earn my own living, that's what."

"Yeh! I guess by the time you'd clerked in a store at ten dollars a week for a while you'd be glad to come home."

Wiletta's eyes blazed with an old rancor.

"If you had let me do what I wanted to I wouldn't have to clerk in a store. I'd have a profession by now; or anyway, almost. But, no, I had to go to a dinky boarding school because you had old-fashioned ideas. And what did I learn there? Nothing but manners and sex stuff!"

"Wiletta!" The twin cry was one of anger from her father and dismay from her mother.

"Well, isn't it that, when you have it dinned into you that you must live in the kind of way and have the kind of manners that will catch some man and get him to propose to you? If that isn't sex stuff, I'd like to know what is."

"But you needn't use that—that horrid expression," her mother murmured.

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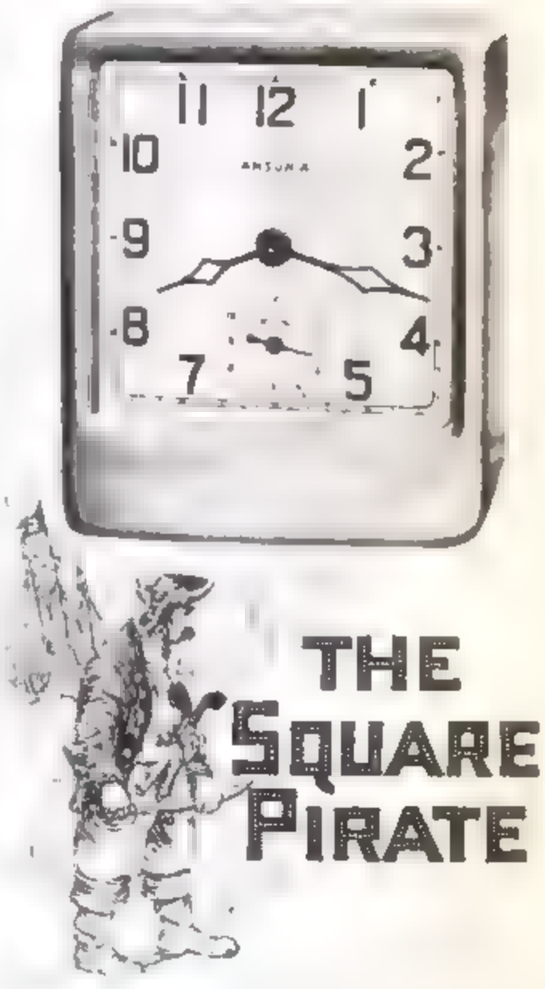

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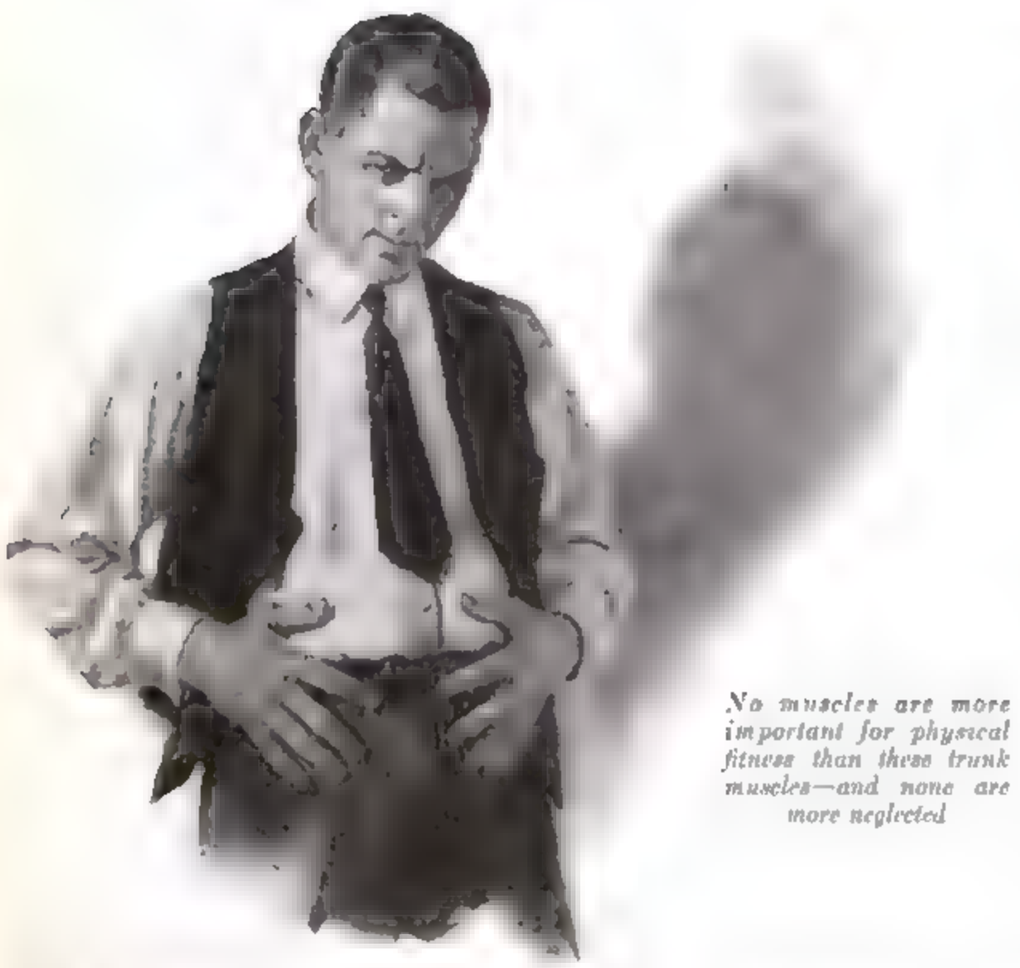

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Wiletta laughed hardily.

"Oh, mamma, you're too funny for words!"

"Don't be impertinent to your mother," Sam broke in sternly. "From this time on, you spend more time at home."

"Spend more time at home! And what shall I do at home? Good heavens, papa, have some sense! Mother doesn't need me, with all the help you can afford to hire."

"Well, there's the garden; you could work in the garden; good healthy work."

A wild laugh from Wiletta interrupted her father. She threw her head back and implored the ceiling.

"The garden! Ye gods! Me, wasting my energy raising vegetables that you can buy on any corner for less money!"

"You've said it, Willy!" It was an intrepid voice from the sofa. "I don't know why we should be expected to get het up over the ol' house and garden. It isn't our house and garden."

If their son had said he was not their child, Sam and Mary Whipple could not have been more astonished or more hurt. They turned upon him their stricken eyes.

Young Richard, somewhat flushed, as if he were a bit feverish, sat looking from one to the other, with his eyes—usually somewhat dreamy—now bright and birdlike.

"I mean that it isn't ours; it's yours. You built it the way you wanted it, you get all the fun out of it and you don't really want anyone to butt in. It's the same way with the store. It's your store."

"I've only just built it up for you, sir!"

"Oh, now, dad, I don't believe that. You like the hardware business. If anybody took it away from you, you'd cry. Now wouldn't you?"

"I've always hoped you'd take it away from me some day when you got sense enough. But it doesn't look to me like ——"

"You're dead right," cried Richard earnestly. "I don't want it. I'd be a dub at the business. You'd ought to have taken Willy in partnership with you when she wanted you to. She'd be a humdinger at selling things."

Wiletta came over and seated herself on Richard's sofa.

"Save your breath, Ricky. They've made up their minds I'm to be a lady and you're to go in the hardware business."

"And, pray, don't you want to be a lady?" inquired her father with sarcasm.

Wiletta tossed her head recklessly.

"I'm not so darn sure I do, if being a lady is sitting on the veranda and embroidering guest towels. No, I want more—more ——"

"Speed," whispered Richard.

"Shut up! I want—oh, I don't know what. But I don't want to sit down in the house and—and wait."

Her father looked at her with bewildered resentment. "Don't you care anything about making your mother happy? Me, of course, I don't count."

"Oh, now, dad, that's sob stuff. Of course I want to make you both happy, but I've got to be happy, too, haven't I? You two have got each other. You don't actually need Rick and me, as long as you have each other and the house and the garden and the business."

"I never heard such talk! Don't you feel any interest or responsibility?"

"Responsibility for what?" she demanded. "If you were sick or lost your money or went out of your mind or something, I suppose there'd be something to be responsible for. But as things are, I don't get it."

Sam Whipple had plowed his hand up through his hair until it looked as distracted as his eyes. Feeling himself being driven into a corner, he took a new tack.

"That's neither here nor there," he declared. "Thing is, you and Rick have no consideration or sense of responsibility or interest or—or anything. You just both of you act as if you wanted to see how foolish you could be, and it's got to stop. Richard, you've got to settle down and study this summer. And, Wiletta, if you have anything more to do with that Cartwright fellow, I shall—I shall run him out of town."

Wiletta sprang to her feet, her face white with anger.

"Father, you wouldn't do such a thing! You wouldn't go to him ——"

"Oh, yes, I would. In fact, unless I have your word that you'll never have anything more to do with him, I'm going to see him tomorrow."

"Father, you're treating me as if I were about six years old! And I tell you, I haven't done anything I am ashamed of. How can I help speaking to him when he goes around with our crowd all the time?"

"You can stay at home then," returned her father.

"Stay home! And do nothing? I should go crazy!" Wiletta flung out her arms again in a desperate gesture. She was trembling with anger. "You wouldn't let me go to a decent college and take up a profession; you wouldn't let me make over this horrid old house; and now you won't let me even speak to the only interesting man in this hole of a town! I can't stand it! I shall die—I shall just b-b-burst!"

"You'll ——" began Sam, but unexpectedly his wife rose to her feet and with a gesture stopped him.

Mary Whipple had listened to the heated words of her husband and her children with an odd sense of learning something about the three of them. She had seen Sam floundering, offering with an unskillful hand a mold into which his children could not fit themselves. On the other hand, they, too, were floundering amidst their yeasty and vague desires. They didn't know what they wanted, but they passionately knew what they did not want.

She was not sure they were not thinking more clearly than their overheated father. There was one sentence of Wiletta's that would bear thinking over.

"Never mind, all of you," she said quickly. "It is time we were all in bed."

"But, mother, I want father to understand ——"

"I understand too darned well!" roared Sam.

"I'm inclined to think neither of you understands anything."

With a smile new to her lips, faintly ironic, Mary put a firm hand upon her daughter's arm and turned her toward the stairway.

Long after the house was quiet and the light in their bedroom was out, Mary heard a sigh from the next bed.

"I'll be darned if I know what to do with them," Sam admitted to the darkness. "They're too old to spank, but not old enough to have any common sense. And yet when we were their age ——"

"Sam, let's give up comparing them with ourselves, because all the conditions of our youth were different from theirs. Sometimes I wish we were poor again, so that they had to help us keep the wolf from the door. No, it's got to be something deeper than that, now; something to make us human to them."

He was aware in the darkness that she was sitting up in bed, now, her chin on her knees. He heard her murmur, "Human! Not to be taken for granted." Then in another moment she began rapidly to braid and unbraid her long hair. Twenty years of her had taught him that when Mary began to braid and unbraid her hair her mind was fascinated by some problem.

Suddenly she flung out the long braid. He felt the inspired quality of the gesture and he knew they were on the brink of change. Nothing would ever be the same again. The good old ways were crumbling around them; Mary had become infected by an idea. She was leaning toward him now, ruthless and portentous.

"Sam, if you were to leave your business for six months or a year, would it go to rack and ruin?"

He repeated the staggering words incredulously. And at the same time some layer of his consciousness saw himself turning his back on the store, abandoning it to other hands. He almost sobbed.

"Sam," she was persisting, "how rich are we?"

"I guess we can keep out of the poorhouse quite a few years yet."

"Even if you gave up business for a while?"

"I guess so," he admitted mournfully.

She lay back upon her pillow with a sigh of relaxation.

"That's all I wanted to know."

She was actually going to leave it there, up in the air between them. She thumped her pillow, settled herself. But now he uprose on an elbow.

"What's all this talk mean? I want to know. What are you getting at, anyway?"

"Why, it's simple enough," she murmured. "If our children are indifferent to our life, then we've got to lead the kind of life they can't be indifferent to." She snuggled deeper into her pillow. She was actually dropping off under his eyes. "I suspect," she sighed, "it's going to be

Continued on Page 124

From a stove a room to one Heatrola for the whole house

Thousands have found furnace comfort this way

REMEMBER, a few years ago, your winter-time visits to the house of friends and neighbors? Everyone hovering about the fuel-eating monster that overheated half the living room while completely neglecting the other half. Bedrooms either stuffy and hot, or chilly and damp; the parlor shut up, an unused room from December to March. . . . Such was the "comfort" of the stove-a-room heating method.

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(Continued from Page 122)

pretty hard on us both, Sam, and we'd better get what sleep we can right now."

II

WHATEVER the nature of Mary Whipple's inspiration, she kept it dark within her own bosom for the next few days She went her usual brisk and efficient rounds, with no change in her that the casual eye could see. But her husband, not quite able to forget her mysterious words in the small hours of that night when their children had come so near to disaster and scandal on the public highway, now and then looked at her uneasily.

He had learned through these years of their close union that you could not always tell about Mary. Underneath her equable sweetness, her practical steadiness was a salty shrewdness touched with a certain Puck-like humor which now and then flashed out in a disconcerting clarity of vision.

Sam himself, only too willing to forget, if they would let him, his clash with his son and daughter, took for granted somehow that Mary would fix it up. He knew that the day after the stormy scene with his daughter, Mary had had a talk with her. And though total victory was not theirs, Wiletta had given her word not to meet Cartwright clandestinely. As Wiletta pointed out, it was absurd to expect her not to speak to him when they met almost every day at the club and at various houses. And besides, if she was forced to this extremity, she would run away; she would go out on her own, as she expressed it.

"I've got to live my own life, mother," Wiletta had said. "I can't be humiliated by being told who I can or can't speak to."

"I think it should be 'whom,'" Mary murmured absently. Then she added, somewhat to Wiletta's surprise, "I suppose your father and I are somewhat old-fashioned in our notions. But we had to work very hard when we were young, and since then perhaps we have become set in our ways."

Some of the tenseness melted out of Wiletta's face.

"You see, when you're young," she explained, "you just have to play around, or else how can you ever find out what you really want? Of course, I don't suppose you and father ever did. I guess you were always nice and steady. And then you always had each other. I haven't — Mother, sometimes I feel as if I hadn't anybody; not anybody at all."

"How about all the boys you've always known?"

Wiletta curled her lips.

"They're such kids! Half of them are blah-blahs, and the rest think if they have a good line once a year they're brilliant. They—oh, golly, they bore me something awful! I like brilliant, sarcastic men, with lots of *savoir-faire*. I like men that you have to be right up on your toes to keep up with."

"Is Mr. Cartwright that kind of person?" Mary asked mildly.

Wiletta's face became radiant. A faint, lovely color overspread it.

"Oh, mother, he's the most fascinating person I ever knew. He never has to think up his lines. He's just naturally clever. You never know what he's going to do or say next. And he wears the divinest clothes, you know, like in those English tire advertisements. He knows several actresses intimately. And the head waiter at the Alhambra Grill came way across the floor to speak to us the other night."

"He sounds very interesting. But the Alhambra Grill—it seems to me I've heard it is rather a wild place. Don't you think ——"

Wiletta moved restively and sighed.

"Oh, mother, there's no use trying to make you and father understand. You're too old. You think anything is wild that has any speed at all. Don't you know you've got to hit the ceiling now and then or just simply stagnate? You'd understand that, if you and father had ever had any speed yourselves."

His Son and Heir Sat on the Bed, Holding to His Lips a Curved Instrument From Which These Sounds Emanated His Brow Was Furrowed, His Eyes Ecstatic. He Was Lost, Drowned, Narcotized in an Exquisite Satisfaction

"I think we can grasp it without too much effort," said Mary dryly. She took her gardening gloves and went out She had intended that morning to thin out the snapdragons, but instead she stood still for a long time, gazing off at the bright strips of sky between the two elms in her neighbor's yard. A cloud like a fleecy ship with all sails set drifted across, and in Mary's soul wings stirred.

"You're too old," Wiletta had said. How could she know the untapped youth that lay hidden in her parents' hearts? How could she know, to be sure, when they exhibited nothing but the characteristics of middle age, when they gloried in their settled contentment?

For an instant there passed across Mary's vision, in the trail of that cloud ship, all the far countries, the beautiful, the strange and fantastical things they had never seen—which they might have seen.

"And we raise radishes and sell hardware," thought Mary. "And lose our children's most precious years."

She was still standing there staring at the strips of sky now turning to gold, when she heard her husband's footstep. She turned to watch him crossing the lawn toward her. He looked tired but cheerful, so she knew he had sold a good deal of hardware during the day. She had a slightly guilty feeling. Poor dear, he didn't know what was ahead of him.

"Come on and sit down under the oak," she called to him. "I want to talk to you about something."

From the window of her bedroom Wiletta now and then glanced down at her parents, who had been sitting a long time on the bench under the oak tree. What in the world could they find to talk about so intently? Why, they even laughed now and then, a thing that at their age struck Wiletta as simply weird. What could there be to be merry about, when all the exciting things in life were over, when you had practically nothing to look forward to but the grave? Wiletta pitied them and felt impatient with them. But neither her pity nor her impatience was more than a faint wave of emotion, for looking at her parents was like reversing a cloudy field glass which disclosed at the other end, very far away, two small blurred figures, in the flat, so to speak, without color or depth. Two very dear figures, but not at all real and human.

Wiletta withdrew from the window and immediately she turned the field glass right end to. The world became full of intense, bright detail, her charming nose, her bright hair, which she had just been doing in a new way, the lace dance frock she had laid out across the bed. She opened a bureau drawer, felt under the taffeta sachet which lined it and brought out a snapshot of a handsome, tall man with an air of insouciance and languor. She brushed it with her lips and held it against the cherry blossom of her kimono. At once the world was full of romantic pain, of longing and rebellion that stretched the nerves and sent a throb of delicious misery through her heart.

"I shall never give you up, my dearest own," she whispered. "No matter what they may do to me, I shall hold to you, I shall wait for you."

Up to this moment she had not been sure she was in love with Jack Cartwright, but now she knew. Opposition had been all she needed.

It was soon after this that Sarah, the cook, suddenly packed a large gray telescope bag and went away for a visit to her sister. And two mornings later Wiletta came strolling down to breakfast to find her mother pouring coffee and wearing her best hat.

"What ho! Why the chapeau?" sang Wiletta.

"I just thought I'd run up to the city for a few days, dear. I need some clothes Bring in the toast, will you, Willy?"

Wiletta's mouth fell open and remained so, inelegantly. "My goodness, mamma, I can't get ready to go on the 9:20. Why didn't you tell me last night?"

"But you're not going, Willy. Someone has to feed your father and brother, and it might as well be you."

"Needn't worry about me," said Sam blithely. "I may run up myself tomorrow. I'll pick you up at the Blackstone, Mary, in time for a show or something."

"Oh, that will be nice," returned Mary, as calmly as if this impromptu dash to the city were the usual thing for them.

Wiletta went numbly into the kitchen. There she encountered her brother in his pajamas, making for the back stairs with his breakfast on a plate. Such was often his slovenly habit. It was suspected that he played the jew's-harp as he ate, if the feat were possible, in the solitude of his own room.

"You needn't think you can lie in bed all morning," cried Wiletta bitterly. "Mother's going up to town and I've got all the work to do. You've got to help."

"First I've heard of it. D'you mean to say," cried Richard with lively astonishment, "that right off the bat moth' is going to the great city?"

"Yes, and dad's going tomorrow. They never consulted me. And I've asked six girls to tea tomorrow. Oh, golly, I forgot! Mother!" She dashed back through the swinging doors. "Mother, you've forgotten I asked those girls for tea tomorrow!"

Mary took this news with calmness.

"I've given many a tea without your help, Wiletta. They have very nice little cakes at the Women's Exchange, or you can make your own. I must hurry, for I haven't a ticket. I'll telephone Aunt Lucy to come over and stay nights, if your father comes up tomorrow. But don't expect her to get breakfast, dear. You know she never eats any herself."

Mary put on the jacket of her tailored suit and caught up her gloves and veil. She looked astonishingly young and carefree. Wiletta felt a strange pang of envy, but she struggled dutifully against it.

"I hope you'll have a regular time, mommie. But I must say, I wish you'd waited till Sarah got back, or let us know beforehand." Mary went toward the door: in fact she almost skipped.

"Don't you think plans are stodgy things Willy? So much nicer to go and come on the spur of the moment. I think I hear the taxi, Sam. Are you coming down with me?" Then from the interior of the taxicab Mary leaned out to say a most astounding thing:

"Oh, Wiletta! You and Richard may keep house any way you like, but if the

(Continued on Page 129

Building a home in Glastonbury Village, England, during the Early Iron Age. Note the roof construction—small bundles of reeds laid to overlap like shingles. This is the sixth of a series of illustrations showing the development of roofing "on the way to Latite."

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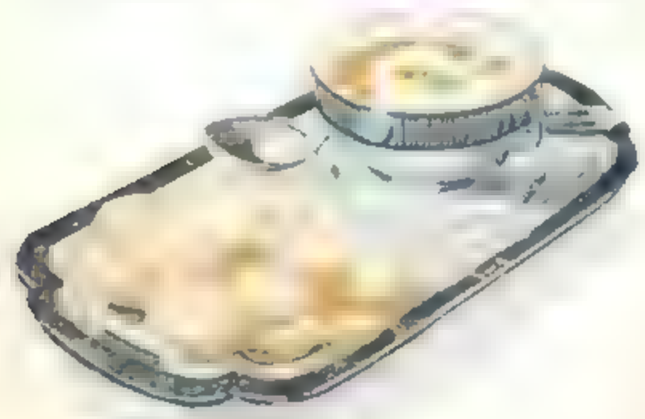

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He knows that goodness depends upon freshness and that you expect him to furnish you with foods in perfect condition.

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Such care on the part of the grocer in having Sunshine Biscuits that are Fresh and Crisp shows that his is a good store.

Biscuits

Fresh and Crisp

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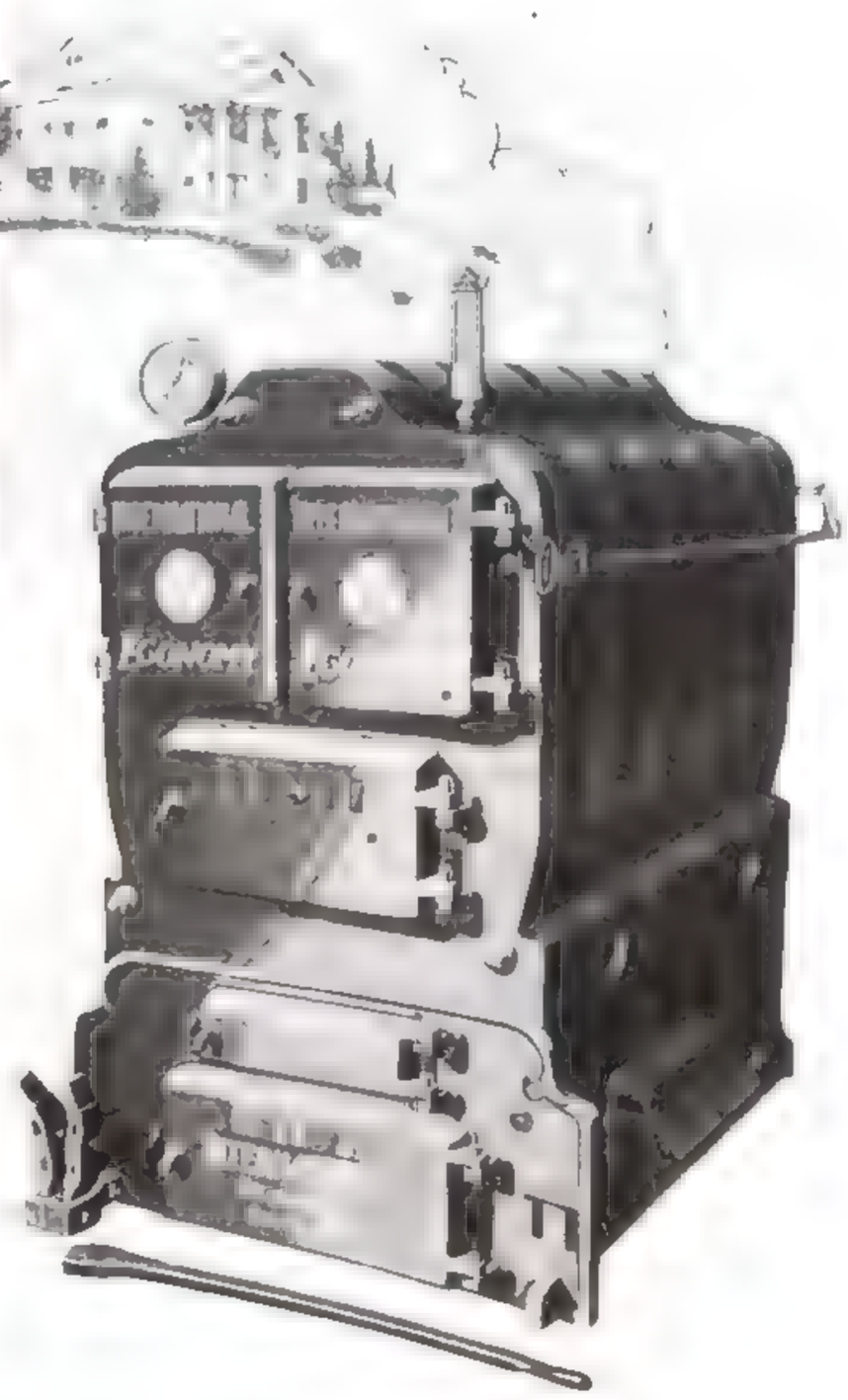

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BOILERS, FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

(Continued from Page 124)

place isn't in good order when I come back I shall go to a hotel until it is."

"My goodness, I'd like to know what's got into mother! She doesn't act like herself at all," sighed Wiletta, as she turned back to the house.

What a large house it was! And how silent, as if it waited, with its breath held, for something. And, oh, golly, all those darned breakfast dishes! Wiletta, who generally set forth about this hour with a tennis racket, buttoned an apron about herself reluctantly.

It was not necessary for Mary to carry out her threat and go to a hotel, for, being a good sport, she had given her daughter twenty-four hours' notice of her return, and Wiletta thus had a chance to drag in from the highways a free-lance colored young lady to remove the traces of various parties she had given during the week. She felt a little sick of parties. The crowd left their glasses and ice-cream plates in such queer places; they trod cake into the rugs and dropped cigarette ashes behind the sofa cushions; and no one even thought of staying to help her clear up.

Allie Morrison, who was Cartwright's cousin, had brought him along, uninvited, to one of these evenings. Wiletta, dashing in from directing Peel's man where to put the ice cream, found him standing in the hall. She went sick with surprise and happiness. How fascinating he always looked in evening clothes! And tonight he was at his gayest and most reckless. He put a finger to his lips.

"Sh-h! Allie's gone upstairs to look for you. Come out on the porch before anyone else comes."

They stood in the darkness of the side porch, and the sweet night wind blew across Mary's garden, bringing its scent of flowering shrubs and wet earth.

"Do you know, you have hardly spoken to me since the night we had the smash?" he whispered, holding both her hands. "Were your people awfully cut up about it?"

"A—a little," she admitted, blushing for the crudeness of her father.

He laughed and she thrilled. She loved his laughter, so caressing, so mocking, so man-of-the-worldish. It seemed to take her into its arms and adore her, even though, as now, his hands were jammed into his pockets.

"How quaint!"

She stored the word away in her memory for future use. None of the boys of her crowd had yet thought of it. And a suffocating, delicious, disquieting wave broke over her, drowning her. She backed away from him, but a pillar stopped her. He followed, very quiet and sure of himself. He stood so close that their bodies, their faces almost but not quite touched. His hands remained in his pockets. He murmured intoxicating words like "moon fairy," "beautiful thing," "little flame."

A part of her seemed to look on. It admired his line. Why couldn't the other boys think of lovely original things to say? Why couldn't they keep their hands in their pockets instead of crudely pawing?

But another part of her reeled and fainted and thought, "This is life. I love him, I love him! At last, at last!"

And Allie could be heard shrieking, "Billy, where are you? The party's come."

"Listen, precious; get rid of everyone early and go for a spin with me. I'll come back when I've taken Allie home. Ah, don't be silly! You're not going to be conventional and narrow-minded, are you? Why, what is life for but to be happy in? Promise – promise ——"

"Oh, dear, I don't know. I—I ——"

He became aloof, and murmured that after all it was only on her account he stayed in this provincial little hole; and since she was like all the rest, he would take himself off. He would go East for the summer; to Newport, maybe.

She was instantly terrified. Life would be absolutely empty if he went away. And she wanted awfully to please him; in fact she must; she must keep up with him.

"Well, perhaps, if I can—just for a short ride. No, no, let me go. Allie's coming downstairs."

The party was noisy and prolonged. In the current phrase, everyone hit the ceiling seven times. Wiletta's face grew drawn toward the end of the evening with wishing they would go.

But when the last reveler had gone down the driveway an unexpected obstacle arose in the form of Richard. Ricky had remained in his own room while bridge was being played. But when the phonograph was started and the party really began to enjoy itself, he came downstairs. There was one thing Wiletta felt proud of her brother for—his dancing. He was regarded as a mere infant, but the girls loved to dance with him. Such rhythm, such fluid and intricate steps. And when he had tuned his ukulele to a phonograph record it was as good as an orchestra, they said. His eyes shone, he rocked himself and crooned, "Whada y' do, Monday, whada y' do, Tuesday, M-a-a-ry?" with irresistible flair and rhythm.

When Wiletta began to empty ash trays and tidy up after her guests had gone, Richard developed an unexpected helpfulness.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, go on to bed," Wiletta finally cried. "You make me nervous, Rick."

Her fingers were, indeed, twitching. Aunt Lucy had long since retired to her room and doubtless slumbered deeply, since she always slept on her good ear. If it were not for Richard — She yawned elaborately.

"You'd better go to bed," said Richard, eying her coldly. "I'll put out the lights and lock up."

She went out upon the veranda and strained her eyes to see up the street through the maple branches. Two blocks away, in that particularly black patch of shade where the trees grew so thickly, Jack Cartwright would be waiting. But he wouldn't wait long; he was not that kind. Should she take a chance and run down now across the lawn and up the street? But, no, Richard would be sure to see her. And she found she could not say to Richard, carelessly, as always before tonight she could have said, "I'm going for a run with Mr. Cartwright." Something beyond words had taken place between her and Cartwright that made her feel all different, tingling, jumpy, guilty.

And while she hesitated, Richard came out upon the veranda and sat himself down on the steps.

She stared at him from the darkness of the porch swing resentfully. He looked as if he was going to sit there all night. And suddenly an intuition told her that Richard was sitting up for the purpose of watching over her. Had he overheard her conversation with Cartwright? You never knew about Richard, what he had been doing or thinking. And he got away with it, because he was a boy.

But she had to be forbidden and watched and guarded. Oh, rotten, being a girl! Suppose she jumped up now and swaggered, without a word, out and up the street. Or, no, it would be more effective to throw back over her shoulder, "Goin' out for a little breeze. Don't sit up for me." That's the way Richard would do it.

But when she gathered herself for the plunge, she found all her muscles went weak. The taboos of generations sat upon her. She could not defy even this unimportant male. Something had happened to the superb belief in herself she had always had. With a furious exclamation under her breath, she sprang up and whirled into the house. She slammed the door of her room behind her and stamped her foot. She despised herself, she hated the barriers which hedged in her sex; and underneath her fury was a sense of desolation. She walked up to her long mirror and looked at herself.

"You're bad," she whispered. "You'd have broken your word of honor tonight if you hadn't been stopped. You're not a good sport. And I suppose you'll do it again, now you're got started. You can't be depended on. You're bad!"

Throwing herself upon her bed, she began to weep. What she was weeping for she scarcely knew—for innocence, for the safe road, for fear of the mysterious future? Or just because of frustration—who knows? Weeping, she fell asleep, suddenly, and all the lines of her face became pure and soft. The morning sun shone in upon her presently, turning to a rosy mist her sophisticated dancing frock.

The manner of their parents' return home was an upheaving shock to both Richard and Wiletta. Wiletta heard her brother shout from the veranda, "Bill! Heavenly day! Come out here!"

There was a note in his voice which brought her out running. Swinging in at the gate was a resplendent gray touring car, its elegance only matched by its sportiness.

"Hot dog! Look who's in it!" Richard stood in a stupor of amazement, staring.

For it was, indeed, their parents who trundled with considerable dash up the driveway. If they had somewhat carefully planned an effect, they were certainly successful. Not a smarter or better car was owned in town. And when Sam and Mary stepped out and revealed themselves it was plain that sartorially no two such parents belonged to any young person in the neighborhood. If anything, they were a bit too smart. It was the thought that went simultaneously through their children's minds. One's friends' parents may be conspicuous, but not one's own.

Amidst a clamor of questions and a hubbub of detaching shiny new motor luggage from the running boards, Sam and Mary bore themselves, if a trifle self-consciously, still with a casual aplomb. But it was noticeable that they avoided each other's eyes, and Sam's mouth had a queer quiver at the corners. Now and then he cast a distrustful glance at his legs, for he was wearing for the first time knickerbockers.

"Dads!" Wiletta shrieked. "Oh, my goodness, Rick, look at dads' stockings! Oh, aren't they too tricky for words?"

"And look at mom's motor coat! Distangay, what? Oh, you Gloria Swanson!"

Thus they tried to cover up a strange uneasiness which had begun to gnaw at their hearts from the instant they identified their parents in the splendid car. There are habiliments which are suitable for parents, more or less baggy and unornamental raiment, pepper-and-salt mixtures and dark-blue foulards, durable, sober things. And these Mary had always chosen for herself and Sam from an instinctive sense of what is fit for a mother and father.

But this time she must have lost her head or gone to a quite different sort of shop by mistake, and there had been done to her something which had changed her subtly. That settled look had left her. From her small, knowing hat to the buckles on her pumps, she was provocative; she did not look at all like a woman who has finished with the lighter side of life. And her children stared at her in wonder tinged with dismay.

They were used to hearing people say that their mother kept young-looking for her age, but to them she had been of no age, like the hills. She just was, neither young nor old. They could not be said ever really to have seen her. But now they saw her most distinctly, as if she were someone's else mother. They grew silent and thoughtful.

It was not that she now presented a figure they would be embarrassed to be seen with. No; no, indeed. She had not made the pitiful mistake of trying to dress like seventeen. Someone wise in the ways of bringing out the special charm which was Mary's had chosen her outfit and taught her how to wear it. And a curious effect had been wrought, as if her body had grown younger and her soul had become sophisticated. A more confusing thing could not happen to offspring who had begun to believe themselves in possession of all the sophistication there was in the family; who, moreover, had come to lean comfortably upon a certain background. A background's place is in the background; it should not become vivid and full of a life of its own.

Mary tossed her motor coat carelessly over a chair, a noticeable garment in shades of tan bound with dark-red leather. A label gleamed.

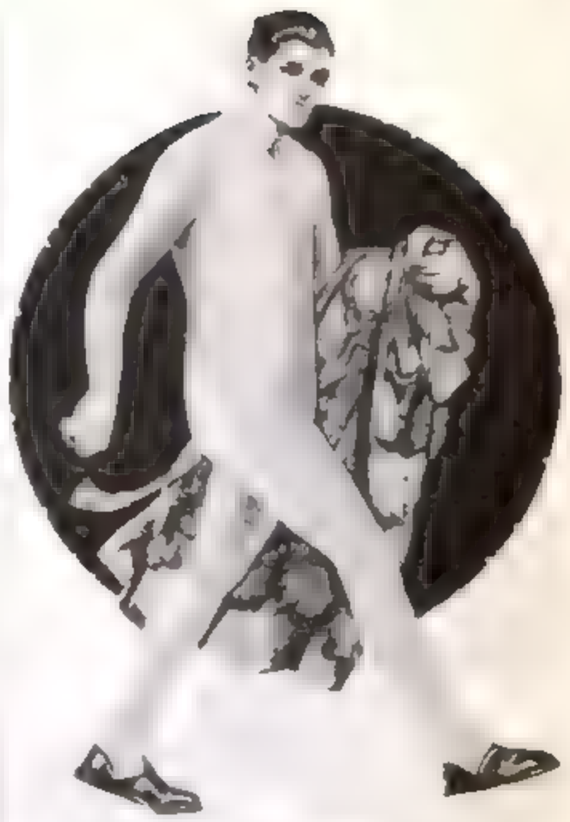
"Good gracious, mother! Paris!" Wiletta pounced, slipped an arm into it. "I wonder how it would look on me. I need a new motor coat."

"No, it's too old for you," said her mother calmly. "Besides, I dislike having my clothes worn by someone else."

Wiletta's eyes bulged. Mother, who was wont to rip the lace from one of her own frocks if Wiletta liked it, who would lend anything from her amethyst brooch to her one pair of evening slippers! Something too dreadful to be understood had happened to mother's nature.

"Come, come, what do we have for dinner?" Mary cried. And she threw herself into a chair exactly as if it wasn't her own house, as if she expected her daughter to prepare the meal. The invaluable Sarah was not to return until tomorrow. Wiletta stared in bitter bewilderment. Then she went out into the kitchen.

"Selfish," she thought. "I never would have believed that I should have a selfish mother. I shall leave home. I shall get a



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job far away from here, in some town where I don't have so much to contend with. I shall be lonely, but courageous, and I shall build up a successful business, and in her old age I'll take care of her."

She saw herself. Mademoiselle Jeanne, a tall, keen, beautiful woman in spite of her pure white hair; successful, sad-faced.

Wiletta bent to the refrigerator and took out the remains of a somewhat charred leg of lamb and two cold boiled potatoes

They had barely got used to their parents' new clothes, which extended all the way through, as was revealed when the motor trunks were unpacked, when one evening at dinner their father indulged in a remarkable monologue which shook the very foundations of their life.

He had been for several days noticeably abstracted, many evenings going back to the store to work until eleven o'clock. But this evening he appeared to have thrown off his worries, or at least to have taken some plunge which gave him a desperate gayety. He hummed as he unfolded his napkin, and exchanged a glance with Mary.

"'For I'm only a bird in a gilded cage,'" he sang, carving the roast. "Well, Mary," he then said, "I've got rid of that danged old store."

At these words Wiletta and Richard looked up sharply. The store, the backbone of their security, the thing they had poked fun at, but had secretly respected, the very inmost reason for their father's being, so to speak. And he had got rid of it, thus he announced and sang, ridiculously. They looked at their mother fearfully, expecting an outcry. But she smiled calmly.

"That's nice," she said. "You always did work too hard."

"Do you mean you've sold it?" demanded Wiletta.

Sam airily cut himself another slice of roast.

"In a manner of speaking, yes. That is, Henry Mullet is going to run it a while, and then we'll see."

"My word, but what will you do?"

Sam looked at his daughter dreamily.

"Do? I shall express myself, as you say; have a good time; join the Navy and see the world." And he hummed again under his breath, somewhat irrelevantly, his one ballad, "'For I'm only a bird in a gilded cage.'"

His children looked at each other.

"Nutty," murmured Richard to his plate; and his father continued his monologue upon living.

"Why should anybody work and slave out their life in a danged store? Thing to do is to get all the fun out of life you can, for we're here today and gone tomorrow. Gather ye roses while ye may, I say. Why let responsibility make a roosting place of your shoulders? A free life, a short one and a merry one—that's going to be my motto from this time on."

Mary made a slightly uneasy movement and her eyes seemed to say, "Don't overdo it." With which, Sam, as one with an eye on the prompter, exploded his bomb: "What say, Mary, that we hop in our new bus and take a trip? I mean a real one, say to Arizona and California, mebbe China and points east. What say?"

What Mary said was lost in the outcry of her children, a sound somewhat derisive, not unmixed with dismay. They looked at their mother. Surely she would restrain father! But Mary looked innocently delighted.

"All right. When shall we start?" she said unexpectedly. No protest about leaving the house unprotected, no objection that she could not get ready or that she had just bought new things for the porch. Simply weird, thought Wiletta.

"Richard could go to a good summer school," Mary continued, "and I'm sure Aunt Lucy wouldn't mind taking Wiletta into her house for six months or a year."

Two pairs of eyes stared at her with fiery indignation.

"D'you mean you aren't going to take us?"

"Why should we?" Mary inquired calmly. "I'm not at all sure you'd enjoy it Your father and I want to be free, to enjoy ourselves without any responsibilities. You and Willy have been quite a good deal of responsibility during the past year or so, and we need a rest from you."

This was beyond belief, coming from mother. Her son stared at her, leaning limply back in his chair. And as for Wiletta, she suddenly burst into tears and sprang up from the table.

"I wouldn't go on your s-s-selfish old trip if you begged me to. I shall get a job and leave home for g-g-good!"

"Just as you like, Willy." Her mother's tone was cheerful. "I believe in everyone's living his own life."

That night, in the quiet of their own room, Sam looked anxiously at Mary.

"Do you think they'll come along? They're pretty mad at us."

"I think they'll come. Poor darlings, they don't know what's wrong with us, but they think something is. It makes me realize how far apart we've all grown, that our children could be surprised to find us human."

"It's going to be darned hard work," sighed Sam. "Gosh, I hate to leave the store! No knowing what will happen to things. Don't you think, maybe, we're too old to go racketing around the world, pretending to be something we're not? Seems to me things were going along well enough."

"No!" Mary cried with a sudden fierceness. "No, I want my children. When they were little and we were taking care of them, we had them. And I know that when they've had children of their own, and suffered, we'll have them again. But I want them now! I want to be close to them, not just helplessly looking on, frightened of what they're going to do next. Something's wrong with us when things are that way."

"I know. I guess probably you're right; you generally are. All is, I don't know whether I can stand the strain of this free life we're starting in for."

"Nonsense! Yes, you can. You did splendidly tonight. The only thing we'll have to be careful about is not to overdo it. They mustn't suspect that we're applying their own principles. We've got to become irresponsible gradually, you see. And do you know, maybe we'll get to like it."

She laid down her hairbrush and began to braid her long hair. And as she did so she gazed at herself in the mirror with an odd little smile.

"Do you know, Sam, I never dreamed I'd get such—such a kick out of French clothes."

He gazed at her with gloomy admiration.

"Oh, you're all right. You're a wonder, I'll say that. It's my part that gives me cold feet."

She crossed the room, sat down beside him and put a comforting arm about his shoulder.

"Sam Whipple, I've never known you to fail at anything you put your heart into. Well, can't you put your heart into being reckless a while?"

He sighed and took off one shoe.

"All I ask, Mary, is that you'll never make me wear a flower behind my ear. I'll do anything for you but wear a flower behind my ear."

She laughed and laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"You've always been such a comfort to me," she declared with what seemed to him extreme irrelevance.

It was well for Sam that most of the local comments on the Whipples' sudden deviation from the norm did not reach his ears. Behind his back, he was held up as an example of the havoc wrought on domestic, business and civic life by the automobile. Here was a sober citizen and householder, closing up his house, putting his business in the hands of hirelings, neglecting his garden and turning his back on his town and starting forth on a mere pleasure trip.

Most irritating of all was his admission that he didn't know where he was going or when he would come back. And he had no objective and no excuse, such as California and ill health. And he did not discuss the adventure for three months, as any of his neighbors would have done. No; overnight, so it seemed to the town, he bought a startling car, into it he carelessly threw his wife and children, and next day he was gone. Two ministers preached sermons the following Sunday on the evil possibilities of rapid transportation.

No one guessed that when the last house shutter had been closed and the key turned in the front door, Mary went behind the rose arbor and shed a tear; nor that as they drove out of town on the long trek, Sam chose a back street because he knew he could not bear the sight of Henry Mullet opening the store for the day.

Westward; across the flat reaches, the monotonous immensities of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska. Other motorists observing them said, "What a nice family—father, mother,

(Continued on Page 133

In small houses or apartments where floor space is limited, the short model Davenport Bed may be used.

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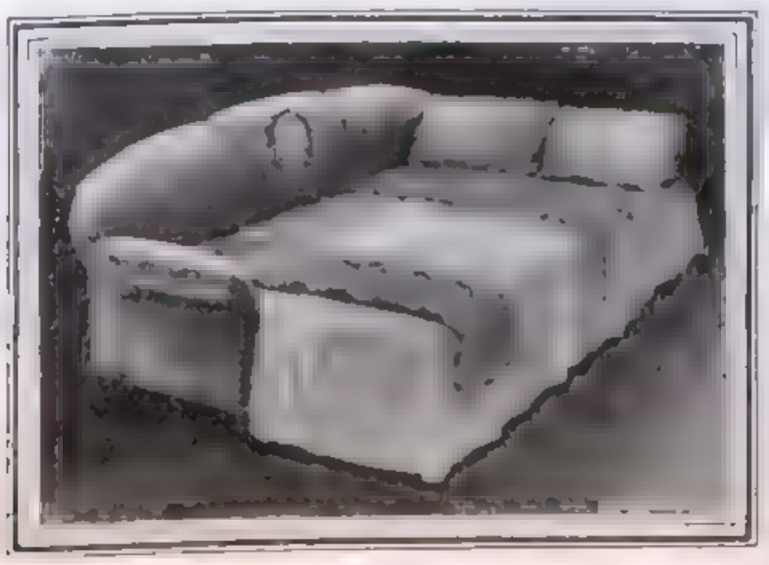

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M4

TRF-5

(Continued from Page 130

son and daughter. All taking their summer vacation together. How nice!"

They did not suspect that practically nothing but a motor car kept this nice family together just at present. The clan instinct which grows stronger in strange surroundings had not yet begun to stir in the breasts of the younger Whipples, for these were home states, very like their own. These brisk, well-paved towns were all of a piece with Logansville, Indiana.

One condescended to them, of course, pointed out the funny courthouse, criticized the hotel and laughed at the welcome-good-by signs of the chamber of commerce. But in any of them one knew the way to the railroad station and could easily get a train back home at any time. One still felt safe, and therefore scornful.

On the back seat, where mostly they rode, Wiletta and Richard cast blasé eyes upon the broad landscape and criticized whoever was driving at the moment. It took them less than a day's travel to decide that father's driving was certainly weird. He appeared to have no sign sense at all. His most used phrase when confronted with six names on a sign post was, "I'll take a chance on the second from the top." Which generally meant the route the book had warned them against. And when faced with the evidence of his bad judgment he was irritatingly debonair.

"What's it matter?" he would say gayly. "We're on our way, aren't we? Why be so set on how we get there? Carefree, that's me. No ol' map is sitting on my chest. Don't you say so, mother?"

Mother, to their disgust, always agreed. In fact, if possible, mother was worse than father. She insisted upon taking her turn at the wheel; and when she did so, Wiletta and Richard grinned at each other in somewhat sickly fashion, for mother's driving made the hair to stand on end. She had taken lessons from the man who sold them the car, and within a week after they left home she was driving with a recklessness and dash that rivaled anything Richard had done in the past. It astounded her children; mother had always been such a careful sort of person.

Richard and his sister felt that they should have the monopoly of speed. But all too seldom had they an opportunity. It was made plain to them quite early that this was mother and father's picnic. For the first time in their lives they were a little off the center of the stage. It bewildered and bored them. Strange sensation in the breast of a generation for whom alone the world spins.

This bewilderment became almost painful on more than one occasion in that first month. As they traveled farther away from home and the inhibitions of Logansville, father developed low tastes that were astounding, and mother was just as bad. They chummed up with all sorts of strangers by the roadside, on hotel verandas, at gasoline stations.

Let anyone tell them of any strange or interesting sight within twenty miles and they would leave the safe highway with an impulsive lack of calculation that was dismaying. It was incredible the bad roads they thus discovered, the mudholes they sat in until horses could be fetched, the depressing bits of back country they got lost in. Once they were obliged to camp by the roadside all night because father had trustfully taken the word of a passing stranger that there was being held a whale of an Elks' barbecue in the next county.

But worst of all, to Wiletta at least, were the public motor camps. These light-hearted institutions were plentiful and in full flower along the Lincoln Highway, by which Sam was more or less shaping his course. These oases offered a grove of trees and free water; some even went to the extent of laundry tubs and cookstoves and firewood. All of them were generous with mosquitoes. Often there were a dance platform and on Saturday nights a brass band. One rented Bibles and clean towels on Sunday mornings. And always there clustered on the outskirts the ice-cream-and-hot-dog stands; the boy who sold you a banner from your state; the man with sunburn lotion and flea powder; the man who took the pictures of your car, loaded and unloaded; the one-legged man who played three instruments at once; and the woman with a toothache who was looking for the dentist from Iowa in a flivver.

Wiletta put up her nose at these enticements. She had reached and not yet passed out of the undemocratic age.

"Oh, good gracious, dad, do we have to stop here? The book says there's a good hotel at the next town. And I -I want to send off a telegram."

Wiletta liked large hotels, mostly because they were well stocked with stationery. At a secluded desk under a pink lamp she could sit and dreamily write down pages full of what she was suffering during this bitter separation. Or she could send a night telegram to Cartwright, and if father did not start too early, get a reply from him next morning before they went on. On these scanty bits she was obliged to feed, for such was father's unreliability that one never knew where to have letters sent. Some assurance that the most fascinating man in the world still thought of her she must, must have.

On the day that she made her most earnest protest against stopping even to view the dusty proletariat, she had been a week without news from home. A black depression sat upon her soul. She was forgotten, she was certain of that; her parents were unseemly and unreliable, her brother was a mere unspeakable child. She was alone in an unsatisfactory and muddled world.

Disregarding her plaint, her father trundled shortly before noon up to the entrance of what by courtesy might be called a grove. Dusty cars stood ranked at one side. The sun beat hotly down. It was lunch time. The ice cream and sandwich stand did a good business; within the grove beans were being heated over a community cookstove; jovial women re-coiled their hair in front of little mirrors hooked to the side of cars, calling out, "Hello, Indiana, I see you beat us to it. We got stuck in that mudhole near the water tower. You did? Good night! Whad' he charge ya? Ain't it awful the way they soak ya? Say, Ohio's back there yet, arguin'. But I sez to my husband, pay hum an' let's get on. I don't believe in no rows in a strange country. I see they're going to have a dance here tonight. Maybe we'll stay. Aw, come on. What's your hurry? Pike's Peak will keep."

Wiletta fairly curled up inside her. How could her mother allow herself to be thus hailed by a large, common woman in a khaki middy? Heavens, now that the creature had done her hair, she was putting on a lavender boudoir cap! What would Jack Cartwright think of it all? The witty things he would say about the boudoir cap, the mosquitoes, the dust, the two men playing pinochle in their shirt sleeves, the tin cans, the pennants, the greasy smoke from bacon drippings!

"Mother, can't we go on? It's perfectly awful"

"Why, I think it's nice. Everybody so friendly and out for a good time. Besides, your father wants to find those people from South Carolina he was talking to at the hotel last night. Suppose we get out the vacuum bottles. Ricky, you go over to that stand and get some sandwiches. What kind do you want, Wiletta?"

"Anything but ham, mother. I do wish you would speak to father about talking to everybody. It's ridiculous. Those people he dug out yesterday at the gasoline station in Kearny! Why, they were simply weird!"

"Oh, I thought they were quite nice. You mustn't be narrow-minded, Willy. Unless you have all sorts of contacts, how are you ever going to learn what sort of people you do like? Unless you play around, how are you going to find out what you really do want?"

Wiletta stared at her mother resentfully. A faint suspicion that she had heard the words before awoke in her, but her mother's face was grave, her eyes were innocent. She reflected that she did not get mother any more at all

But worse was to come that day. Luncheon was spread, but father did not come back. Just as they were all tired of waiting for him he appeared, accompanied by a man of about his own age and type. As they breezed along in and out among the parked cars, it was evident that the two men had struck up one of those satisfying friendships that sometimes happen to middle-aged men.

The stranger, it turned out, was W. H. Armstrong, and as Sam breathed the name one knew that Mr. Armstrong was a revered being.

"Gosh darn it, the world is pretty small! Why, Mary, I've bought goods for twenty years from the W. H. Armstrong Company, and here we meet out here in the middle of Nebraska. Written hundreds of letters to him, bought enough of his stoves to melt an iceberg, and never seen him till he steps up and asks me for a light."

Mary smiled down upon them both.

"You're not traveling alone, Mr. Armstrong?"

W. H. Armstrong smiled back at her. He had tufts of gray eyebrows, under which shrewd eyes twinkled inquiringly.

"I've got a son who has me in charge. He's somewhere around, tinkering with the car. These your young people?"

Richard ducked his head and Wiletta bowed. She got out of the car, bored and resigned. Now they were in for an endless powwow just because father had met someone in the hardware business. Simply too stuffy for words.

"I'm going for a walk, mother. Come on, Rick, let's explore."

They were not gone long, but when they returned to the spot where they had left their parents the car was gone. They searched the camp, came out and looked up and down the road again. The peanut-stand boy volunteered the information then that their car with three persons in it had driven away fifteen minutes earlier.

"They've driven on thinking they'd overtake us," suggested Wiletta.

But the peanut boy said no, the car had not gone west, but east. Wiletta and Richard gazed at each other with bewildered eyes. In this moment a seed was sown, and a strange, disquieting uneasiness began to assume form in their minds. Could it be that father and mother had forgotten them? But no, this was too absurd. The uneasiness remained, however; it had dawned upon their unwilling souls at last that they could no longer depend on their parents.

"Say, if we could find that stranger—what's his name—Armstrong—that father picked up, perhaps he'd know where they went," suggested Richard.

He set off to search one side of the camp and Wiletta the other. Weary motorists dozed in the shade of the thin grove, children slept on the rear seats, near by someone hammered at a wheel rim. Wiletta, her eyes too hot with indignation to see well, suddenly stumbled over a pair of legs stretched out across the path. The rest of this person lay on his back underneath an expensive but dusty blue roadster.

"Sorry!" She was not, and she sounded that way.

"Sorry doesn't help my right ankle any," responded a voice from under the car.

"Then you shouldn't take up the whole path," she crisped.

The long legs waved, the rest of the person hunched himself out from under the car. He sat up and regarded her. Hazel eyes in a tanned face, very bright, quizzical eyes above blue overalls.

The young man put down his wrench, and hopping on one foot nursed his ankle smilingly.

"Sorry," she repeated, with dignity.

He began to irritate her with his easy manner, as if she were not something of a small goddess in that dusty, common place. It was not the way strange young men usually behaved when she apologized. They were always either eager or abject.

But this young man, after gazing at her as if he were trying to remember something, merely inquired if she was looking for a gray Landseer car. She admitted that she was. And then he actually said that it was lucky she'd stumbled over him, for he'd forgotten all about her.

"Indeed?" Her eyebrows arched. "And why should you remember me? I'm sure I've never seen you before." There was a slight disdainful accent on the you.

"No, but you've seen my father. He has lured your people off to visit the ranch of someone they both know. I gathered he's an ex-hardware prince. They told me to watch out for you."

"Oh, then you're – –"

"Nat Armstrong. Would you like to sit in our car until they return?"

"Good gracious, how long will they be gone? What shall I do in this disgusting place all afternoon? No, thank you, I don't care to sit down. I'll go find my brother. I should think you might have reminded your father that perhaps I wouldn't care to be left like this."

He merely smiled at her, and she felt furious with him and with everything. No contemporary of the opposite sex had any right to be so indifferent to her anger.

She picked her way in and out among the cars until she had found her brother.

"Gosh, they don't care what they do," Richard remarked of his parents.

"You mark my words, they'll get us into some awful mess before long. I thought we were simply gone this morning when dad got to racing that other car. I just shut my eyes and passed out. And now these ordinary Armstrongs ——"

"They've got a bird of a car," said Richard, open-minded as usual.

"But he's a prune. Take that empty orange box over to that tree for me, will you, Rick? If I can get paper at the stand, I'll write a letter."

The afternoon droned and smelled of dust. Wiletta leaned her head against the tree, composing a letter: "I do not know whether we shall ever see each other again. Sometimes I feel as if life is hardly worth the living. . . . Last night there was a wonderful moon, and I thought of that night when you and I ——"

She struggled briefly for the next word. The next thing she was aware of was a pain in the back of her neck. She lurched sideways, sat up with a violent start. Deep-blue shadows veiled the aisles of the grove. For an instant the terror of a child waking in a strange bed gripped her. She started to her feet and a voice said, "It's all right. You had a good sleep"

With his back against a near-by tree, Mr Nat Armstrong sat. He rose to his feet and came forward as she stared at him, trying to gather her bedazed faculties. She saw now that twilight was deepening in the thin grove, cars were beginning to flock in; in the open space someone had made a fire and the smell of wood smoke drifted slowly through the windless evening air.

"I've been waiting for you to wake up," he said impersonally. "Everything's ready for supper. No use waiting for our people. They may have had a blow-out."

She looked like a wan princess who smells something faintly repugnant.

"Supper—here—in this place?"

For a moment he said nothing. He stood looking at her directly in the eye, contemplatively. Then he spoke:

"I don't know what it is you need, but I'll bet you've never had it. You look like a good sport, but you're not acting like one."

Her eyes turned to blue ice, she gathered herself up, she started to speak, when suddenly he laughed blithely and took her arm firmly by the elbow.

"Come, you and I are going to get supper—and make the best of each other."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Rapids on Tiger Creek, a Tributary of the Tallulah River, Georgia

Remington Sportsmen's Week

in your Store, in your Town— the country over — OCTOBER 13th to 18th

NOW that the hunting season is coming on, there's a lot of pleasure in anticipation—fun in getting ready for it.

That's why your dealer and Remington are co-operating to give you Remington Sportsmen's Week—a chance for you to see *what's what* for hunting, camping and trapping.

And the show is not held in New York nor off in Chicago, but right in *your* store, in *your* town.

So drop in, chat with your dealer. He likes to talk hunting, too.

Take time to look things over—not just the Remington exhibit, but the hunting coats, cooking and camping outfits, auto kits, and so on. Why, there's a thrill in just seeing and handling all the outdoor equipment!

And here are some of the things you'll see in his Remington exhibit:

New Improved Model 10 Pump Gun.
Remington Game Loads.
Remington Rifles and Metallic Cartridges.
And the Remington Knives for Sportsmen.

Remington Sportsmen's Week, at your dealer's—*now!*

Remington Arms Company, Inc., New York City
Established 1816

Remington

FIREARMS—AMMUNITION

Remington Game Loads
Specific Loads for Specific Game—scientifically loaded to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration, all with moderate recoil

"ECONOMY" Specified Loads
Made by Remington
The new smokeless shell at a lower price. Loaded with No. 2 Smokeless powder—good, honest shells carefully made and carefully inspected

The New Improved Remington Model 10
12 Gauge Pump Gun
Even better today than ever before

The Remington Autoloading Shotgun—12 Gauge
The first hammerless autoloading shotgun ever produced

The Remington .22 Calibre Autoloading Rifle—Model 24
Your choice of either regular .22 Short or .22 Long Rifle chambering. (Not interchangeable.)

The Remington Model 25 Slide Action Rifle
.25-20 W C F. and .32 W C F. Calibres.

The Remington Model 14 High Power Rifle
The only forearm-operated high power rifle made. Chambered for 25 Rem., 30 Rem., 32 Rem. or 35 Rem. Cartridges.

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges
In .25, 30, 32, .35, 38 and 44 calibres for nearly every standard rifle. Distinguished for flat trajectory, accuracy and killing power.

Remington .22 Long Rifle Palma Cartridges
Beyond question the most uniform small bore ammunition ever developed

No. R4353
Remington Hunting and Trapping Knife
Specially designed for use on the game trail and trap line.

No. R1123
The Hunter's Favorite
With blades properly shaped for sticking and skinning.

No. R3843
The Remington Camp Knife—
Master blade, clip blade, punch blade, screw driver, can opener, bottle opener and corkscrew

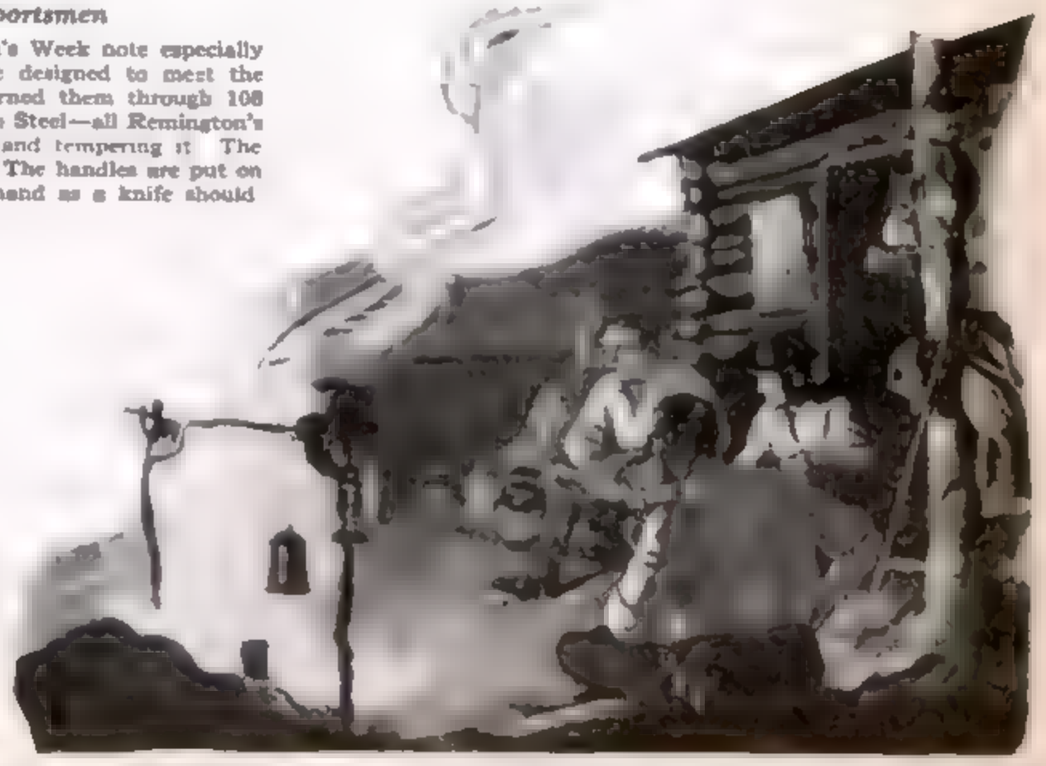
No. R4243
The Remington Knife for Camp and Trail
A big, husky knife with two cutting blades, punch blade and can-opener

Remington Knives for Sportsmen

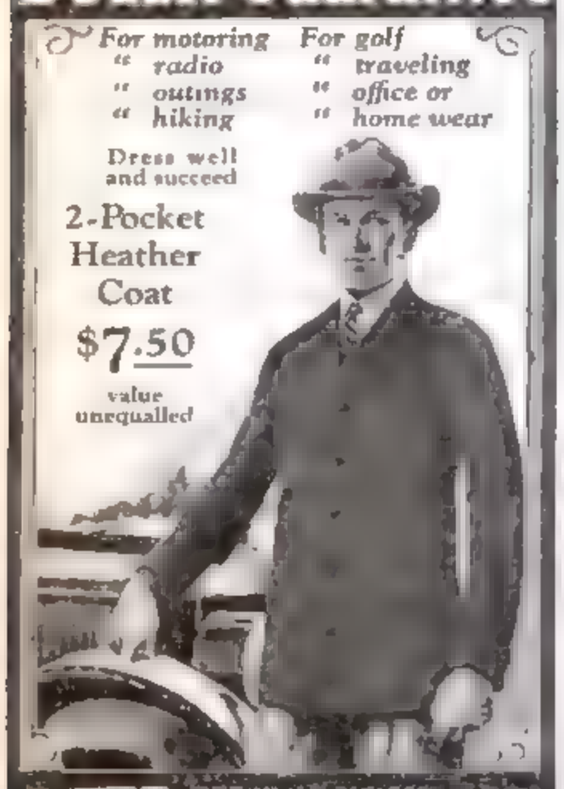
At the store during Remington Sportsmen's Week note especially the Remington Pocket Knives. They are designed to meet the sportsman's needs—as Remington has learned them through 108 years' association. The steel is *Remington* Steel—all Remington's century old experience went into working and tempering it. The blades are shaped *right* for their purpose. The handles are put on to stay on. Each knife balances in the hand as a knife should. They are *real* knives. See them.

ngton

CUTLERY—CASH REGISTERS



DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee



Thermo
KNITTED COATS & VESTS

The Friendly Coat

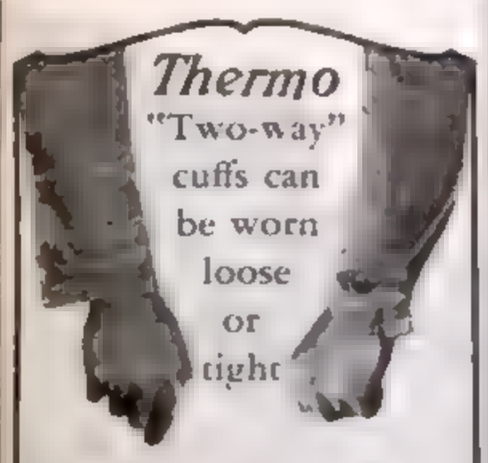
That's what most folks call Thermo. Take it with you on the motor trip, to the golf course, or fishing trip, when a friendly coat underneath your street coat adds just the extra warmth needed on blustery days and cool nights. Then, too, Thermo is the right coat for office or factory wear and it's a solid comfort coat to wear around the house. You get a double guarantee with Thermo. The built-in virgin wool quality of Thermo assures long service. Thermo washes easily. Worn the year 'round.

Thermo "two-way" cuffs have reversable wrist-strap for loose or tight cuffs, as you wish.

Thermo coats are made in Scotch Grains, Tartans and Heather Mixtures at $7.50 to $9.00; Vests $5.00 and $6.00.

Look for the Thermo virgin wool hanger in the neck. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
349 Broadway, Dept. M., New York



Easily slipped on—reversable strap at wrist for loose cuff comfort or snug cuff for warmth, as desired—no stretching out of shape.

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

(Continued from Page 27)

fought or was to fight, one in which I was to receive more punishment than I have ever had in all my other battles put together; more, in fact, than I have ever seen inflicted on any other prize fighter, and I have seen all the famous battles of the past forty years.

We started off in the whirlwind fashion of the bout in the barn, two healthy young fellows hating each other through envy and jealousy inspired by our supporters and played up through all the years preceding. Choynski, knowing that I had a bad right hand, started rushing me from the start, and I had to win, if at all, with my left hand alone.

A sturdier, tougher fellow than Choynski never stepped into a ring, and I had my work cut out for me. As he would come toward me I would "bat" him with my left hand, right in the face, and the more determinedly he came on, the more determined I was to meet him with a straight left-hand right in the face.

In the third round I led for his face, he started to duck and I landed on his forehead with my left and broke this too. I knew it was hurt, but how badly, in the excitement, I couldn't tell; but as the rounds went by it got so sore that each time it landed it hurt me almost as much as it did Choynski.

Now Choynski would get in a terrific blow every little while. He was kind of sweet on hitting me in the left eye with his right hand, and he had my face "busted up." So the fight went on at this terrific pace round after round, and my left hand was throbbing and hurting so that the only time I would risk hitting him was when I had to protect myself from his leads.

About the tenth round I discovered that I had foolishly put on the wrong kind of shoes, the rubber-soled sort that amateurs wear in a gymnasium. They are all right there, but when you get on a hard floor in the hot sun and they begin to blister your feet, I tell you you are going through something. Each of my soles was one great water blister. With these bothering me so, and Choynski still so full of fight, I thought less of sparing my right hand; so I fixed it up with my trainer—Delaney—to call out every once in a while, "Jim, it's time you used your right now."

The Discovery of the Left Hook

Before starting my right I would, as they say in boxing, telegraph the blow, purposely. I didn't want to hit him, but wanted to make him afraid of that hand, and I began swinging it very often and soon had Choynski thinking it wasn't hurt quite so badly as they had said it was. This threat made Choynski, to get away from the blow, go to my left, and that gave me a chance to use a little left-hand hook they knew nothing about in those days; in fact, it had not been used before—nor had I myself used it before. It was just discovered through my great need. In using this left hook I found I could save the two knuckles that were hurt—those of the third and little finger—by hitting with the side of my hand and the first knuckle. The wild swing at him with my right would force him to duck to my left; then he was in a position for me to hook him with my left—that is, with the first knuckle and the side of the hand, and of course the blow fell with double force, as he was practically ducking into it himself.

Right here I should say, for the sake of those not initiated in prize fighting, that the blows that bring blood are not really the most painful ones. In ordinary life the slightest tap on the mouth may make your mouth bleed. Many people visiting Denver, unused to the high altitude, bleed from the nose, and even a hot day will affect susceptible ones the same way. The blows that really hurt are those alongside the jaw or the head—those that almost knock you out but don't—and the solid punches in the short ribs or in the stomach or any place around the body. Of course I am not now considering the foul ones, such as the rabbit punch on the back of the neck or those given below the belt. When a really painful blow is delivered spectators seldom realize it; but when they see blood most of them think a man is being murdered, and he may hardly feel it. For instance, Carpentier was badly hurt by the infighting of those short body blows which Dempsey landed on him in their historic fight, although most of the women spectators in their seats thought the two fighters were having a fine time going through pretty motions, since no one was badly cut up.

By this time the sun was very high in the sky, and hot, and I could see that its rays beating down pitilessly on Choynski's raw face troubled him a great deal. As for myself, Choynski, you will remember, was using the riding gloves lent him by one of the spectators, and they had three heavy seams down the back, and each time a blow glanced by my face or body it left three angry red welts on my skin. I looked like a zebra—not striped with yellow, but with red, and the sun made these wounds pain horribly.

So the fight proceeded without ever a pause. We did not stall much or wrestle all over the ring, but blow succeeded blow fast and furiously. Probably a great deal of this fight could be characterized as slugging, since, though I did use my head in the way I have described above, and was quick and fast, I was still an amateur and had not yet acquired the scientific skill one gains through experience. In fact, I learned more about fighting in this contest than I ever knew before.

Fraternal Solicitude

Things continued like this until the fourteenth round. Whenever I was forced to hit Choynski a straight left-hand punch, the pain from the broken hand shot clean up through my arm, and in this round suddenly I grew weak; and once, if such a thing is possible, fainted while still standing up, both arms dropping and everything growing hazy in front of me. It was a critical moment, for there I stood, my arms at my sides, and there was an awful silence for a few seconds. Choynski looked at me and thought I was pulling some trick, but a few seconds later his supporters realized that I was not faking, that I was in a position to be licked, and I heard a terrific shout from them, and with the shout I got a horrible punch on the right eye.

From that time on all through that round everything was black in front of me. All I could sense was the feel of the blows that Choynski rained on me right and left. I was not out; I was just groggy, and instinctively kept my head rocking with his blows and managed to keep my chin out of danger, though totally uncovered, my hands still at my sides.

So they kept coming, regular and well timed, which was an advantage in a way, for I was able, with the little sense I had, just to ride them, as they say, getting hit alongside the head and the eye, but not once on my chin. If just one had landed there I would have been down and out for the count.

The round ended at last and I can remember my seconds leading me to my corner—I didn't know where it was—and seating me in my chair.

I must now tell something that happened at this stage of the fight, about which I did not learn until afterward. My two older brothers, Frank and Harry, were just spectators there and it looked as if I were going to be licked. Frank, wanting to find Harry so that they could sympathize with each other, found him at the stern of the boat, his head over the gunwale and looking into the water, crying.

"What are you doing over here?" demanded Frank.

"I can't see Jim licked," sobbed Harry.

"Well," said Frank, "this is a hell of a place for you to be if he is getting licked!" And he "belted him" on the nose, and they had another skirmish outside the ring because Frank thought Harry had left me in the lurch!

Now I remember that just before the next, the fifteenth, round started, Delaney said, "Are you all right?"

I replied, "Yes, I'll pull through."

So I went up for the next round and, of course, Choynski was at me like a fire horse going to a four-alarm fire, trying his best to put me out. As I was weak and my head was still quite foggy, I clinched and held on for a while; and in a very few seconds my brain cleared, and when I broke out of the clinch I wanted to make Choynski think I was all right, although I was still a trifle off. So I feinted at him and tried to do a nice little side step, as I had been doing before for the effect; but I pulled an awful "bone," for when I started this side step I nearly fell on my face, and showed Choynski that my legs were wabbly. Picture a drunken man reaching for a post and you have me then!

That was great for Choynski's supporters! They thought they had me licked; and no question about it, I was well on the way to defeat. So I clinched at every opportunity, while he was trying his darnedest to end the fight right then and there.

Now the tricks in clinching are only a few, in spite of some people's ideas to the contrary. All one can do to weather a rocky round is, first grab for your opponent's arms, catch him wherever you can—at wrist or shoulder or elbow—putting your head on the other fellow's left shoulder, and then stay as close to him as possible. The real skill consists in knowing just when to grab him and when to let go. If one doesn't time these maneuvers carefully he is in more trouble than before. I have seen hundreds of fellows defeated just because they didn't understand these points and didn't know what to do when they were in trouble.

I have, too, often read accounts of how a man was worn out by his opponent's leaning all his weight on him in a clinch. That is a false idea. Jeffries, weighing 230 pounds, leaned on my 180 at Coney Island for twenty-three rounds and it never affected me in the least, for when a man is leaning on you, that is the time for you to relax, and if his weight does get too much for you, all you need to do is to go down on one knee and let the referee see that your opponent is wrestling with you. All such points are important parts of the boxing game and a knowledge and use of them are what constitute generalship in the ring. So I clinched with Choynski and weathered this storm by knowing just what to do.

I started up for the sixteenth round with the old pep, but the sun was beating on my face very disagreeably. Still, I figured to myself, it must be hurting Choynski's face even more, because he was more seriously cut than I. Now this flatboat had just two pillars, about two feet in thickness, rising from the sides, with a little platform upon them and a little pilot house in the center above. By accident I found the spot where this gave just enough shadow to cover one man from the sun, and I backed over into that little oasis and did as much fighting as I possibly could standing there.

The Beginning of the End

When the seventeenth round came, instead of taking the center of the ring, Choynski walked right over to the sheltered place and stood there waiting for me to come to him! From then on the battling was as much to see who could hold this advantage as for the victory at the finish. In fact, most of our fighting was done by those pillars.

We battled at this terrific pace to the end, which came in the twenty-eighth round. Choynski was rapidly tiring, and I myself had been suffering tortures from the hot sun.

We were sorry-looking sights, they tell me, when we came up for the twenty-eighth round. I saw the condition Choynski was in and felt that one good left-hand hook would finish him.

People who have not engaged in ring battles, and many of those who follow them pretty closely, do not realize the mental attitude of the fighter or the processes of thought he goes through. A fighter—at least a scientific and experienced one—has no time to think much about fear or defeat, victory or the purse. Of course, between rounds, if his principal second is not holding him in conversation, which is usually the case, or in flashes such as those when, relaxed in the clinch, I looked over Choynski's shoulder at my brothers or friends, he can dwell on such things. But for the most part, all a fighter can think of is the action—that is, of what the other fellow is going to do next and what he himself must do next. Occasionally his opponent may do something absolutely unexpected, something he never did in a fight before in his life, and one has to change one's whole tactics entirely. Decisive plans of action frequently come from a wise handler; but if the fighter is skillful they will come from his

(Continued on Page 138)

Sonora Announces a Radio Speaker

Clearer tone • Sharper definition • Perfect concealment of the "horn" • make this instrument a radical advance in Radio Amplification

VIOLIN, cello, piano, harp—the finest musical instruments—have always been made of wood. Eleven years ago Sonora joined these ranks of the finest by applying the same principle of sound reproduction to the phonograph; and now—

Sonora announces a radio speaker with concealed *all-wood* "horn."

Not *solid* wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next, for sound waves follow the fibres of wood, and by opposing successive networks of these fibres, no track is left open for tone to escape.

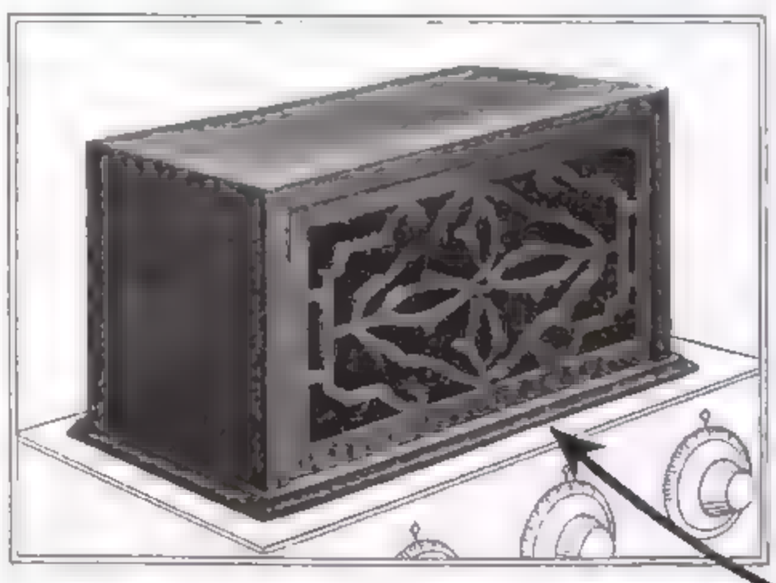
And between every pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror, reflecting every faintest sound and cushioning each layer of mellow wood from vibration against the next

Every unnatural vibration is shorn from the crystal-clear stream of sound which pours from the Sonora tone chamber.

NOW the Sonora Radio Speaker, the culmination of eleven years' specialization in sound reproduction alone, is in the hands of radio and phonograph dealers all over the country. Read in the column at the right a few of the many unsolicited testimonials which reach us daily. They will tell you how the Sonora Radio Speaker is bringing to thousands a new value in radio.

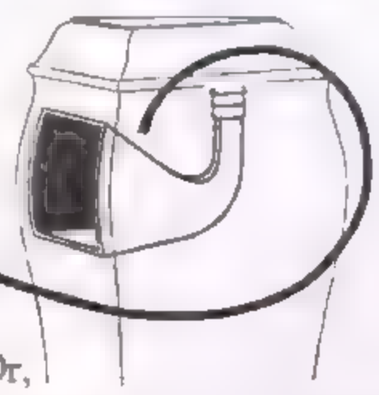
WHENEVER broadcasting is in progress, these dealers are prepared and eager to make a comparative demonstration for you. You shall be the only judge; of the thousands who have already purchased this instrument, hardly one has failed to comment on its *marked* superiority in tone and volume.

We are sure that this difference will be obvious to you, too. Stop by this evening and merely listen for a minute. Or, if the dealers in your town are not yet supplied with Sonora Radio Speakers, send us the coupon below and make a thorough test in your own home. The price of the Sonora Radio Speaker is $30.00.



Sits gracefully on top of your Radio Set

"*Out of the heart of a Sonora*"



NEW YORK SUN SCORES A SCOOP

With a Sonora Radio Speaker

The extraordinary clearness of tone reproduced by the Sonora Radio Speaker was strikingly demonstrated when, during the Democratic Convention the typesetters of the New York Sun set type *directly* from the official announcer's voice, as amplified by the Sonora instrument

Thus "The Sun" scooped every other paper in New York by at least one ballot But even the prestige of a "scoop" could not have tempted the editors of "The Sun" if previous tests of the Sonora Radio Speaker had not convinced them that its tone was so clear, its enunciation so perfect that a typesetter, distracted by the roar of the city and the rumbling of machinery around him, could understand without possibility of mistake every result announced in the convention hall.

FROM "THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN"

Radio Engineer for WCX has purchased two Sonora Radio Speakers

Sonora Phonograph Co.
New York, N Y.

"Gentlemen:

"In the exacting test that I have given the Sonora Radio Speaker I have found that it is superior to any that I have so far listened to In the making of this speaker it is evident that the engineers who designed it have done their utmost to get a perfect reproduction of the concerts received from Broadcasting Stations. The tone is perfect; a deep, rich, mellow quality which appeals instantly to the ear of the listener. You do not have to strain your ears to get what a speaker is talking about. It talks up to you like your best friend, which I know it will be to me from now on.

"I have installed two of them in this station One for my own personal use and one for the benefit of the artists listening to one another as they record their numbers for broadcasting.

"I recommend the Sonora Radio Speaker to anyone who is contemplating the purchase of a device of this kind for his receiving set for three reasons: tone quality, clearness and beauty Yours very truly,

"(Signed) Merrill R. Mitchell, WCX"

ONE ORDER FOR 5,000 SONORA RADIO SPEAKERS!

An initial order for five thousand is typical of the enthusiasm which the Sonora Radio Speaker has aroused among the people whose livelihood depends upon buying only merchandise that people will like immediately The New York department store which placed this order "plugged in" five of these speakers to the same radio set, and these enunciating in perfect unison and harmony of tone and volume, kept customers informed of the progress of the Democratic Convention, and incidentally, demonstrated to thousands the superiority of the Sonora

"SONORA'S PERFECT GIFT TO THE RADIO WORLD"

This letter is typical of hundreds which enthusiastic radio fans and lovers of good music are sending us daily

Sonora Phonograph Co.
New York N Y

"Gentlemen:

"Just a few lines of unsolicited praise for your new Radio Speaker. I am an ardent radio fan and have used all the well known makes of speakers but never before have I heard such volume clarity of tone and absolute fidelity to the artist as your speaker affords Your slogan Clear as a Bell certainly hits the nail on the head In closing please accept my thanks for this, your perfect gift to the radio world Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) W D Strauch,
1437 S Vodges Street
Philadelphia, Pa"

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
Radio Speaker

Can be plugged into any Radio Set
No extra batteries required

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CO., 279 Broadway, New York, N Y
Gentlemen
Please send me one Sonora Radio Speaker, price $30, carriage prepaid.
☐ Check or cash enclosed, or, ☐ Send C. O. D
Name
Address
Shipped to any foreign country parcel post prepaid on receipt of price. Booklet sent on request

Modern clothes

—*Why ancient underclothes?*

THE first thing men demand in clothes today is comfort.

Let us be logical.

Why don't we insist on modern comfort in underclothes? Cannot the age that produced the airplane and the radio make an adequate union suit?—instead of wrinkles, irritation, constraint?

Carter's underwear is tailored on living models. It is built to fit an active human body, not a manikin. Every tug, every stress that can come to it, is provided for. It *has* to be comfortable.

And it *stays* comfortable. The Carter fabric takes care of that. A fabric so springy, so skilfully knit that it can't sag out of shape. A fabric that laughs at washtubs and wear—that retains to the end the genial springiness of its first day out of the box.

We believe that Carter's marks a real advance in the making of good underwear. A good many million Carter wearers agree. Try Carter's—*this* fall—yourself! The William Carter Company, 601 Highland Avenue, Needham Heights, Mass.

Into every genuine Carter suit is sewn this label. Look for it when you buy underwear

Carter's Union Suits

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

for Men

Continued from Page 136

own brain as he rests between rounds, or in sudden inspirations as he fights in the ring.

There is one policy that I have always carried out in my fights: If I thought a man was beginning to tire a little, I would always turn and watch my opponent's gait, when at the end of a round we were both walking to our corners. A man who is bothered in the head or in the legs is more or less like a man who has had a little too much to drink—he shows it plainly in his walk, dragging his legs. That was Choynski now, the old snap all gone.

Well, we came up for the twenty-eighth round, and a more fatigued pair of men than we two I don't ever remember seeing. Yet both were full of determination to win. I know I realized, and I'm sure Choynski did also, that the end was not far off.

There was one invaluable thought which occurred to me early in this fight. As I said, this was the most punishing one I was ever in, and somehow I learned then a principle that stood me in good stead in all my later fights—that is, to reserve a little strength for a crucial moment; never to go quite to the limit at any one time until that moment came. I felt then, and also felt in my later conflicts, that I had some reserve strength for one final spurt. To save this I relaxed at every possible moment through the fight, not only between rounds but as we clinched, when I would let him frantically try in his eagerness to push me away, while I leisurely held on and watched him waste his efforts and energy. Then I would break away just as deliberately and slowly as the referee would allow. By this tactic, which is also a part of ring generalship, I was slightly fresher than Choynski, in spite of the injuries with which I had begun the fight.

I now felt that if I could get my left-hand hook in on Choynski I could end it all, and that was what I started out to do. As my trainer and I had arranged when the twenty-eighth round started, Delaney kept shouting, "Now, Jim, cut loose with that right hand! You can finish him with one good punch! Come on now, let that right go!"

As if following his advice, time after time I deliberately pulled my right back and swung "haymakers" at Choynski, intending to miss him, and I got him going, as I have described before in this story, toward my left, only he was not going quite so fast.

Again and again I swung the right, deliberately missing by a little, and watched him duck in an arc toward his right and toward the threat of my left. Slower and slower came his motions and, it seemed to me as I watched him, like those of the swinging pendulum of a clock beginning to die down.

The Finishing Punch

With this slackening I could see the end to all the grueling pain I had been through and victory within my grasp, and the thought gave me strength. I called on that last reserve, swung my right hand, and, as he came over more slowly than ever to the left, put everything that I had in the world into my left—whole fist now, not caring whether I smashed every bone in that hand, because I meant it to be the final blow—and timed it so perfectly that, as he reached the end of the arc, it landed squarely on the vital point of the jaw, and down he fell. As the referee stood over him counting ten, I also counted to myself to be certain I got the right count. I was so tired that I was sure if he should get up again I should drop dead!

So ended this battle, which Billy Delaney, the most famous of all seconds, said was the fiercest he ever saw, either before or since. And it is a remarkable feature of this fight that I fought this whole battle with my left hand. I never landed with my right once—in fact, couldn't even close it tight.

As soon as the fight was over we were carried to the deck of a tug that lay alongside; then as soon as I could get on my feet I went to Choynski's cabin and shook his hand, turning the old feud into a friendship which has lasted ever since. He is now instructor in the Pittsburgh Athletic Club, and every time I go to that city he and his wife have dinner with me.

We were then each taken to a Turkish bath, and for seven hours I sat on a steamer chair, my blistered feet in two pails of hot water and my hands in two other pails of the same hot liquid, hot towels in addition on my zebra-striped face.

I suppose I should say something dramatic about how the two factions acted after the fight was over, but, to tell the truth, I was so tired I do not remember a single thing about it aside from the one big cheer.

I had no fights during the following year, and when I came to exercise again I found the knuckles of my left hand so flattened that I couldn't even hit the punching bag with a straight left, but would have to left-hook it with the first knuckle. This injury, however, turned out an advantage, for it perfected the left-hand hook, of which I think it is everywhere agreed in sporting circles I was the originator.

The following year I was employed in the auditor's office in the City Hall of San Francisco and engaged in no ring battles, simply taking exercise at the club pretty regularly to keep myself fit. Still, this period was not without its suspense and excitement.

Not a little of the latter was caused by a new weekly paper, the California Illustrated World. In the very first issue they printed on the front page a picture of James J. Corbett, labeling it "The Coming Champion of the World," with these words underneath: "Pin This in Your Hat!" Complimentary copies of this number were mailed all over America and practically every known sporting man received one. This was just about a year and a half after the great battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, in Mississippi, which was the last heavyweight championship contest fought with bare knuckles and under the old rules. In this scrap, after a terrific struggle, Sullivan managed to best Kilrain.

The Bid From New Orleans

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the old London prize-ring rules, I will explain that these regulations not only provided for bare knuckles but allowed wrestling with and throwing your antagonist. When one contestant was either thrown or knocked down the round was ended and not before. It was only after such a turn in events that an intermission or rest of one minute was granted. A good ring general could actually fight a thousand rounds under these London prize-ring rules and make the fight less grueling than a modern twenty-round contest. All he would have to do would be to clinch, fake a fall and pretend the other fellow threw him, and he could gain a minute's rest and end a round. So rounds would frequently be of only five seconds' duration, with a sixty-second rest following each.

Conditions, of course, are much more practical under Queensberry rules, which prevail today. These forbid wrestling, demand five-ounce gloves and three minutes of boxing before the minute's rest. If a man is knocked down or falls he must get up without any assistance, within ten seconds, and continue the fighting, or he loses. Thus the present system is much more severe than the old, and results in more action.

After the Sullivan-Kilrain fight William Muldoon, the famous trainer and present boxing commissioner of the state of New York, took a show on the road composed of wrestlers and boxers, and headed by Jake Kilrain as his star.

About a month before Mardi Gras week they hit New Orleans and one day were gathered at the place of Bud Ramos, one of the most famous sporting men of the South in the old days.

Muldoon and Kilrain and some of the sports around the place were talking about getting someone to box Kilrain during the carnival and they couldn't for the moment think of any new face that would arouse interest. Someone suggested Dominick McCaffrey, who at that time was considered one of the cleverest boxers in America, but Kilrain turned down the suggestion, saying, "I want something easier than that."

It happened that a complimentary copy of the California Illustrated World lay on the table, displaying James J. Corbett's picture on the front page and flaunting in their faces the threat, "Coming Champion of the World!" I ought to explain, I think, that this prophecy had been bravely put in the paper under the instruction of its owner, who had seen me box from boyhood up, and even before the last Choynski fight had prophesied great things for me. After that event he had grown absolutely

(Continued on Page 141)

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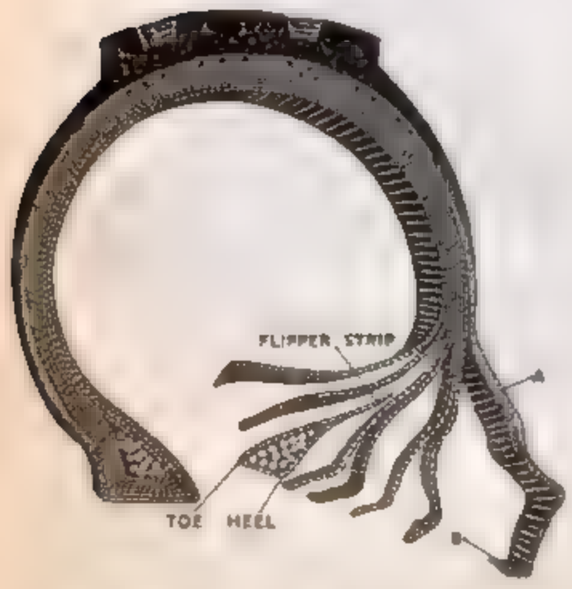

The ordinary way

In tires made by the ordinary method, the bead, composed of strands of braided wire insulated in rubber, is built as a separate unit and is fastened into the tire by the plies of cord fabric which partially enclose it. These plies are not wrapped entirely around the bead, but are cut off at the "toe" or at the side by some makers and at the "heel" by others—so that some plies extend along one side of the bead and some along two sides, but none around all three. The ends of the plies are covered by the "chafer strip," which extends from the point marked "A" to the point marked "B."

Most makers also use what is called a "flipper strip," which passes around the bead and extends an inch or two upward between two of the layers of cord. This strip helps to hold in the bead, but it also has the effect of stiffening the lower part of the sidewall so that the point at which it ends forms a sort of hinge where the flexing of the sidewall, particularly in the low pressure tire, is localized, making an acute angle of bend.

One of the great advantages of the new Kelly construction is the fact that the flipper strip is eliminated.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. 250 WEST 57th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 138)

convinced there was a rosy future ahead for me.

One of the sports picked this paper up and asked, "Who's this?"

They all looked at the picture and had a big laugh.

Then Ramos said, "What's the matter with sending a telegram to this paper? Maybe we can get that kid."

So it came about that the manager of the San Francisco paper sent for me one afternoon. I went down to his office and he handed me a telegram addressed to me in care of the paper. I opened it and read:

"Will offer a purse of twenty-five hundred dollars, two thousand to the winner and five hundred to the loser, your railroad fare to New Orleans and return, if you will box Jake Kilrain six rounds Mardi Gras week."

I was dumfounded, but also very proud that I was recognized as a boxer of enough merit to cope with a man like the famous Kilrain, and I was also tickled to think that my name was known outside of California. So, boylike, without consulting my father or anyone, I immediately telegraphed my acceptance.

Of course the newspapers got hold of the news and a lot of the sporting editors grew very solicitous and expressed their sympathy and all that. To think that a kid like me was foolish enough to go down there and fight a man like Kilrain! A lot of my friends tried to talk me out of it. The old saying that familiarity breeds contempt held in this case. My closest friends did think I would be a great fighter some day, but they never dreamed for one instant that I was then ripe enough to tackle a man like Kilrain, at the early age of twenty-one and with only one professional fight behind me—that with Choynski, which, by the way, really first established my status as a professional.

The money for expenses was duly forwarded to me and the day before I left for New Orleans I went over to visit Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who was training for a fight at Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco. When Dempsey heard what I was taking on he laughed.

"Corbett," he declared, "Kilrain will never lay a glove on you. You'll make a sucker out of him." And he said it as if he meant it. Whether he did or not, I fully agreed with him, I was that confident.

Then he added, "If you'll wait a while I'll give you letters of introduction to some big men from New York down there for the winter." After a time he returned and handed me half a dozen letters to some of the most famous sportsmen of the day. I put these letters in my trunk.

So I set out on my journey, about two weeks before the fight, with only fourteen days for training, four of which were to be spent on board a train. On the way down, whenever the train stopped for meals at one of the old Fred Harvey stands I would sprint and run all the time during the wait.

Hospitable Bud Ramos

One day the west-bound Limited pulled into the station just after our own train, and the west-bound passengers were getting off as I was sprinting up and down alongside the track. Much to my surprise, I ran into Mr. John W. Mackay, the father of our present Clarence H. Mackay, one of the big figures in California when it was a young state, and also one of the owners of the bank in which I had worked. He stopped and looked at me. I looked at him, without speaking for a moment. Then I greeted him.

"Is this Jimmy Corbett?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I confessed.

He looked puzzled, then asked, "What in the world are you doing here?"

"I have left the bank and am a pugilist now," I informed him a little proudly.

"A pugilist—huh!" he retorted. "And where are you going now?"

"Down to New Orleans to fight Jake Kilrain."

"Well," he said, "I hope you get a good licking!"

"I won't get whipped,' I told him, "and I'll be back soon to open an account in the bank."

It seemed an awfully long trip, but finally, one beautiful morning, I arrived in New Orleans. Since I knew not a soul in the town, and Bud Ramos was the one who had guaranteed the purse, I had wired him asking him to meet me at the train. As I got off I looked up and down the platform, but didn't see anyone there who seemed to be looking for me. There was one very dignified-appearing gentleman waiting, though I didn't imagine it was for me; but after almost all the passengers had gone from the station I caught him studying me. I looked at him in turn, and finally he took a chance and asked me my name.

"Jim Corbett," I replied.

Well, I never saw such a look of disappointment, pity and sympathy mixed and stirred up all together, come over a man's face! Though tall, and weighing about 165 pounds, I was very skinny and undeveloped, with a long and none too strong neck.

"My name's Bud Ramos," he finally said.

Then he escorted me to his carriage, treating me with great courtesy, and drove me to his apartments, by the way of Canal Street, the main thoroughfare of New Orleans.

During the drive he inquired, "Boy, have you ever seen Kilrain?"

"No," I replied.

He looked me over again.

"You're not very big, are you? Why, you're just a kid! What makes you think you can whip him?"

"I don't know," I answered; "I just think I can."

After luncheon in his apartments we set out to look the town over, and in the evening he took me into one of the famous old restaurants of the South and introduced me to William Muldoon and the man I was to fight, the redoubtable Jake Kilrain.

Pointers on the Other Fellows

Judging from the way they talked to me, I must have appeared something of a "boob" to them; but I let them "kid" me as much as they wanted, and did not betray that I was wise to them, always replying very meekly and politely.

The next day Ramos took me out to a German garden where a lot of other fighters had trained and where a fellow named Smith was then preparing for a preliminary fight billed for the same night on which I was to meet Kilrain. I started boxing with Smith and going on the road with him, trying to get in the best condition possible in the few days remaining.

Now after all the well-known sports of the town had seen me at Ramos' place, there was of course some speculation as to my chances with Kilrain. Most were a little disgusted, I found out after the fight, feeling that Jake had too soft a mark. In this company was Mike Donovan, who died up North recently and who for years was the instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club. Phil Dwyer, Pat Duffy and the others to whom I had the letters of introduction—which I had not yet presented—were also in this party, and they appointed Mike Donovan a committee of one to go out to the training quarters the next evening to size me up and have a talk with me. Accordingly he came, introduced himself to me, and started to quiz me as we stood in the bar attached to the place in which I was training.

"Have you ever seen Kilrain fight, young fellow?" he said.

"No," I replied.

"Have you any idea how he boxes?"

I told him I hadn't, and as all the time I could tell that he was trying to draw me out, and also from the way he talked that he knew a whole lot about boxing, I said to myself, "I'll give him an earful to take back to the Kilrain quarters."

For at least an hour we stood there in that bar, he asking all sorts of questions about boxing and fighting, most of his inquiries involving the finer points.

Finally I asked, "How heavy is Kilrain?"

"He'll weigh about 210 to 215," he replied.

"Well," I said, "Sullivan licked him."

"Yes," he said; "but it was a pretty tough fight."

Finally he took hold of me and said, "Now this fellow Kilrain has a great left-hand body punch, also a trick like this: Sometimes when he hits straight with the left for the head his head is over here and sometimes it's there." And he illustrated it with his own head. "Now what would you do if his head was over here?"

I looked him in the eye and replied, "Mr. Donovan, I'll go fishing for his head until I find it, no matter where it is."

He grasped me by the hand.

"Young fellow," he exclaimed, strangely enough, with almost Dempsey's exact

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words, "you're going to make an awful sucker out of Kilrain. He won't lay a glove on you. Why, you know all about boxing!"

So he went back to the gambling house and told the group, "This fellow Corbett is going to make a monkey out of Kilrain."

They all laughed at him, but nevertheless it made them more interested in the stranger's chances, for Donovan was the only one who had visited my training quarters

But the following afternoon Phil Dwyer, Pat Duffy and the whole crowd came out to look me over. Of course, at that time I knew nothing of Donovan's report to them. They introduced themselves to me and we sat on the veranda of the little hotel and they started to cross-examine me too "What makes you think you can beat Kilrain? You've never seen him fight. He's one of the greatest pugilists in the world," one asked, repeating almost word for word the first question Donovan had put to me the day before.

"Well," I said, "I not only think so myself, but Jack Dempsey thinks I can beat him too."

Right away came a voice: "Do you know Jack Dempsey?"

"I box with him and know him that well," I replied.

Their surprise over this information made them feel a little foolish, I suppose, after having talked to me as if I were a novice, and from then on I dropped that rôle and they treated me with some respect.

"Now that you are out here, gentlemen," I remarked, "I have letters in my trunk addressed to several I see here. They're from Jack Dempsey."

At this they seemed more surprised than ever, and when I produced the letters we found that four of these happened to be written to men in the crowd. Immediately they became my friends and warmed up to me; and we had a nice chat, which continued until they left.

On the day of the fight I left off training and went down to visit the city. Seeing a big café which seemed to be very popular, and being curious to hear the talk of the fight, I entered and found a crowd of men at the bar. Someone recognized me and I was introduced. While I was being presented, one of the men, a great, strong six-footer, looked me up and down as if he were quite amused.

"You're the fellow who's going to fight Kilrain tonight!" he exclaimed, then laughed as if his heart would break.

"Yes, sir," I said—in a very low voice.

He slapped me on the back and indulged in another horselaugh.

"If you stay four rounds with Kilrain, kid, I'll make you a present of $100."

Before the Fight

Well, there was nothing he could have said that could have hurt my feelings more, and as I had about fifty-odd dollars in my pocket, I came back with "You won't give me any $100; but I'll bet you fifty that I'll be there at the end of the sixth."

"No, no," he insisted, "I'll give you $100."

"You couldn't give me anything," I replied. And we had quite a heated argument which almost ended in a fight. However, after a while, I left without any serious row occurring.

I shall never forget what a splendid character Bud Ramos was. He was a personal friend of Kilrain's, but he had a very kindly feeling toward me and showed it in a nice though not exactly encouraging way. His wife, knowing I was all alone in the city and thinking I was going to be killed by Kilrain, whom they idolized and thought unbeatable, felt sorry for me too. So they came out to my training quarters and had dinner with me before the fight, and I could tell from the tone of their conversation, and from the way in which Mrs. Ramos would look at me from time to time, that they really thought I was going to be very badly hurt, and that they would not give much for my chances. Nevertheless, they tried their best to cheer me up, not realizing that I didn't really feel the need of such support.

Just before they left I asked Mr. Ramos if he would send a telegram to my father in San Francisco for me.

"Why certainly," he said; so I wrote out the message, and as near as I can now remember it, this is what I wrote:

"Never felt better in my life.. Will whip Kilrain sure. Love to mother and all.

"JIM."

I handed it to him, saying, "Will you be sure this goes right off, please? I want my father to get it before the fight." Then I added, "You may read it, if you like, Mr Ramos."

He did, and I only wish I was capable of picturing to you the look on his face! After getting over his amazement, he said in the way people talk when they try to break bad news gently, "Jim, do you think it's advisable to send this telegram? You know you have never seen Kilrain fight."

I slapped him on the back and replied, "Mr. Ramos, I appreciate your sympathy and your kindness to me, and I'll never forget it; but I feel in my bones I'm going to beat Kilrain."

This was almost too much, and they went off to send the wire, and I went to the Southern Athletic Club, where the fight was to be held. The preliminary bouts were already on when I arrived, and walking down the aisle I sat in the audience and looked at the fighters, no one paying the least attention to me; not that I wanted it, but the indifference showed what a stranger I was and how little known.

Here I waited until Smith came on, for I was quite anxious to see what sort of showing this young fellow I had been training with would make. I saw him, all right—knocked stiff—and helped carry him into a dressing room, which, by the way, was the one I was to use. A nice beginning, but I brought him to, not only through sympathy but because I needed him as a second. Then I started getting into my things.

My Friend the Referee

I had everything on but one shoe when Muldoon came into the room and said in a domineering manner which I did not like, "Hurry up, young fellow, and get in the ring! The referee and Kilrain are waiting for you!"

"Just a minute," I retorted; "I've got something to say about that."

"Well, what is it, what is it?" he replied impatiently.

"Hold your horses and I'll tell you," I said. "You say the referee is in there?"

"Yes, yes; and you'd better not keep them waiting."

"That so?" I came back. "As it happens I haven't been consulted about any referee. I want to look him over." And then we had a few stiff words.

However, it ended in his going out and telling Bud Ramos and the directors of the club that the young fellow had weakened and it looked very much as if he weren't going to fight.

I should perhaps explain that this ignoring of me on the part of the directors was natural; Kilrain was the big card, and no one expected me to have a chance with him, so they didn't consult me about a number of things. It was not that they were deliberately unfair; they just thought it would be wasting time. But considering all things together, they were certainly taking me lightly.

Within a minute the directors and Bud Ramos and all the audience who could get in had rushed in the room. One of them spoke up.

"I'm the president of the club," said he. "What's the reason for your trying to back out?"

"I'm not," I replied politely; "and there's no trouble at all, only I came a long way to box Jake Kilrain, and this contest tonight means an awful lot to me, though it seems to be a joke with you people. I want to know who the referee is and I want to meet him and talk with him. I think that much courtesy at least is coming to one of the principals."

"Why, that's all right," he said, seeming to feel a little easier now; and out they sent for the referee, who walked in a few seconds later to be introduced. Lo and behold! Who was he but the fellow who had wanted to give me the $100 if I stayed four rounds with Kilrain!

I knew my chances were slim with him as the third man in the ring, and looking him straight in his eye I remarked, "You've been appointed referee?"

"Yes," he answered.

"I've no doubt but you stand pretty well here and are a gentleman."

"I certainly am a gentleman, sir!" he came back at me.

"That's fine," I took him up quickly; "and since you're a gentleman, if one of the principals in this contest objected to your

(Continued on Page 145)

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THE opening of the new lumber manufacturing plants of The Long-Bell Lumber Company at Longview, Washington, has added Douglas Fir lumber and timbers to the list of Long-Bell trade-marked products.

This means that throughout the United States buyers can now obtain lumber and timbers of one or more species of wood bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark. It means that buyers, universally, can choose, by *brand*, lumber products that have been safeguarded in manufacture to meet that important requirement so long a standard in Long-Bell production—*maximum building value.*

The addition of Douglas Fir to Long-Bell products means, furthermore, that this manufacturer is now a producer of the four most useful building woods—Douglas Fir, Southern Pine, California White Pine and Southern Oak.

Trade-marks on countless wares have long been an aid in buying. You prove this for yourself every time you buy food or clothing, household equipment or automobiles. The names or emblems of certain manufacturers are *guides* in selection.

The same significance of certain names on other merchandise is equally true with lumber. The Long-Bell trade-mark on lumber is an *identification* that assures protection to buyers and stands for a service that the public has a right to expect.

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers;
Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail
Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and
Timbers; California White Pine Lumber;
Sash and Doors; Oak Flooring.

Ask your lumberman for Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BLDG. *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

K N O W T H E L U M B E R Y O U B U Y

Continued from Page 142

being referee, you, being such a gentleman, would naturally resign"

"I certainly would," he replied.

"I'm glad of that, sir, and also that you are a gentleman," I declared, "because I happen to object to your being referee."

He walked out in a huff and then there was a round or two of talk without any intermission.

Finally I said, "Wait a minute, gentlemen"—I was addressing the whole room, Muldoon included—"don't think you're not going to see a fight. You're going to see one all right. But I came from San Francisco all alone and you all think I'm going to be murdered. Now I don't think so; I think I'm going to win tonight. Now what do you think of that?" Here I paused to let this sink in, then went on: "And if I win by one point I don't want to be robbed by this referee that has been picked to save Kilrain's reputation for him. If I win it by an inch, I want it; and if I lose it, there will be no kick coming. Now I'll take anyone in this crowd for referee—and I don't know any of you"

Up stepped one of the finest-looking men I ever gazed upon, handsomely dressed, a regular fashion plate in fact. He was the amateur boxing champion of the club, a cotton broker, and a member of one of the best families in New Orleans, I was told later. Rather excitedly Ned Violett—that was his name, though I won't swear as to the spelling—declared, "I'll referee this fight!" And if ever sincerity and fairness showed in a man's tones, they certainly did in his!

I liked him at once, and I said, "He'll do me, gentlemen. Now go on out and I'll be ready in the shake of a lamb's tail." So I put on the other shoe and went out into the ring, where Kilrain was waiting for me. The announcer came over and asked me my weight. I said "About 165," and he announced the weights: "Corbett, 165; Kilrain, 190!"

I jumped up from my chair and said laughingly, in a voice that everyone near the ring could hear, "Just a minute. Change those weights. If Kilrain weighs 190, I weigh 130."

A Glorious Occasion

At this there was considerable laughter among those at the ring side, who seemed to catch the sarcasm quick enough; and the first round started. As we met in the center I feinted at Kilrain a couple of times; then, too swiftly for the audience to count them, hit him six punches right on the nose, and the spectators began throwing their hats in the air.

In the second round I hit him at will and a bad cut appeared above his right eye. He was a good boxer of the old school, but was being considerably outpointed, for I was confusing him with a brand-new style of fighting, although I was not quite aware of it myself. Jack Dempsey—the original, always remember that—had recognized this, and looking back, I can see that in his conversations at training quarters Mike Donovan had betrayed his enthusiasm and belief that I had something altogether new. Perhaps it was just as well that I had just my boyish confidence then, without a full realization of my actual ability. I might have grown too cocky and worked less industriously.

The six rounds went along like this, I hitting him practically whenever I chose, the audience frantic with surprise and excitement. At the call of time at the end of the bout, almost before the referee had time to give the decision—which he did, and to me—the audience had swarmed down the aisles and the leaders had lifted me on their shoulders, carrying me around the building and hailing me as the next champion of the world. They took me into my dressing room, where I changed clothes as quickly as possible, and then was ushered into a carriage and taken to the smartest club in New Orleans—the Pickwick Club, if I remember rightly. Here they wined and dined me. It was a glorious night for a boy of twenty-one!

Music to His Ears

On the next day I had no sooner entered Bud Ramos' place than Kilrain came in, sore as a boil because this unknown kid had put it over on him.

"Corbett," said he, "I want to fight you again"

"No," I replied; "I've got your name on my list. Now I'll go and get some other names on my list"

"What for?" he said. "You didn't lick me last night."

"Anybody looking at your face would think I did," I replied, and he turned quite nasty and for a minute it looked as if there was going to be a second battle right then and there; but Bud Ramos came in and escorted Kilrain out of the place, apologizing to me for the latter's actions.

After the fight I had sent my father a wire as follows:

"Won with hands down. Love to all."

Now my father was a quaint old Irishman, and he knew just as well as anybody in the world what I meant when I said "won with hands down," but he loved to hear people explain the meaning to him. They tell me he was all over San Francisco that night, with the telegram in his pocket. When congratulated on Jim's success he would reply, "Yes, but he sent me a telegram and I don't understand it," and so he'd produce the telegram. The fellow would read it and repeat the words, "Won with hands down."

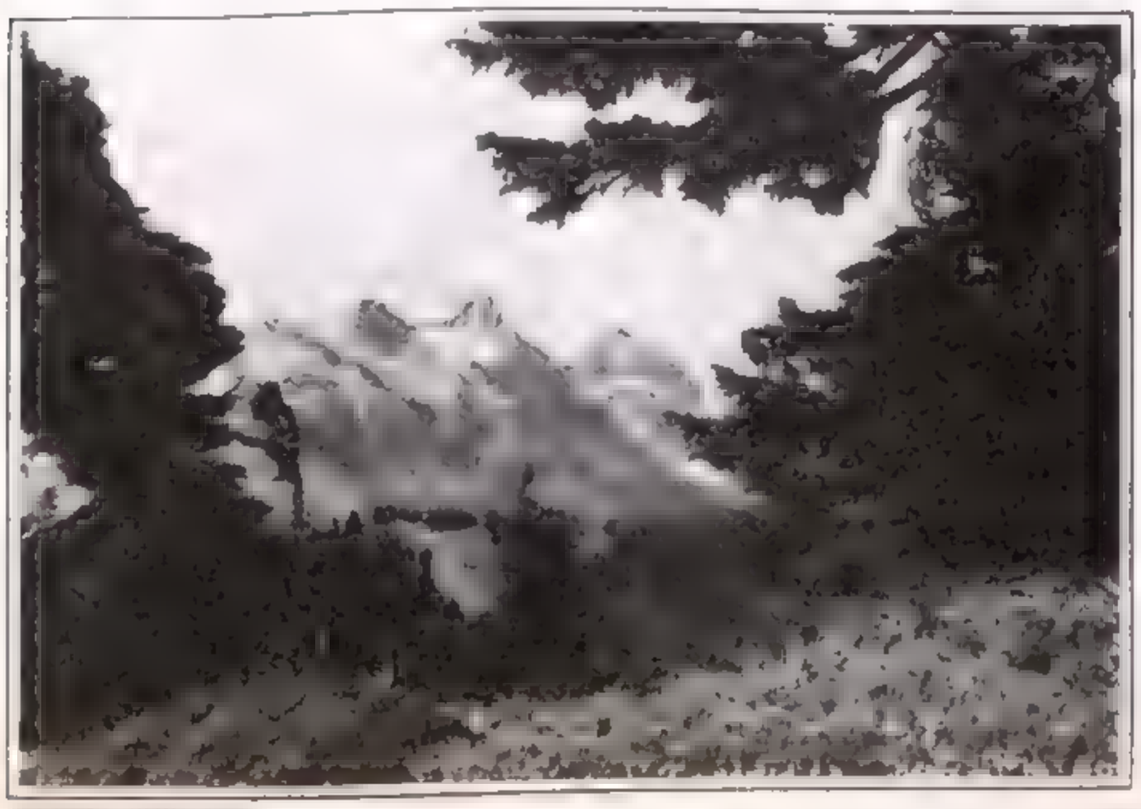
"Yes," father would say doubtfully, "but what does he mean by that?"

And it was music to his ears to hear them reply, "Why, Kilrain was easy; Jim was just playing with him; he just walked away with him."

"Is that what he means?" he would inquire doubtfully, trying hard to appear indifferent; and he must have gone through this act with everybody in San Francisco!

So, you see, now that I was successful, my father got over his disappointment at my leaving the bank, and forgave me. He seemed no longer to have any objections to my being in the professional ring, and had all the typical Irishman's pride in a son that was a good fighter.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett. The next will appear in an early issue



The Peaks of Tatoosh Range, Rainier National Park

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AUTOMATIC WINDSHIELD WIPER
Installed in 10 Minutes
1 Insert shaft thru hole in windshield. Tighten nut. Attach wiper arm. (2 minutes)
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JUST drive your car up to any accessory dealer and say "Put on a THORN Automatic Windshield Wiper." In 10 minutes it will be on and operating!
On cars without vacuum tanks or windshields drilled for a hand wiper, installation takes longer, but not 50% of the time usually required. This means a big saving in annoyance and installation cost to you.
$5.00 is the price of the THORN and there's no better windshield wiper at any price. Every one sold carries my personal guarantee of dependability.
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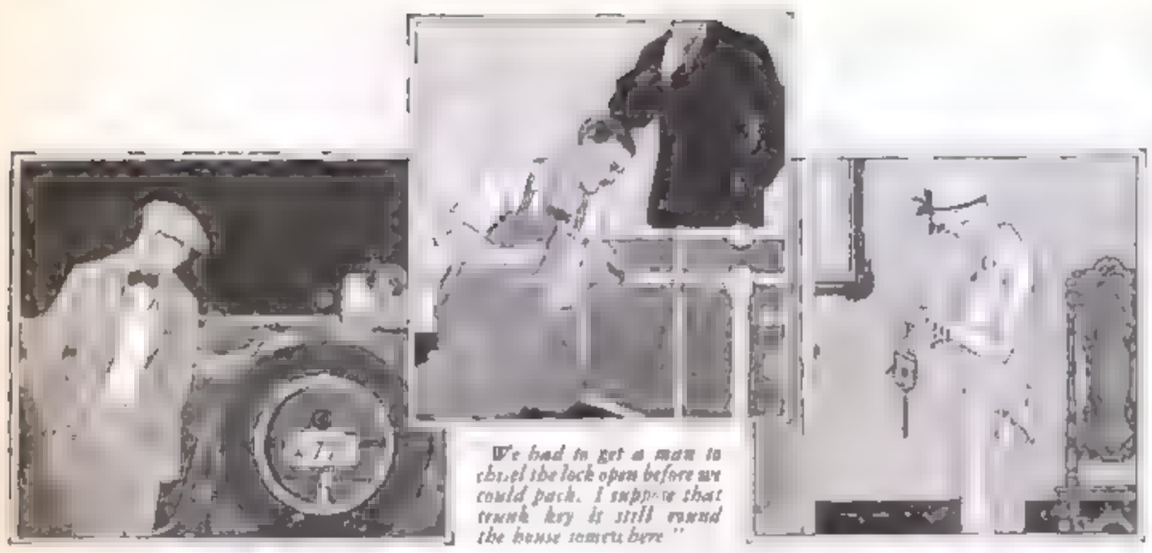
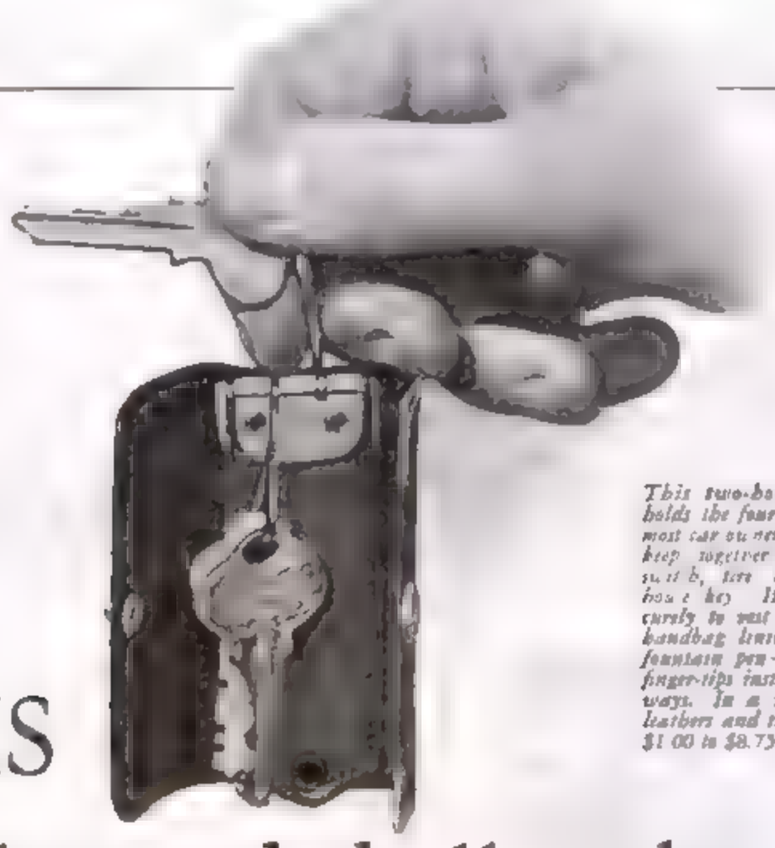
Sold by garages and accessory stores. Distributed exclusively through the jobbing trade.
Positive Action in Any Weather



"Suddenly a tire went flat on us—and I couldn't find the key to the lock on the spare. It was a nasty situation—miles from a garage and getting dark fast."

We had to get a man to chisel the lock open before we could pack. I suppose that trunk key is still round the house somewhere."

"A week ago my husband gave me a beaded bag. Two days later I dropped it—and my latchkey punched a hole right through it."



This two-hook model holds the four keys that most car owners want to keep together—garage, trunk, ignition lock and house key. It slips securely to vest pocket or handbag lining like a fountain pen—at your finger-tips instantly, always. In a variety of leathers and trimmings, $1.00 to $8.75.

THIS has ended all such everyday tragedies

And now, behind it, a new Identification Service to protect you from permanent loss

NEVER again the question, "Where's the key?"

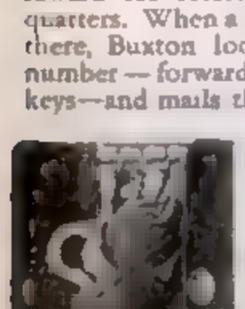
In this slim leather case, *all* your keys can be filed away—each on its proper swivel hook, each one instantly at your finger-tips—as compact as a pocket memorandum, as real a convenience as your bill-fold.

And now, with the new Buxton Key Identification Service, you are protected against actual loss. In each Keytainer pocket is a numbered card, offering a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters. When a lost Keytainer is sent there, Buxton looks up the owner's number—forwards him his missing keys—and mails the finder his reward.

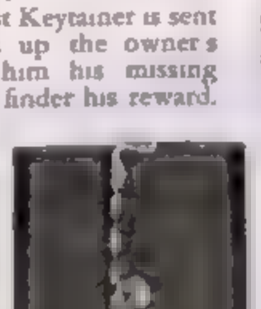
You can get Buxton Keytainers in dozens of different types and leathers—from high-grade cowhide at one dollar and less to gold-mounted pin seal at eleven dollars. 2, 4, 6 or 8 hooks—and each book holds two keys. Combination sets, too—a small Keytainer for the keys used oftenest (auto keys, house keys)—and a larger model for all other keys.

Jewelers, department stores, leather goods, stationery, haberdashery, hardware and drug stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free. Buxton, Inc., 165 Chestnut Street, Springfield, Mass.

Buxton Keytainers are still made in two styles—with and without the Handy Pocket. The Key Identification Service, of course, applies only to the Handy Pocket models. Protect your keys with this new national Service—at once!



Calf-skin Keytainer, gold-trimmed. No. 9 in the Handy Pocket No. [illegible] $4.50. Other models $1.50 to $11.00.



Eight-hook Keytainer. Pin seal. Solid gold-trimmed. No. 040-8. $11.00. Other models from $1.50.

Alligator calf, with six gold-plated hooks. Solid gold-trimmed. No. 037-6. In gift box, $7.00.

Brown or gray suede calf lined. Four gold-plated hooks. No. [illegible] $5.50. Other models up to $9.50.

BUXTON KEY-TAINER

CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 21)

curiously unlike pears. Nature entertained him for a moment while he watched a woodpecker sample the ruined tree and reject it as too solid, and then a female loudly said, "I want to use your telephone!"

"Oh, certainly. It's in the front room. You just go around through the veranda," he mumbled, "and in the front door."

The mussed and desperate woman straightened spectacles of tortoise shell on her raw nose and panted, "There's a limit to everything! Can you reach New York from here?"

"Certainly," said Stukely, appalled by her nose and by the scars of raspberry spikes on her bare ankles.

"And is there a hotel in this village—Gossetville, or whatever its name is?"

"It's pretty rotten," he told her; "Poughkeepsie's the nearest good hotel, y'know."

"Thank you. Any hotel," the woman snarled, batting a fly from her nose, "is good enough. And if you'll carry those two suitcases up to the house I'll give you a dollar."

With a soiled hand she pointed to two gleaming cases on the grass below this knoll, and then trotted on, with sandals of red leather thumping the warm turf. She hurried and vanished about the house while Stukely frowned. Once you put on cheap clothes and canvas shoes and went hatless in the country, you were prey to such condescensions. Motorists offered you five cents for a tin of water, and the grave intonation of his voice hadn't warned this mussy woman that he wasn't subject to tips. Civilization simply didn't recognize civilization in a brown cotton shirt with its sleeves rolled up its arms. He sniffed and walked past the black polished cases toward the creek and beheld another trotting person in white raiment among trees. Stukely paused and lighted his cigarette. This male was coming at a gallop that brought his freckles and a monstrous Adam's apple to plain view in three puffs of tobacco. He ran very decently, too, and his ginger hair was cut correctly close above his rather excessive ears. He drew in and called, from ten yards, "Did Miss Betts come up this way?"

"I really couldn't say," said Stukely haughtily; "I don't know anybody named Betts."

"A lady, in glasses," the youth explained in a voice somehow bleating but very deep. "The master wants her to come back. She's upset the whole equilibrium, you know, and it's quite frightfully important for her to come back at once."

"The hell it is," said Stukely.

The youth looked rather dashed, and twiddled a sandal in the grass, stuttering, "But it is very important. We're doing the Hindu formation and if the numbers aren't even it upsets everything. . . . You haven't seen a thin lady with glasses?"

"What's the Hindu formation?" Stukely demanded.

"The master—Mr. Marovas—learned it in India. We do it for an hour every afternoon. We're studying velocity, and ——"

"Just how," Stukely snorted, "does one study velocity?"

He might be a year or so younger than this angular ninny whose ears were peeling at the edge, but he stood at least an inch higher, and so he scowled at the creature intensely. If this imbecile undertook to patronize him or offered him a dollar to find Miss Betts, it would be the worse for him. It mightn't be civil to slap his guileless face, but he could be bawled at heartily.

"We study it. Velocity," said the youth, "is life, you see; and rest is death. The master's fifty-six, you know; but you'd never know it, because he's always done everything as fast as possible and he never has to rest. It only took us three days to get here from New York, you know, and we walked all the way."

"That's not extraordinary," Stukely sniffed; "Joe's—my brother-in-law's—battalion did a hundred miles in two days once!"

The youth flushed and retorted, "Well, Mr. Marovas did fifty miles in one day when he was escaping from Turkestan!"

"All the way downhill?" Stukely asked.

The youth flushed yet more richly and announced, "Well, he could kill you with one hand! You should have seen him running races with that bull just now!"

"With Erasmus? He'd no business doing that. Father gave him permission to have his fool camp down by the creek, but he didn't say he could annoy our cattle. You people from New York," Stukely growled, "have more brazen nerve! If this damn Slovak wants something to do, he can chop wood for us. For the love of Pete, who does this Marovas think he is? Why can't he be civilized when he's been treated decently? Why ——"

He stepped forward because a mosquito bit his neck concurrently with his last question, and then he blushed. The freckled youth had stepped back with a defensive jerk of an elbow high across his paling face. Stukely gaped, ashamed of the angular fellow, and then said in embarrassment, "I wasn't going to hit you, y'know." And turning, stalked on down the slope. He stalked for twenty yards and then snapped his fingers, ashamed of himself. He had been acting the angry farmer, and he was taller than this wincing puppy. He spun again and stalked back up the turf toward the still camper and said nervously, "I'm sorry. Didn't mean to be offensive," with drops of sweat on his upper lip.

"I—I'm not offended," the young man muttered. Then he asked pathetically, "And you haven't seen Miss Betts? The master'll be so—so annoyed if she's gone. He's never lost a pupil, except that French poet that died at Florence last year, and he was so ill when they brought him to Mr. Marovas that there wasn't any use in trying velocity on him. And haven't you seen Miss Betts?"

"Why," Stukely countered, "is this lady leaving?"

"Oh, she didn't like something. Of course, the master's rather autocratic. And I do think he doesn't realize how hot it is today. I don't feel heat at all, ever; and I've been working under Mr. Marovas ever since April and gained ten pounds. But I do think he's a little bit rough on ——"

The deep, babbling voice stopped and the youth dug grass with one foot for a while, his flexible small mouth shifting.

He was someone very weak, Stukely thought, and was sorry for him. His eyes had pale-gray hearts and his thin fingers twitched as he suddenly went on: "Of course, you people that live outdoors all the time don't—don't have to worry about your stomachs getting out of order, and—and I suppose you've never been ill in your life."

"Had to drop out of college last year. Had typhoid," said Stukely.

The youth looked at him with a swift, childish reverence that made Stukely color. He said, "Golly! F-father couldn't afford to send me to college. That's why it's so interesting being under Mr. Marovas. It's—it's educational. There's three writers, and Miss Betts paints, you know; and lots of 'em have been abroad. Mr. Stukely told me I'd regret it, but I have gained ten pounds since April, and ——"

"Mr. who?"

The youth said, rather proudly, "Mr. George Stukely. He's the president of the Amasset Trust Company. Gave me two months vacation with my salary, you know, because I was ill this winter. I'm his secretary—well, assistant secretary, and it's awfully important to keep fit when you've got as good a chance as that. Of course, forty dollars a week is—pretty expensive. But it's awfully educational. Were you ever abroad?"

"Yes," said Stukely, in dreadful pity of this boy, "a couple of times. . . . Are you paying Mr. Marovas forty a week to—to give you setting-up exercises? For the love of heaven, why didn't you—you"—he heard Joe Fancher wailing up the slope and finished—"enlist in the Marines for a couple of years, or take boxing lessons?"

"I thought about boxing lessons. Only father's a minister, you know, and there'd have been an awful row at home if I'd done that; and—and you meet very interesting people this way. And Mr. Marovas isn't a faker," the assistant secretary exploded, "even if Miss Betts says he is. He's perfectly sincere. You only have to talk to him to know he is. And I have gained ten pounds!"

Joe meandered among the trees howling lonesomely:

"My gal's left me,
My gal's left me,
My gal's left me,
An' I'm gonna die of sorrow, babe!

(Continued on Page 149)

LEADERSHIP in silk manufacture, maintained over a long period, requires the use of pure-dye silk. Clothing manufacturers, custom tailors, modistes, buying in the aggregate millions of yards of Skinner linings yearly, do so with absolute faith in Skinner quality. Poor silk can be camouflaged. Pure silk is evident as time passes. That is why Skinner's Satin has been first among silk fabrics for three-quarters of a century.

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Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's cloaks, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

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Other Federal Models: 1-Ton $1075; 1½-ton $2150; 2½-ton $3200; 3½ to 4-ton $4200. 5 to 6-ton $4750; 7-ton $5000; Light Duty Tractor $3200; Heavy Duty Tractor $4235. these prices are for standard chassis only, in lead—f. o. b. Detroit. Excise tax additional

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, DETROIT

FEDERAL-KNIGHT

A SPEEDY BUSINESS TRUCK

(Continued from Page 146)

'Cause
My gal's left me,
My gal's left me,
My gal's left me,
An' she took the kitchen stove!"

His tenor prolonged this chant to an extreme, whining shiver of thin woe that jarred an emotion loose in Stukely's system and made him rage. The world was full of cheats and fakers and frauds on the trusting, and Joe ambled singing in the middle of it as though nobody wanted what they hadn't and civilization wasn't a failure. Here he came in his loose denim jacket, serenely unbuttoned on the holes of an aged undershirt, and his blue breeches stained with various paints and grimes. He came kicking disreputable cloth shoes among tufts of grass and drawled from twenty yards, "Ace, did you let that skinny, dreadful-lookin' dame inta the house? 'Cause she's tellin' her troubles in the telephone an' I'm scared we're gonna be sooed for maltreatin' the wires. She's gonna get her ten lawyers an' have this Dmitri Marovas jailed! Uh-huh! She's gonna get back all she's paid him an' more for lammin' her on the yawp when she wouldn't drill. She talks like grandma when somebody'd cast doubts on one of daddy's sermons down in Gawgia. . . . Who's this kid?"

Stukely growled, "Joe, guess what this faker's getting paid for drilling these fools!" And answered himself, "Forty dollars!"

"But he's been all over the world collecting information about exercises," the assistant secretary panted; "India! And he says I can get married in the fall if I go on improving!"

Joe Fancher's eyes changed slowly from turquoise to sapphire as he stared the clerk up and down. Then he said, "What scared you about your health, bud?"

"I had indigestion all winter and ——"

"And now you been takin' some exercise an' you can eat camp cookin'? Yeh? Go on! You Stuke," said Joe delightedly, "we been missin' some news. What's the use of workin' like we do an' just makin' this place pay? You get yourself some Turkish pants an' a brass earring so's you'll look all pretty an' call yourself Abdallah the Egg an' I'll have grandmamma send me a list of all the sick folks she knows an' you get Uncle Gawge to send you a list of all the rich apes that bank with him an' then we'll turn this place into a phys'cal-culture dump. Uh-huh! What was I two years a sergeant in the Marines for, I wanta know? Yeh, you let on you gave some dooks an' a frawg poet settin'-up exercises you learned in Tibet or somewhere, an' set around sorta bare-nekkid on a fence, an' I'll be your assistant—name of Olaf, 'cause my hair don't look right for a Turk. I can speak three words of Swedish I learned off of Porky Olsen in my comp'ny. They're right powerful words, too, 'cause I tried 'em on a Swedish lady in Boston last year and she left me very sudden. Uh-huh! You got the looks and I"—Joe grinned—"have got the nerve, an' forty dollars a week from a lotta cheese that can't take care of theyselves would come in nice to buy my woman joolry winters. Besides which, we're all awful civ'-lized in the fam'ly, and the Reverend Kent could sit and be refined to our victims, sorta kinda. You could learn to bat skinny ladies on the ear, couldn't you? This dame up at the house didn't like it, but most would when your hair's so curly an' you got black eyes." He sank cross-legged on the grass and asked the clerk of the Amasset Trust Company: "Any doctor tell you you're gonna die of indigestion, friend? No? Your girl's been feedin' you homemade bombshells every night an' tellin' you how tired you look and —— Oh, look," said Joe sweetly, lifting his eyebrows, "at what's comin'! Oh, Stuke! Uh-huh! Kid, we gotta be phys'cal-culture goofs! Oh, behold the wonders of the deep!"

The line of white bodies came cavorting in silence under the trees, and Stukely saw mouths resolutely shut and mouths eating air painfully. The people of the camp romped with diligence up the slope and he had a feeling of some absurd ballet in rehearsal. They bounded with spread arms after a frowning woman, and Stukely counted five mussed heads of female hair in the breathless row. They leaped and landed in a drear rhythm of sandals on warm grass, and several delighted little boys of the farms across the river, and Olive Puddy, in full cry, came hurrying abreast of the phenomenon. Olive yelled at Joe as she passed, "Don't they look silly?" And Stukely reddened, for all these faces, sunburnt or pallid, were of the same make—sensitive and mostly young, and the brown health of the scuttling children mocked something that was happening. The leaves shook in a still laughter, as if this joyless dance amused them as it did the country children who ran effortless and giggling beside the whirl of false Russian dress and the stagger of limbs in this forced motion. The line ended in a rocking girl whose left sandal had become undone so that it flapped from her foot, and Stukely watched that scarlet flicker as the people dwindled past the woodpile and the sanity of his father's house.

"Uh-huh, Stuke! We gotta be physical-culture eggs!"

A great cat purred, "Many strong young men fancy to themselves that they can teach the culture of strength. But I am charmed," said the cat, taking a cigarette from its mouth, "to see you are interested. . . . Mr. Nicoll, have you yet found Miss Betts?"

The purr ceased. The man stood with round eyes of black velvet considering Mr. Nicoll, who spun to stare at his yellow face with parted lips that twitched as his fingers twitched, while he stammered, "N-no, master; not yet, sir."

"It is important," the purring voice resounded, "that she comes back. She is a foolish old maid, but an artist, and it is not well that she should die. At present she has, maybe, ten years to live. I can give her sixty more. Up there are her suitcases. Go find her at once, and then run after the others. You waste time."

Stukely blinked. The voice lulled him so that he wanted to yawn. Dmitri Marovas stood and gazed from the black-velvet eyes at the twitching clerk, and his flattened yellow face did not alter when the youth said wretchedly, "I—she's in these gentlemen's house, master."

"They will permit you to go and speak to her. You will tell her that I do not wish her to die yet, and that she will come back here. You may even tell her that I am sorry I cuffed her mouth. It is not true, but if she is offended, say that. She annoys me," said Mr. Marovas, "quite frightfully. I pick my patients because they interest me and because they seem worth the time to preserve. This old maid will not be preserved from her tea and her cigarettes and her poisonous civilization. Go, Mr. Nicoll, at once."

The thin boy's eyes had opened in a wide, bright stare and he nodded slowly, and slowly turned from the black-velvet holes in the yellow mask. He walked stiffly up the grass, and then halted as Joe Fancher loudly drawled, "Hey, bub, minute! . . . Friend, that lady is private in the Reverend Kent's house. You ain't asked Mr. Stukely Kent's permission to send Mr. Nicoll inside of it."

"Have I Mr. Stukely Kent's permission to send Mr. Nicoll into the house?"

Stukely yawned and nodded. His uncle's assistant secretary trotted suddenly under the leaves and was gone before Stukely looked back at the tassel of gold beads in the Russian's nearest ear. No, Mr. Marovas was not naked to the waist, but a shirt of some thin, yellow matter aided the first impression, and his appalling arms were bare and smooth as the silk of his white breeches that tightened toward the ankle. The arms, superbly made, excused an anklet of gold links and that tassel of beads hung to the little ear hidden partly by black hair that faintly curled.

"Got your comp'ny trained down fine, friend, ain't you?"

"No," said Mr. Marovas lazily, "but in two weeks they will be automatic. Unanimity is equilibrium. Equilibrium is velocity, in result, and velocity is life. Even the French Buffon long ago knew enough to say, *'L'homme ne connait point ses forces.'* That is true. All primitive peoples know it. All animals know it. Man does not know his strength. He rests when he could work. I am fifty-six years old," he told Stukely, "and you are—nineteen? I shall run you five miles and not be tired. You will lie down and breathe like a dog." He stared at the boy, taller than himself, and added, "At forty you will be thin and at fifty you will be dead. Rest is the malady of your civilized thought. Velocity is life."

His eyes had no whites. They advanced and were a cavern around Stukely, a depth of black, sleepy water into which he sank until Mr. Marovas showed pointed teeth in a smile and slung up an arm to the bough

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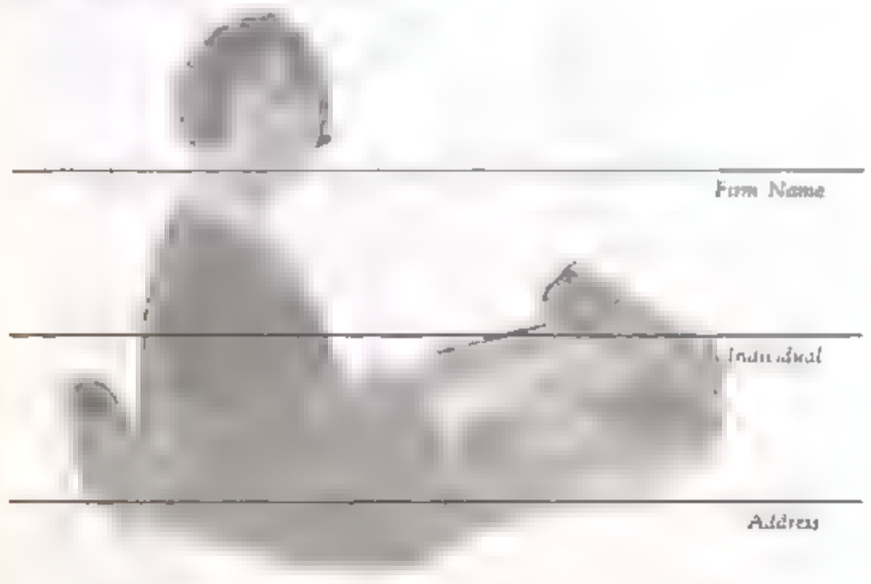

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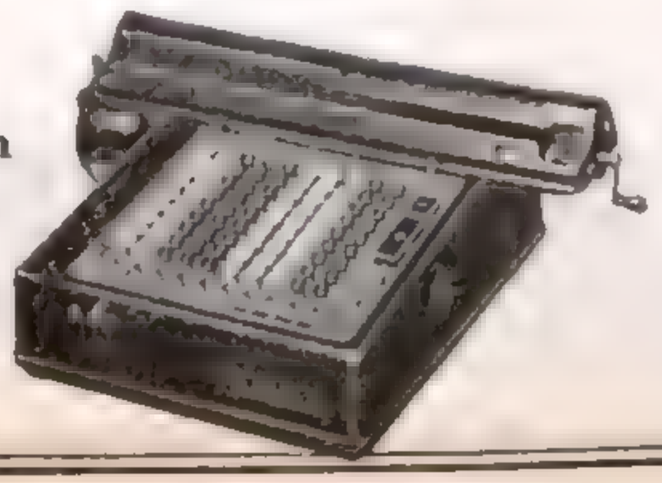


of the tree shading his magnificences. Muscles slid and made grooves in the tawny flesh of the raised arm and then the heavy bough shook all its leaves in a pattering complaint. He could thrash Joe Fancher, the boy thought, and resented that.

"How much might you weigh, friend?"

"I do not precisely know. Those things—measurements and weights—do not entertain me. Yet now stand yourself where I stand," said Marovas, "and make the leaves sound. You weigh perhaps—one hundred and eighty? Make the leaves sound."

Joe Fancher pulled a blade of grass and thrust it into his pipe's stem. He drawled, "I forget whether you just stand an' shove or whether you shake the branch. It's a very good trick, friend. Jasper Whibble's Uncle Pete useda win considerable money offa fools out in Eutropius, Missouri, when I was young, doing that."

Mr. Marovas looked down at the seated figure amiably and Joe as amiably beamed up at the wide shoulders and the superb yellow arms.

After a time the Russian said, "When you were young? You are now—twenty-four?"

"Goodness gracious, no, friend! Seventy-three my last birthday. Uh-huh! I got to be seventy-three about same day you got to be fifty-six, sir," Joe cooed, stuffing his pipe from a purse of striped silk. "My second youngest granddaughter made me this t'bacco bag for my birthday." He lighted the tobacco and mentioned, "Stukely, here, gave me a gold-headed cane." He put the purse back into a pocket of his shameful jacket and gazed up with sapphire eyes at the black-velvet circles in the yellow mask of Mr. Marovas. The stare lasted while Stukely rolled and lit a cigarette. Then the tassel of golden beads wavered in the Russian's ear as his head turned to shift the gaze to Stukely.

"He thinks I exaggerate my age."

The eyes became a cavern's mouth looming above Stukely and engulfing him. A great silence blotted the orchard and Joe's blue jacket from the boy, as though silence were a cloudy veil. He yawned and sank into black peace, into a haze of shadows and aimless thoughts. This man was very old and wise and powerful. He could keep people from dying. That was plain in the black cavern of his stare. And then a loud voice in Stukely said, "You idiot!" And the eyes receded until they were merely large black eyes set under yellow flesh in a flat, common face that showed fine points of sweat as if Mr. Marovas had been working valiantly.

"You do look pretty young for fifty-six," said Stukely.

"Howsoever, friend," Joe mused, "we ain't sayin' you aren't. When I was young down in Gawgia, Wally Byrd next door had an aunt come to visit his mamma that said she was twenty-seven, only I told her I thought she'd be about grandmamma's age, an' grandmamma gimme a bunt on the jaw for bein' so rude to a lady. Which taught me not to be crit'cal about ages. When I was a recroot down at Quantico, too, there was a kid said he was nineteen—a right big boy he was—and got very sore when guys laughed when his voice got all s'prano on him. His daddy came an' took him outa that place by an' by, sayin' he was only fourteen; but the kid might have knew better. Age is just a matter of taste, huh? Some wanta be older'n they are, and it's their own business, and some wanta be younger, and that's their business. Come on, Stuke. We got work to do."

Stukely lingered for a breath and watched with fascination a fold of the yellow shirt flatten against the Russian's ribs. The image of hard flesh seemed to fling out heat all around him, and became entirely human—a person in a quiet rage that didn't show on his flat face or in his posture with the one hand hooked to the bough above him. His stare followed Joe's bleached head under the trees and then shifted to some other point so sharply that Stukely looked off and beheld the thin Miss Betts striding around the woodpile. She came tremendously, and her raw nose was a jewel in splurges of sunshine through the leaves. Joe Fancher stopped to gaze at her, and Mr. Marovas made a small, emphatic motion of one foot.

"You wished to see me?"

"Naturally. . . . You are foolish to be angry," said the Russian in a rising purr, "because I struck you. If I had not been specially interested, mademoiselle, in your case, I should not have been so annoyed as to slap you. But the illness of artists is a special matter. You are of value to the world, and ——"

"Don't talk such trash," said Miss Betts, her hands on her hips. "You slapped me to impress those silly girls! You're used to being treated like a tin god! But it happens to be eighty in the shade and my nose is ——"

The Russian loudly said, unmoving, "Rest is the malady of your civilization. You do not know of how much you are capable. I teach my lesson. If I seem cruel, it is to make you believe. I am fifty-six years old. You perhaps are forty-five. Good! At your present rate you will not last five years; not," he said softly, "five years—not three perhaps."

For a little time the woman wavered on her silly sandals and her eyes behind the lenses swelled. Then she snapped, "Bosh! I took your course because I was fool enough to talk to you after your lecture in Brooklyn. And you can't impress me. I'm quite through, thank you! I'm not a neurotic, I'm a dyspeptic! And cave men never have interested me. And what's more, I'm going to take little Nicoll back to New York with me, before the poor baby's spent any more of his savings on you. I should think you'd be ashamed to stand and tell that child he's likely to die when you work him like a mule! Good-by!"

All of a sudden Mr. Marovas went swirling forward and his hand touched the woman's breast as his body came to a wonderful halt. He said, "You will not live three years!" And stood with his stare descending to the woman's eyes in a black flood.

"L-look here!" Stukely muttered, and then was still.

He was seeing something hideous. The plain woman's eyes swelled behind the round panes of her spectacles and her face twitched in a flutter of muscles. She was rigid with the one yellow finger touching her heart, a stiff, helpless stick hung in white silk.

"Go now and bring Mr. Nicoll back to the tents, mademoiselle."

"You—needn't try to give—me orders," said Miss Betts thinly, and snapped her head aside; "and I shan't bring Nicoll anywhere! Y-you hypnotist!"

Marovas stepped backward, with water visibly flowing on his neck and his eyes monstrous. He passed a hand across his face twice, and then moved again toward the woman, and came against Joe Fancher's blue shoulder.

"That'll do, fella! The lady's had enough of your stuff an' said so! Fry your feet! Give us room! Go feed your hawgs! Stuke, give the lady your arm. Go on back to the house, ma'am. . . . Aw, quit lookin' at me," Joe yelled, his eyes green and his lips white, "and hit me if you wanta! Yeh! Nobody's answered you back in a while an' you're all swelled up, Russky! You ——"

The blue jacket ripped as Joe whirled and his arm raked Stukely's face in passage so that the boy staggered and heard a thud.

Joe was prone on the grass beside the apple's trunk and not stirring. Marovas shrugged and turned slowly, and lazily strolled down the slope. This had happened while Stukely rubbed his chin, and the yellow glitter of the Russian's earring held his gaze awhile.

"Get some water," said Miss Betts. "That cad can bend iron! What a ——"

Joe rolled over gracefully on the turf and raised one leg. He looked pensively at its foot and waggled it carefully. Then he drawled, "That guy is very quick, Stuke," and sat up. Immediately scarlet ran from his pale hair down to a turquoise eye and Joe put a thumb to the trickle, remarking, "Ring on his hand. See him hit me twice, babe?"

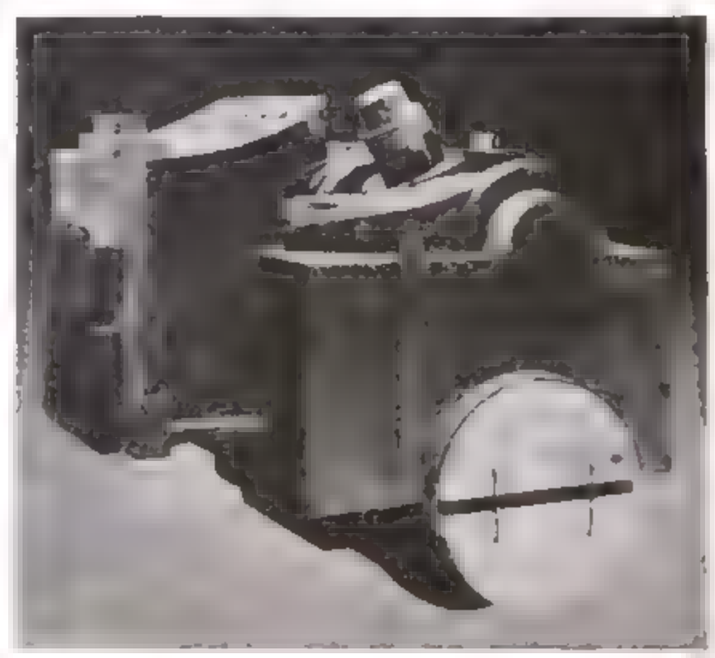
"Are you hurt, Joe?"

"Goodness gracious, fella! No! He didn't trample on me nor break my leg. Left on the stummick, right on the dome an' tripped me same time. . . . Yeh, he's very good! Lady, how old would you say this ape is?"

"He says he's fifty-six," said Miss Betts, "but I don't think he's forty. . . . Here's a handkerchief."

Joe screwed his nose into a button and found the leaking point in his hair. He mused, "It don't do to stand too close to a bird like that, kid. Distance is distance. His game is to tell these louses they're

(Continued on Page 153)



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(Continued from Page 150

gonna die, ma'am, and then give 'em a mean look if they don't behave."

"It's simply hypnotism," said Miss Betts sourly.

"So I saw, ma'am. He worked it fine on that skinny little boy, an' then he tried me an' then he tried Stuke. Uh-huh! Uh-huh! He's a very civ'lized person."

"Civilized! He's a perfect barbarian! His mother was a Turk!"

"Ma'am, a guy that knows how to handle a lotta N'Yorkers and artists is civ'lized. For all I care," Joe said generously, "his mamma could ha' been a nigger! He has the right notion of weak-kneed people. When he runs into somebody different he —— Where you goin', Stuke?"

Stukely went tramping down the grass with a bubble of red floating vaguely before his eyes. This was too much, too much; much too much. Joe might go on yelling after him, but that didn't count. This yellow pest had taken low advantage of Joe, and—and something was going to happen. He smashed a low bough aside and looked at the tents of the camp on the barren acre beside the tumbling creek. The bull Erasmus stood in the middle of his pasture and gazed at the tents, too, switching his tail. Erasmus should see something happen! Stukely marched toward the largest tent with his brown fists locked. The vermilion stripes of the canvas shifted and changed to his stare and a warm wet wind blew about him.

"Kid, you let that guy be!"

Joe had come abreast of him with his tattered jacket blown away from his torn shirt and fresh blood pretty in drops on his forehead.

"I'm going to ——"

"You're gonna be sensible! I might thrash him, but you can't. He can hit like a mule kicks! Go on home, son! I know you feel bad, but ——"

"Let him thrash me," Stukely choked; "I'm not going home!"

Joe took hold of his shoulders and severely drawled, "Babe, yonder comes all these campers. Wanta have your nose mashed front of a lotta tripe like them? No! You come home. You're so mad now you're pretty near cryin'. Never saw you so mad. Come on home. Tomorrow I'll come down an' have a time with this ape. Lord, babe, you're shakin' all over! You come home!"

The bounding line of the white idiots was sweeping down the turf from the north and Stukely panted in time to their feet. This red bubble persisted in floating close to his eyes and he could not think. He gulped, "I'm going to ——"

"Don't cry, bud!"

"I'm not," Stukely howled, and broke from the hands on his shoulders and ran toward something tall that had lifted the flap of a tent and stood with a cigarette in its mouth, observing him.

"Oh," said Marovas, "you have come to see me?"

"Take that out of your mouth!"

Marovas tossed the cigarette away and made his eyes large in the yellow face. A lip lifted and showed a tooth that seemed endless and sharp. He stared and Stukely struck at the stare and his wrist met another wrist and an anguish shot up the boy's arm. Other hand! Hit him! Hit him again! A machine began to beat in a rumbling cadence and Stukely sobbed and danced back from the sweep of a fist that stung across his breast and from the sound of a voice purring "pourriture!" French for "rot." The man was being rude. The man hit him in the stomach with a tree or something. Stukely sat down on the ground and fingered a rope that ran from a peg in the turf to the side of this foolish tent. Mr. Marovas drew back and stood fingering his tassel of gold beads. A half moon of blood glowed at one end of his mouth.

"You do not know how strong I am. Go away," the Russian said, "or you will be hurted'"

All around this patch of turf hung a world of silken blouses and gaping faces with hair flattened by sweat. The campers gave forth a murmurous sound that made some spring in Stukely coil itself, while his stomach was a vacant oval in him and he could strangely hear himself sobbing. This spring uncoiling brought him to his feet and then an incalculable whirlwind blew fire on his neck and all the silken world squawked in his ears.

"Fight for his head, babe!"

An eye made of black velvet came close and Stukely struck it. It hid itself in folds of yellow flesh and vanished. Stukely kicked at air, pinioned by arms around his waist, and briefly saw a cloud shaped like an egg cavorting high in heaven toward the south. It was probably going to stay with friends at Southampton. He battered a forehead jammed against his chest and a face full of black eyes glared up at him. He brought down both fists on those eyes and a cat set teeth in his breast. And then enormous shadows tumbled from the sun and canvas rasped his face. He rolled and panted under rattling trees that fell on him and kicked at things without a name. Some demon took hold of his left ankle and dragged him away from his prey. Stukely was hauled into light with one hand clutching a strand of yellow tissue, and strong paws jerked him upright.

"This must stop," a very refined male said. "It's not civilized!"

Joe bawled, "Aw, stuff a pillow with that, cheese! Get your wind, babe! Leggo that piece of his shirt! Keep fightin' for his face!"

It was simply too silly of Joe to talk about getting his wind. Stukely knew that he would never breathe again. He could only sob and watch a lump rise in the middle of the fallen red-and-white tent. This lump expanded, lifting canvas and useless ropes, and there it curiously stayed—an enigmatic shape, while the white-silk people stared and Joe kept pounding one sole on the ground, with his eyes green under patches of drying blood on his fair eyebrows.

"Aw, come outa there, Russky! The kid wants to go on thrashin' you, y'big ape! Yeh, and if you try bitin' again, I'll bust your head with ——"

"Oh, stop yelling like that, Joe!" Stukely coughed.

Joe must stop making such a noise, using up air. How on earth could he fill his lungs with oxygen or carbon or whatever it was that made air so nice to breathe? And what was good for the bite of a Russian with a Turkish mother? These idiots in white silk kept pressing forward to look at him, and numberless children, headed by young Olive Puddy, came hopping forward to goggle at the lump under the tumbled canvas, and Marovas would come forth and jab more teeth in his throat and finish the job. His knees were hollow tubes and he could not even flee, and this ghastly Olive Puddy began to prance on the turf and to yell, "Mr. Stukely thrashed him! Mr. Stukely thrashed him! Mr. Stukely thrashed him!" How had all this started and what did it mean? A rather pretty girl in the rim of the audience began to titter, with her hands over her mouth; and five lads in sane overalls came, familiar as a milk pail, from the creek to stand in rustic solidity looking at Marovas in his case of red-and-white canvas. The news would shower all up and down the valley and tonight the story of his murder by a Russian tiger would be told between sodas at the drug store. Stukely wilted against Joe Fancher's shoulder and wished that somebody would kill Olive Puddy too.

"Really," said the iced, prim voice of Miss Betts, "isn't it time that someone took that tent off Mr. Marovas? He might smother. Personally, I hope he does."

The very refined male waved hands and said, "Oh, Miss Betts! Under the circumstances!"

"I don't value your opinion of anything, Mr. Windlesham. All of you stood here and saw this cad slap me awhile ago, and little Mr. Nicoll was the only one who protested. If you like being browbeaten by this thug, go on! You've all had an opportunity to see how much his strength amounts to now. He's nothing but some sort of cheap prize fighter who knows how to hypnotize a little!" She spoke with a sharp and firm deliberation that recalled Stukely's first governess making mention of jam on clean white trousers, and he had a fancy of her spanking everybody. Exactly as a governess, she turned on the young farmers beyond the tent and ordered, "Please lift that up!"

"Quiet, bud," Joe whispered in Stukely's ear: "you're through! If this hawg makes a move I'm gonna stretch him!"

"Mr. Stukely thrashed him!" Olive Puddy chanted. "Mr. Stukely thrashed him! Mist—— Oh, looky! He's cryin'!"

The man knelt as a stone penitent in some cathedral's vestibule, with his palms pressed on his eyes and a shoulder glowing through his ripped shirt. Stukely mumbled "Oh!" in a surf of shame that carried him three steps toward the heaving muscles of the Russian's yellow back, and then he stood trying to think what to say. He had

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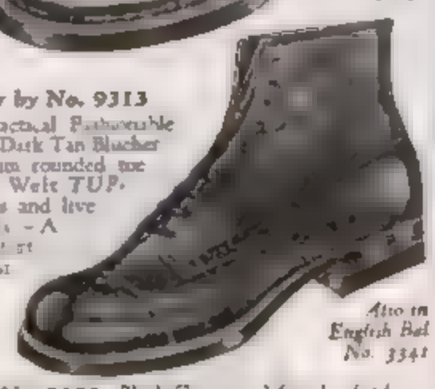
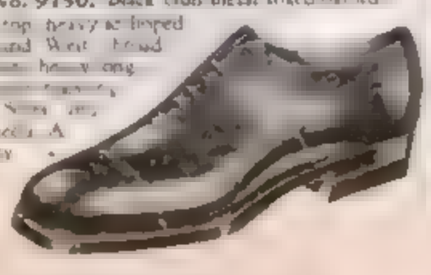


Also in English Bal No. 3341

Order by No. 9150. Black Gun metal [illegible] Soft beaver top, heavy [illegible] Goodyear Welt [illegible] TUFHIDE [illegible] A shoe for every day and Sunday $3.50



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committed this ruin and his fist had swelled that ear now puffed and odious against the man's black hair. It was an awful business and shameful to behold.

"I—I'm very sorry I ——"

Joe Fancher bawled, grabbing him from behind, "Babe, shut that off! You ain't gonna disgrace your mamma an' the Reverend Kent or none of us by teilin' that snake you're sorry! Gentlemen fight like gentlemen! Look how he's did your front side with his tooths! Come on away from him! If he's gonna fight any more, let the dawg stand up an' start it! Here, you skinny boy! Where's that Nicoll kid that was so admirin' this snake? You, there," he told Uncle George's assistant secretary, "get your man on his feet if he wants to go on!"

Mr. Nicoll looked at the kneeling figure beside the smashed camp stool and then his gray eyes shifted to Stukely's chest with its crescent of raw marks on brown flesh, and then he said hoarsely, "I—I'm not interested in your proposition," as if he repeated aloud the phrase of a dictated letter in the safe sanity of the Amasset Trust Company's offices.

"We'd all much rather this didn't go on," the refined Mr. Windlesham twittered.

"Goodness gracious, fried face," Joe breathed, "how's it concern you-all? This is a man's business! You're all so civ'lized you'll let this yella dawg slap a lady's face an' make fools of yourselves when this two-cent Russian woodpussy tells you to! Keep your mouth outa my way or I'll have the babe here bury your remains so deep your kin'll have to use an oil-well digger to find 'em! Yeh, I'll make you look like Queen Jezebel when the dawgs had her for free lunch! Burn the grass! Come on home, Stuke! You'll get no more fight outa this tripe! Store's shut! When that man-eatin' tiger gets done nursin' his black eyes, tell him my name's Joe Fancher an' I'm this kid's third cousin on his mamma's side an' fightin' runs in the Stukelys even unta the tenth gen'ration! We're bofe of us preachers' sons an' we could lick you all—ladies included—with one hand in a sling! Gimme room or I'll breathe an' blow you to Mexico! Come on, ace!"

Stukely lurched away from all these staring eyes and tried to trot toward the shadow and respectability of the orchard, while Joe whistled belligerently beside him with an arm about his waist and the bull Erasmus raised a shout of victory.

"Like he'd done somethin'!" Joe snorted.

"That was awful, Joe!"

"No, bud, it was pretty good! You just gotta remember to keep one foot more behind, an' when you're fightin' a heavier guy than you, duck your fool head faster. But it was grand, an' the reverend'll be awful happy proud of you, an' I never did enjoy a fight so much that I was just a sorta towel-swinger in!"

"But what was it all about, for heaven's sake?"

Joe rounded his eyes into sapphires and said, "Why, don't be so sad about it, babe! You sound like Jasper Whibble out in Eutropius when he fought Orville Tucker, old man Lacy Tucker's second boy. Orville kinda heaved me over the fence one day an' Jasper got very sore about it, 'cause we were extremely thick with each other, an' he rooined Orville grand! 'N' then he was all melancholy an' asked me why he did such a thing! 'Tain't complimentary to me, son! Am I nothin'!"

"Oh, shut up! I know that's why I did it, you fool! But a man ought to be civilized an'—an' think what he's doing! I don't think there is any such thing as civilization, Joe!" Stukely complained, stopping short.

"Goodness gracious, fella! You're gettin' awful wise for a man your age! But we gotta pretend we're civ'lized to keep the heathen from mockin' us an' so's nice old guys like the reverend'll sleep happy an' hopeful, thinkin' the world's gettin' better, an' ——"

"Father'll have fits when that Puddy child or some other idiot tells him about this, Joe," Stukely brooded, wincing as his shirt rubbed one of the wounds.

"Go on, babe! He'll —— What you want, fella?"

Young Nicoll came loping alongside their halt and said respectfully, "Why, an old gentleman—a clergyman—came into the house just then when I was waiting for Miss Betts to come back after she'd talked to the mast—— to Marovas, and said he was Doctor Kent and he'd come back about his spectacles, and Mr. Stukely was with him, and I said I'd go find you, because he couldn't find the spectacles he wanted, and when I found you, you were sort of busy and I didn't want to interrupt you, sir."

"Uh-huh! I knew he'd forget his readin' glasses," Joe yawned; "and I'll have to find 'em. Come on, babe! Aw, what you scared of? The reverend'll likely be all indignant with me for lettin' you fight, but he'll prob'ly kiss you on the snoot an' ——"

"Go find his glasses and get him out of here before he sees me, Joe! Joe," Stukely implored with the boom of his father's woe already in his ears, "do that an' I'll do all your milking for next week. I'll—I'll clean the barn all next winter."

"Goodness gracious, guy! Don't start faintin' on me! A'right, you stay hid out an' I'll protect you from your poppa! Stay here, son," said Joe, and trotted swiftly up the orchard.

Young Mr. Nicoll started after the flying bluejacket and then came nervously back to Stukely and faltered, "C-can I get you some water or something, Mr. Kent?" with awe in his eyes.

"No, thanks."

The clerk twitched his freckled ears and stuttered, "I—I wonder if you'd give me the name of y-your boxing master?"

"Never had any. I box with Joe now and then."

"G-golly! And—and I've got some court plaster in my suitcase down at the tent. Would you like that for where the mas—— where Marovas bit you? That must be frightfully painful. Isn't it?"

Stukely felt a strange rising of his spirits and looked down at the red drops drying in a neat arc close to his breastbone. Rather nice contrast of colors. The muscle under the brown skin heaved gracefully as he breathed. He said, "Oh, no, thanks! Be all right in a day or so. Plaster's bad for scratches, anyhow. This sort of thing's better if you just let it alone." He found the ruins of a cigarette in his pocket and straightened it on a palm, while the clerk hunted something else to say to one who had thrashed Dmitri Marovas.

"M-Mr. Stukely's a friend of your family?"

"My mother's brother."

The clerk stood gazing with vacant eyes at one who had thrashed Dmitri Marovas and was the nephew of the Amasset Trust Company. It was too much brilliance for him and his Adam's apple distinctly thrilled.

After a time he said feebly, "M-my father's a clergyman, too," as if that made a sort of link between himself and such splendor.

"Really?" Stukely yawned, and then cringed inside his shirt as his chest stung. He fell from his grandeurs suddenly and wanted a drink of water. This admirer would hurry to get it, but that seemed a little brazen and the white house held dangers. So Stukely said, "Here, would you mind waitin' here until Joe comes back and telling him I've sneaked into the garage?"

"Oh, I'd be glad to!"

Stukely smiled upon his slave and sneaked, by a wide curve, around the vegetable garden's eastward wall, into the small back door of the cool garage, observed only by Herod and Zenobia, who were teaching eight new pigs to squeal in the pen near the barns. The big doors of the little concrete building were nearly shut, and Stukely bathed his cuts at the faucet and swallowed water gratefully. As soon as Joe found Doctor Kent's reading glasses and Uncle George's big car was gone again, it would be ripe time for much liniment. Yes, and something tumulous and strange was sprouting behind his left ear! His father would have to know of this sometime, but it could be shaded diplomatically into a letter to Southampton and tactfully dismissed as a mere unpleasantness when the old man came back from his holiday. Joe could make a joke out of the thing and Doctor Kent would merely shake his white curls and be gravely sententious on the use of tact and the duties of a civilized man and ——

"Mamma!"

He stiffened. That was Olive Puddy's yell and there came the familiar lowing sound of her mother's answer from across the highway. Dammit! Stukely chewed his tongue.

"Mamma! Three ladies want our car to go to Poughkeepsie in! The camp's all busted up and you'd oughta saw Mr. Stuke thrash Mr. Marovas! And a lady said Mr. Stuke has lovely eyes, an' I'm goin' to marry him right off an' not wait any

(Continued on Page 156)

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Chief uses of paper in modern business	The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers: PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Coupon Bond	Agawam Bond	Persian Bond	SEMI-PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Contract Bond*	Arpost Bond	Chevron Bond*	Acceptance Bond	Temporary — Sulphite Papers: Norman Bond	Telephone Bond
Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	2	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	2	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3		
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept. Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists				1		1	2	3	
Mortgages	A1	2	3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Policies	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	3	3	3	
M'f'g. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Reference Booklets						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART

A1—Extra First Choice 1—First Choice
2 Second Choice 3—Third Choice
*Recommended for Offset Lithography

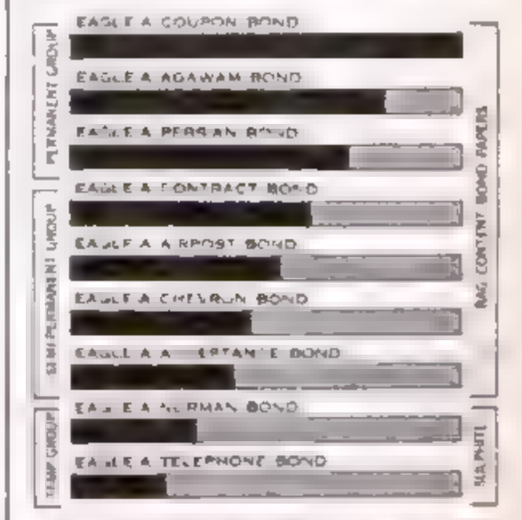
Four factors are considered in the above classifications: (a) Appearance, (b) Long Life, (c) Printing Qualities, (d) Probable Handling (in office, in mail and at destination). First choice provides maximum service; others a slight sacrifice of one or more of the above factors, as indicated in the Grade Chart

THE
GRADE CHART

The Grade Chart indicates the relative price-quality position of each of the Nine Eagle-A grades. These nine grades cover every bond paper need.

The Grade Chart supplements the Specification Chart, and will assist the buyer in determining whether a first, second or third choice should be made.

It is also an accurate presentation of the bond paper standards governing the nine Eagle-A basic grades.



Eagle A COUPON BOND is recognized as 100%. The other grades are all shown in price and quality relation to it—represented by the solid black line (▬). The shaded portion (▨) indicates the relative sacrifice in quality factors (Appearance, Long Life and Strength).

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Emery Shirts

(Continued from Page 154)

longer for Mrs. Fancher to die off! Yup! And Eddie Buck's goin' to drive two gentlemen down to Poughkeepsie 'cause the camp's all busted up!"

"Why, Olive! Why's the camp busted up, lambie?"

"'Cause Mr. Stuke thrashed Mr. Marovas," Olive screeched impatiently; "and y'oughta seen his eyes! You seen Mr. Stuke, mamma?"

After a second of rank anguish Stukely heard Mrs. Puddy's voice approaching, and the fat kind woman said in the voice of kind fat women who have been running across roads on a hot day, "Now, quit yellin', Ollie! Doctor Kent's come back an' he'll hear you say Stukely was fightin' an' you'll get Stukely in trouble. Come on home!" she urged. "Mamma might give you a nice piece of cake."

"Naw," said Olive; "I wanta find Mr. Stuke. Mr. Marovas bit him on the belly "

"Ollie! That ain't a refined word!"

"I don't care! Mr. Stukely thrashed him an' I'm goin' to marry ——"

"Hush up, Ollie! You'll make old Doctor Kent hear you, an' preachers don't like their boys fightin'!" Mrs. Puddy cautioned. "Whatever did Stukely fight him for?"

"I dunno, mamma! But he threw him clean over a tent an' then the tent come down an' Mr. Stukely pulled his shirt off him an' bunged his eyes shut. Why don't preachers like their boys to fight, mamma?"

"'Cause they don't, lambie; a preacher's folks have to be nicer than us," said this matron, "for an example."

"What's an example, mamma?"

"It's a kind of thing, Ollie," said her mother. "So come on home and don't yell any more, 'cause Stukely's a big boy an' they hate bein' scolded. I don't see why the campers are all leavin'."

"'Cause Mr. Stuke thrashed Mr. Marovas, and now," Olive reported, "all the ladies say Mr. Marovas ain't nice and it was silly to call him master and he ain't a real Rushun or nothin', and they're all goin' back to N'York and a lady ast me is Mr. Stuke married an' I said I'm goin' to marry him and she kind of laughed. She has sticky-out teeth, mamma. . . . Oh, there's Doctor Kent! Doctor Kent, you'd ought to've seen Mr. Stuke"—after an undefined sound. Olive resumed—"thrash Mr. Mar—— Aw, mamma!"

One narrow panel of crack showed to Stukely his father's black coat and the curly whiteness of his hair passing the doors of the garage. The ecclesiastical voice said, "Olive? Oh, is that you, Mrs. Puddy? I'm so blind in this light. My poor old eyes get worse and worse. What were you saying about Stuke, Olive?"

Joe Fancher came babbling, "Here's your glasses now, reverend. You'd left 'em on the dinin'-room windy sill. Come on, sir! You're keepin' Uncle Gawge waitin'. Olive, you go home an' ——"

"Naw," said Olive, "I'm goin' to marry Mr. Stuke now, 'cause he's awful nice and thrashed Mr. Marovas and he has lovely eyes and I wanta see where Mr. Marovas bit him on the stummick and ——"

Stukely descended the ladder of his years and became nine instead of nineteen. He slid under the little motor car into the society of Ermyntrude's four black kittens and much slimy oil. Music dinned in his ears and hid all other sound while he panted. The organ of Saint Philip's Church resounded and white choir boys chanted anthems in praise of peace and his father's barytone gushed the joys of universal fellowship.

He would never be forgiven! His mother would swoon when she heard, and Uncle George would have apoplexy and even Norah would be shocked.

"Where is he, Joe?"

"Good gracious, how would I know, reverend? Aw, reverend," Joe begged, "be reas'nable! This ape near killed me, an' the babe naturally went an' rooined him, an' he ain't hurt bad! This dawg bit him some an' he'll mebbe have a swelled jaw or some brooses on his belly, but it was a grand fight! Uh-huh! And he rooined this hawg entirely!"

"Joe, where is Stukely?"

"Reverend, sir, I dunno! I left him talkin' all peaceful with this Nicoll boy from outa Uncle Gawge's office. Don't you bawl the babe, sir, 'cause he did this on my account. This dawg's been slappin' dames on the dome an' all swelled up like a hop-toad in May and hypnotizin' these weak sisters an' Gawd knows what! And you ain't any notion how handsome the babe looked, sorta like Jesse's boy David after he slew this G'liath back in Scripture. Yeh, he looked extremely like you an' ——"

"Joseph!"

"Yes, sir," said Joe Fancher meekly.

Uncle George put in, "Gavin, don't be an old woman! That child says the camp's broken up and Stukely's really done a very fine thing, y'know, exposing this imposter, and ——"

"George, you have no children," said the clergyman, clicking his ancient silver cigarette case rapidly in little ticks so that Stukely could almost see it flash in the sun around the beautiful white curls and the shocked old face. "You've no children and you can't be expected to understand my feelings. This is my boy and he's had a terrible fight with this ruffian and he's hiding from me. When he was little and came home from school and hid under his bed all afternoon, I always waited to have some mother call me up by telephone. But they never did, and I've never had the opportunity to talk to him after one of his fights. His friends were too loyal or he thrashed them too hard, or something, and they never told on him. I must see him at once! Go and find him!"

"Gavin, if you scold that kid ——"

"George, kindly go and look through the barns. I'm blind and helpless, and I will not be treated as a child!" The fine voice crashed out, almost in a sob, "Joe, go and look for him!"

"A'right, reverend, only this is a man you've raised up an' not a litty-bitty psalm-singin' yella hound dawg!" Joe growled. "And you can't make him civ'lized for two cents! I'll go get him for you, but —— A'right, sir, I'm goin'!"

Stukely drew in his feet and curled his arms over his head. In the profound stillness he heard sounds far away and thin as if some child was being spanked somewhere. Perhaps she was, and he didn't care. No, he might even spank Olive himself! She had ruined him! He would be found and brought to judgment. His father might cry. This would be worse and longer than the time the head master wrote home from school that he'd been caught smoking!

"Stukely!"

Stukely undid his hands and looked at the black ferrule of his father's cane in light from the opened doors and at his father's patrician feet on the concrete floor among the scared kittens. If he lay very still, the dim eyes would never find him. If ——

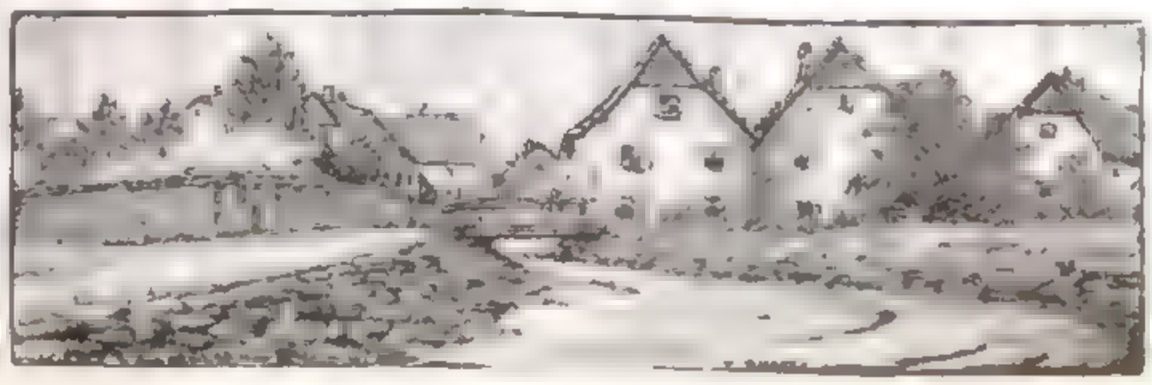
"Come out of there, my dear boy!"

"H-how did you know I was here, sir?"

The Rev. Gavin Kent said tranquilly, "By inference, son. You're much too big to get under any of the beds any more. Come and tell me all about it. Stuke! Your whole face is black and blue! I can see it distinctly!"

"Th-that's just oil, s-sir. I ——"

"What a relief!" said the Rev. Gavin Kent, sitting down on the bench and taking off his spectacles. "Come here! No, never mind my coat! Now, how much do you think this lunatic weighs? And just about how tall is he? Taller than Joe? And —— Well, do have a cigarette, my dear boy, and begin at the beginning. You must be dreadfully tired. Where's your head? Now go on."



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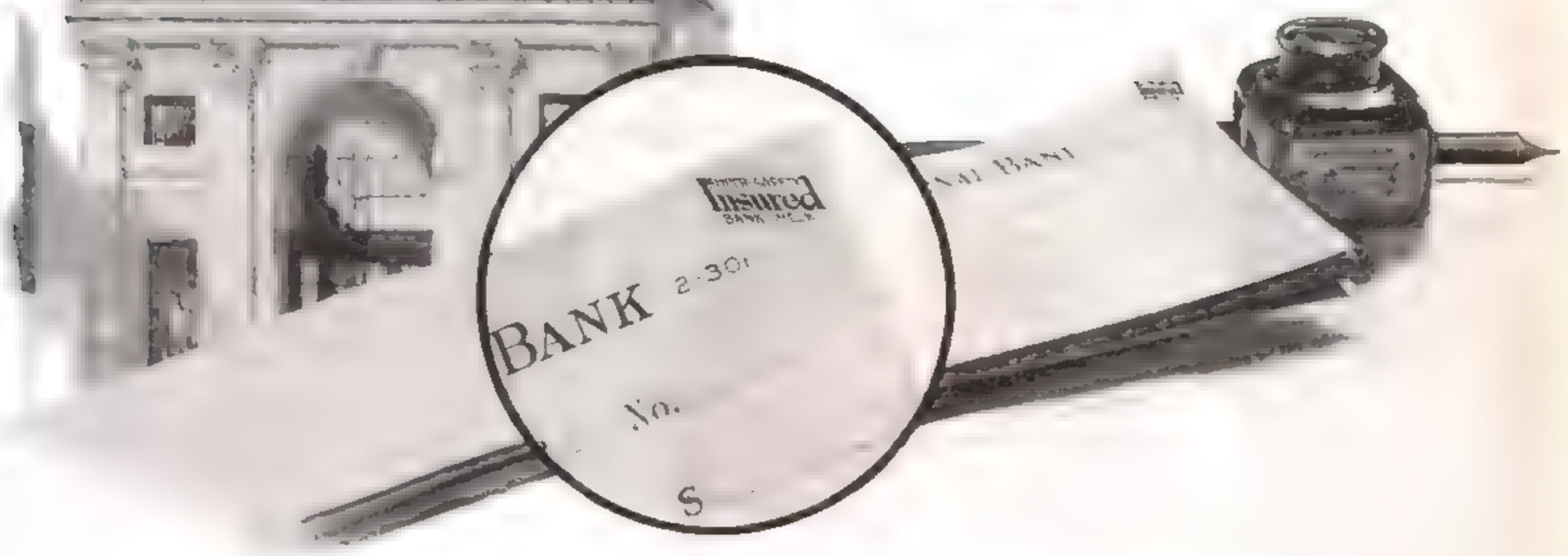

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A PLAY READER TALKS SHOP

(Continued from Page 10)

her—money and is properly unhappy, or else she—or he—marries Z for love and makes everybody else unhappy, including the play reader.

Fourth, crowding this last theme in popularity is the Illegitimate Child theme. Out of the fullness of my reading I should say that there is practically nothing one cannot do with an illegitimate child. I have scant hope that the blunt comment of a prominent manager on this subject will serve to stifle the birth rate of plays inspired by this theme. However, "Illegitimate children," quoth this feeler of the public pulse, this diagnostician of public reactions, "are as unpopular—in a commercial sense—on the stage as they are in real life."

Fifth, the Certain Time idea. Something or somebody must be done by a certain time; a prospective heir must wed or a mortgage must be paid or anything you choose must be done by a certain time. It is an age-old device for creating and maintaining dramatic suspense.

Biographical plays abound in the mails. I've read scores of plays centered around Washington and Aaron Burr, Mr. Montezuma of Mexico, the present Prince of Wales, Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton—here's a tip, authors: there never has been a successful play written around Nelson and Lady H.—and, a prime favorite, the Mrs. Eaton who achieved notoriety as the confidante of a President of the United States early in the nineteenth century. Somewhat farther on I shall advance a theory as to why so few biographical plays are commercially successful. Returning to Mrs. Eaton, there is a play now headed for New York, and receiving a great deal of highly favorable comment from out-of-town reviewers, which is based upon the lure and influence of The Awful Mrs. Eaton, its titular rôle.

What constitutes a good play? What is the test the reader applies to the manuscripts on his desk? Years before he wrote The Green Goddess, highly successful both as a play and a motion picture, Mr. William Archer, the eminent English critic, wrote a book concerning and entitled Play Making. The first sentence in that treatise reads, "There are no rules for writing a play." Aristotle and Professor Baker, among other teachers of dramaturgy, are more definite in their instructions. But even their requirements fall short of the play reader's necessity, because, generally speaking, they deal rather academically with the ideal play, while the play reader, employed by a commercially minded manager to discover box-office attractions, must calculate the money-making possibilities of every type of play from highbrow sociological drama on through musical farce and melodrama.

What Makes Plays Succeed?

My system of picking plays is based upon a single element in play construction, an element the presence of which induced me to prophesy success for the muchly maligned Abie's Irish Rose; the absence of which led me to predict failure for Eugene O'Neill's ill-fated Welded. In a word, if you are interested, that element is action. By that I do not mean noise, nor rapid physical movement, nor the outcroppings of superficialities of plot and incident manifested in so-called big scenes. Rather it is a quality comparable to the circulation of blood throughout the body. Action may be slight, slow, quiet—a characteristic of the plays of A. A. Milne—but it must be sustained, continuous. If a technical definition is allowable, action is the movement in a play by means of which the changes in character or situation seem to take place in the present, and more or less inevitably as in a human life. When, after assiduous study of successful plays ranging from musical comedy to Shaw and Strindberg, I discovered this quality of sustained action to be the one common element in them all, the conclusion was inevitable that such action is the vital necessity for a play's success. The trick is to recognize it beneath its overlay of words.

Last season my enjoyment of a delicious breakfast was utterly ruined when I unfolded a morning paper and read a glowing, enthusiastic review of Meet the Wife, Mr. Lynn Starling's farce comedy featuring Mary Boland. To the best of my recollection I had rejected the script after reading it some months previously. Bitterly I told myself that my perfect record was broken; that I had lost a hit. Shamefaced, I slunk into the office of my boss, Mr. Starling's play broker. He greeted me with a beaming smile.

"You were right!" he told me. "Congratulations!"

Dazedly I hunted up a copy of the report I had turned in on the manuscript. As I read it peace supplanted the turmoil in my mind. It had been my expressed opinion that there was a play, and a very good play, lurking in Mr. Starling's ideas; but that the script needed more work put on it to develop it and to patch up some breaks in the underground action. The broker so advised Mr. Starling.

While I was forgetting all about the play the author took it to Mary Boland. She, he had learned, was looking for a play of that type. Together Miss Boland and Starling conferred, consulted and "I wondered," revising and altering the script. Then they took it to Stewart and French, the producers who had presented Miss Boland the previous season in The Torch Bearers. When further alterations and revisions had been made Stewart and French put the play into rehearsal, during which time more alterations and revisions were made. After a few weeks out in the sticks, which enabled the author and producers to add other alterations and revisions, Meet the Wife was brought into New York—to play to capacity houses for the entire season.

Rain as a Broadway Hit

Nothing in the foregoing must be construed to imply any disparagement of Lynn Starling's ability. There were made no more alterations and revisions in Meet the Wife, possibly not so many as have been made in any other Broadway hit. To the contrary, Meet the Wife is the sole example I can recall at the moment of a play by an unknown author, such as Starling was when he submitted the play to his broker, going straight through to a big hit.

While you are thinking over that hope-destroying statement, consider another by Richard Madden. He let himself be quoted as saying the odds against an unknown author getting a play successfully produced are 1000 to 1. I'll take every wager offered me on the same proposition and give odds of 4000 to 1.

The chief explanation for the above-given odds lies in the fact that there is no set procedure for the acceptance and production of plays. There are as many contributing factors to the ultimate presentation of a play as there are in a boarding-house hash. The inside stories of some recent successes will reveal the truth of this assertion.

For example, Rain, now in its third season with Jeanne Eagels. When Somerset Maugham's story, Miss Thompson, appeared in magazine form it was given me to read and to report upon its adaptability for dramatic and screen versions. That was part of my job with Mr. Maugham's American brokers. I reported that there was undoubtedly a play in the story, provided someone could be secured to make the adaptation who could get by the censors.

Mr. Maugham disagreed. "No one can make a play out of it," he declared. "However, if anyone wants to try it he's welcome to the story."

Some months later Clemence Randolph and John Colton collaborated to make a dramatization of the story of Sadie Thompson, a girl of San Francisco's red-light district fleeing from prison to the South Seas, coming under the influence of a missionary who, trying to save Sadie's jazz-loving soul, released in himself a tidal wave of long-pent repressions and inhibitions which swept his own soul out of his keeping. Adaptation would be a juster word for the superb piece of work the collaborators did with the extremely difficult material they had to handle. Although they lifted bodily whole sections of dialogue from the printed story, they injected into the play the one dramatic element necessary to make it acceptable, an element omitted—purposely, of course—by Mr. Maugham because it was not in his conception of the character of Sadie Thompson. But the adapters presented the drab, sordid Sadie in a colorful haze of romance. Upon her immorality they superimposed a softening, factitious charm.

Managers, however, would not buy the play. After several rejections it came into the hands of Miss Eagels, recommended as a part that might interest her. One reading was sufficient for Jeanne. She saw herself as Sadie so vividly that she tucked the play under her arm and began some personal pilgrimages to the offices of Broadway managers. Even Miss Eagels couldn't allay the fears that flitted through every managerial brain that read Rain.

Ultimately John D. Williams succumbed to the temptation. An expert director, Mr. Williams himself, a carefully chosen and almost ideal cast, a star whose artistic ability and box-office attractiveness both rated above par, a vivid, vital play of masterful technical construction, not at all dependent for success upon its novelty, under the banner of Sam Harris, who had bought a small interest in the piece and lent it the valuable prestige of his name—these were a few of the advantages Rain had. And yet, two nights before the play came into New York, so cold had been tryout audiences and reviewers that Mr. Williams offered to sell out his interest in Rain for five thousand dollars. Two nights after it opened in New York, Williams refused an offer of twenty-five thousand for his interest.

Before leaving Rain it may be interesting to know that there is one profit usually accruing to a hit that Miss Eagels and the management will have to struggle along without. In similar fashion, as practically every Broadway manager turned down Rain as a play, so have the cinema magnates drawn back with horror-stricken eyes from it as a picture possibility.

At one time Famous Players dallied with the idea longingly. Betty Compson, they thought, would be precisely the girl for the Jeanne Eagels rôle. Betty thought so too. They told Will Hays how perfectly they agreed and asked him what he thought about it.

"I don't think," said Will, putting on his famous smile. "In an already too-censorious world, how far would we get with a minister that has no more self-control than the missionary in Rain? Nothing doing."

Of a different result, but again as an example of a star, rather than the author, selling a play, may be mentioned Miss Ethel Barrymore's vehicle of last season, The Royal Fandango, which some sarcastic second-thinkers dubbed The Royal Fiasco. The play was sent to Miss Barrymore. She read it and liked it. First off, Zoe Aikens, its author, had furnished the star with several previous hits. Secondly, Miss Barrymore saw herself in the principal rôle; saw the rôle's values. She became enthusiastic over it—the rôle.

Character Versus Company Plays

"This is the play I want to do," were, in effect, the words Miss Barrymore uttered to her manager, Arthur Hopkins, if I mistake not.

When a star is a lady with the tremendous box-office draw of Ethel Barrymore, when she is determinedly enthusiastic about the play of her choice, what polite manager can refuse? The play went on, but not for long. No one who witnessed the rehearsals was surprised. The play simply was not there. The character that had deluded Miss Barrymore was not strong enough, even when bolstered with all the star's magnificent artistry, to carry the deadwood of its environment.

The story of the acceptance and production of The Old Soak differs from the preceding as greatly as Benedictine differs from brilliantine. But the mention of Don Marquis' big success brings up another requirement in the grand guessing contest known as play selection.

Plays fall into either one of two categories, which for the purpose of discussion may be termed character plays and company plays. No play that is not definitely one thing or the other can hope for success, although there is no law against a company play containing a star character. In the character play the story, action, other characters and plot development may be, and often are, subordinated to focus interest upon one especial and particular star character. Cyrano, Frank Bacon's Lightnin', The Old Soak are typical examples as is The Lullaby, in which Florence Reed recently appeared.

The company play, *per se*, and also *ipso facto*, does not require the services of a star actor to carry it. In it "the play's the thing," as Mr. Shakspere discovered one bargain-matinée day when he slipped a couple of understudies in Twelfth Night without suffering the loss of a single laugh or curtain call. The Bat, Abie's Irish Rose, the musical comedy, Maytime, need no especial care in casting. They play themselves, because they are good theater. It is the story, the plot and the progress of their characters that constitute their individual attraction.

The character play, with its less rigid technic, is easier to write. But expert, experienced authors, such as Avery Hopwood, prefer the company play because of the greater freedom it affords in choice of subject and material, and its far greater commercial value.

For several years The Old Soak's comments on life in general have been a feature of Don Marquis' daily newspaper column. As Mr. Marquis' column is widely syndicated, many thousands of people scattered all over the United States have chuckled over The Old Soak's very human reflections.

The Famous Parrot Speech

It occurred one day to Philip Goodman, not then actively engaged in theatrical enterprises, that a play built around the character would have a wide appeal, with its consequential crush at the box office. He spoke to Mr. Marquis about writing such a play.

"Yes," said Mr. Marquis vaguely, and continued with the humorous verse he was concocting at the moment.

Several weeks passed. Mr. Goodman again meeting Mr. Marquis, asked him if he'd thought over the idea.

"Oh, yes," smiled Mr. Marquis. "Er what idea?"

At length came the night at the Players Club when Goodman resolved that nothing but money would ever make Marquis sit up and take notice of the sterling idea Goodman was patiently carting around.

"How much do you want to start writing that play?" Goodman demanded, opening his check book to a blank page. "One thousand—two thousand?"

"I'll split the difference with you," Don decided. "Write the check out for fifteen hundred."

When Marquis finished the play Goodman took it to Arthur Hopkins, offering it to him on a fifty-fifty basis. The play was done over two or three times before the astute Mr. Hopkins decided it was in shape to cast and rehearse. Mentally searching for an actor equipped to play the title rôle, Mr. Hopkins bethought himself of Harry Beresford, and sent for him.

"Wish you'd read this," requested Mr. Hopkins. "But don't read it for the play; read it for the character."

Mr. Beresford reported that he liked the character so well he'd like to play it.

"You shall play it," Hopkins promised, "if the play is produced."

That conversation took place in February. In August, six months later, came the first call for rehearsals. By that time Mr. Hopkins had decided upon the treatment to give the piece. While admitting that the play was timely as to subject matter and that it had an easily understood, amusing and interesting character, a fair share of the credit for The Old Soak's success must be accorded to Mr. Hopkins' careful, thoughtful, wise, personal direction during rehearsals. It was an apparent lack of direction that helped the piece succeed. Scenes and characters moved so naturally that audiences were charmed by what they called its very simplicity; a remarkable bit of difficult direction, because the show was packed with hokum, which, if overelaborated or stressed, would not have been acceptable.

No one who has seen The Old Soak will forget the parrot speech, in which the housemaid announces to her master that the family parrot has deceased himself by drinking some of the hooch the family bootlegger brought the Old Soak to sample. To an accompaniment of tears the speech begins, "It's Peter—he's gone—dead—seriously dead!"

That oft-quoted speech was first written during a rehearsal on a piece of cardboard

(Continued on Page 161)

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(Continued from Page 159)

such as laundries stick in shirt bosoms to prevent mussing and wrinkling. Coming to the scene in question one day, Mr. Hopkins said to Marquis, "We need a little something more right in here; just a little." Mr. Marquis thereupon borrowed a pencil, found the shirt stiffener and accommodated with one of the gems of the play.

Giving Harry Beresford his share of credit for making it so, one suspects that Clem Hawley, the Old Soak, is by way of being an actor-proof part; a part almost any clever, experienced actor of the type might play satisfactorily. The basis for this suspicion lies in the fact that Beresford, the creator of the rôle, Raymond Hitchcock and Tom Wise, at the heads of two other Old Soak companies, all were playing the part at one time; no two of them alike, and yet all three of them successfully. When this happens to a character play it passes commercially, financially, into the profitable class of company plays.

Sadly different, from the producers' standpoint, was the character of Lightnin' Bill Jones. Even before his death it was generally conceded that Lightnin' would pass on with Frank Bacon.

With Rain and The Royal Fandango it was a star who accomplished the sale of a play. Sometimes a stage director gets back of an author and plugs his wares. For obvious reasons the names in the following recital are not in the least like the real names of the parties implicated in the production of a hit that gladdened Broadway late this August.

Keep N. Atitt is a writer of magazine stories and the author of a play which achieved a middling success some seasons agone. Over a year ago he finished a modern comedy and, after several rebuffs, placed it with O. O. Ohho, one of Broadway's busiest producers. As is usual, the terms of the sale stipulated that if the play was not produced within a year, Ohho would have to return it, free of all encumbrances, or pay Atitt an additional two hundred and fifty dollars for the privilege of holding the script for another six months while making up his mind.

There is, fellow citizens, a vast difference between selling a play and having it produced. As a matter of fact a manager does not buy a play; he buys the right to produce it, for which he pays five hundred or a thousand dollars—whatever the author can get—which dollars are to be deducted from the author's royalties if, as and when said royalties shall accrue. The "sale" of a play really amounts to giving a manager an option on it in return for a loan. Of course if the manager does not produce the play he forfeits the advance.

There is a young playwright running up and down Broadway who has paid many of his bills with forfeited advance royalties. He has a perfect genius for salesmanship. No sooner does he dash off a drama than he proceeds to sell it by the irresistible magic of his salesmanship. Quite often when a manager recovers from the coma caused by this author's oratory he reads the play again—and starts kicking himself severely and often. It is nothing for the young man under discussion to sell the same play three times and never have it even threatened with production.

Atitt's New Comedy

During the course of a season a manager will buy more plays than he later feels he can produce. Or he buys a play on a certain subject, of a certain type, and later discovers a play on a similar subject, or of the same type, which he prefers to the first one he bought. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine other reasons just as good which account for a manager's buying a play that he never produces. As Mr. Keep N. Atitt discovered when O. O. Ohho made not the slightest motion toward putting on Atitt's new comedy.

So on the three hundred and sixty-sixth morning after the signing of the original contract Atitt called upon Ohho. The gist of the conversation Atitt confided to U. R. Allrong, a prominent, capable stage director. Allrong just happened by chance, without intention, accidentally, without volition conscious or unconscious, all that, he just happened to be walking along Forty-second Street when Atitt came out of the building in which Ohho's office was. Catching sight of Atitt, Allrong merely stopped to ask him how he was and all that sort of stuff, because he rather liked Atitt and had not seen him for many moons.

Atitt complained that Ohho wanted to hold his script a while longer without paying any more money for keeping it inactive.

"That's out," advised Allrong. "What's the play about?"

Atitt told him.

"Give me a copy of it," suggested the stage director. "I'm sailing Saturday to superintend the London production of Six Authors in Search of a Production; but perhaps I can do something for you before I go, if you've done as good a job as you're capable of doing."

The next afternoon Allrong took the script to A. Pullman Sleeper, another busy producer who had Allrong under contract to produce his plays.

"Here," suggested Allrong, placing Atitt's play on the producer's cluttered desk, "is a winner. A nice story about charming people; well done. Let me ask you to read it tonight so, in case you like it, you can arrange terms with Atitt before I sail on Saturday."

The next morning A. Pullman Sleeper frankly stated that he had to give Atitt credit for writing the cheesiest first act he'd ever read.

"What did you think of the second and third acts?" Allrong asked.

"I couldn't get interested enough in the play to read 'em," confessed Sleeper.

Doctoring Sick Acts

Allrong put the script in his pocket, bowed out, and chased up to the office of a third manager who, rumor reported, was in the market for a play on the type of Atitt's. This third manager read the play that night, liked it, sent for a movie magnate, told him the story, and after the movie magnate practically agreed to buy the picturization rights of the play—thus insuring the third manager against a total loss—summoned Atitt and Allrong for the solemn ceremony of signing contracts for the play's production. The next day Allrong sailed for London, leaving Atitt to the reflection that if his play never went on he was anyway two thousand dollars richer from the writing of it.

When Allrong returned from London, months later, he and the third manager consulted long and arduously over the problem of casting the piece. Some of the actors they wanted they found to be unavailable, contracted to other managers. Some of the actors the manager suggested were deemed incompetent, or incapable, or unsuitable by the director. Other actors whose virtues Allrong expatiated on were considered entirely too expensive by the manager. Having had a play produced once before, Atitt sat in a corner and talked to himself. Finally a cast was assembled, a scenic artist and builder engaged and the play went into rehearsal.

It opened in Cleveland or Canton or some place Ohioan. The way the first two acts were received indicated that after the always necessary polishing and pruning, and one or two changes in the cast, they would be a great deal better than merely good acts. In short, the audience ate up the first two acts. But the third act was not so edible. Not nearly. The best anyone could say about it was that the quicker it went into the ash can the better everybody would feel.

About the only thing in it that all agreed upon was that there was a woeful lack of comedy from curtain to curtain. Manager, Allrong, the cast, carpenter, property man and assistant electrician all doped out remedial prescriptions to inject into the sick act. And then it was discovered that before and during rehearsals Atitt, the author, had written himself out, as the phrase is. The well of his ideas concerning the play had been pumped dry. So there were manager and cast, handcuffed, so to speak, with two good acts and a weak sister whose dead weight meant the difference between a long run and a short one.

In this dilemma Allrong sent for a master playwright, a friend of his, and one of the greatest technicians in the world. This master playwright, as a favor to Allrong, went West to see the show. He liked its possibilities so well that he consented to accept a large slice of all future royalties as compensation for writing a new third act and giving the already good two acts the further benefit of his expert touch. Naturally there was no quibbling over putting his name out as coauthor. It is a name that means money to the box office.

After another week or two the play, with its new and comical third act, was taken

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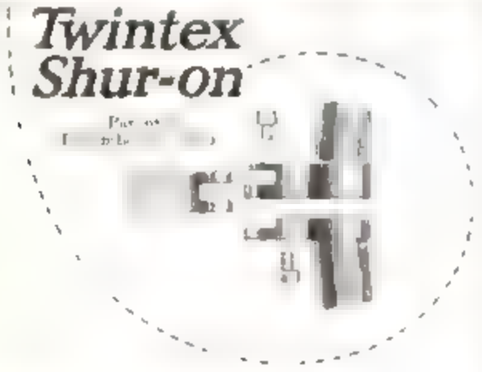

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into Chicago. It ran there all spring. Before it closed for the summer and its New York première, it had piled up a profit of thirty thousand dollars. The manager who couldn't get sufficiently interested in it to read it through found nothing joyously exhilarating in the New York reviews of the play when it opened a week or so ago. They were unanimously and enthusiastically favorable.

Why did not Ohho and A. Pullman Sleeper discern the merit and value in Atitt's play? If the bald truth is to be told bluntly, it must be put on record that only a small percentage of our producing managers have an adequate conception of what makes a good play. Nor do most of them comprehend the exact reasons for the success of plays.

They select a manuscript to produce because they like it. Pin them down to voicing the reasons of their liking and they fluff and bluff and otherwise show their ignorance. They like a character or they like a scene or they like the last play the author wrote. When you suggest that the last play the author in question wrote was a failure, they will account for the failure by saying it was badly produced or directed, or miscast, or badly something else. One of the contributing reasons for the acceptance of a musical-comedy libretto a few seasons ago was a typographical error made by the stenographer who copied the author's original script. This error changed the sense of a certain situation. The manager liked the way the scene read; told the author it was one of the best scenes he had read in years. Not until rehearsals began did the author know why the manager was so enthusiastic over the scene.

It would be ridiculous to attribute dumbness and stupidity to our many successful producing managers. Most of them have cultivated a subtle sixth sense upon which they rely to guide them into box-office favor. The theatergoing public is their constant study. The Shuberts shelved an entire musical-comedy production upon which they had spent a sizable amount for preliminary expenses, and for which a cast and chorus had been engaged, because it was a romantic costume play, and because, after they began the preliminary work on the production, three other romantic costume musical plays were brought into New York to fail; quickly. Rightly or wrongly, the Shuberts concluded that New York, at that time, did not want and would not patronize romantic costume musical shows. So they packed away their scenery and costume plates, dismissed cast and chorus, and turned their efforts in other directions, awaiting such time as public favor would swing again to the type of play they had contemplated.

When Options Lapse

The staff of assistants oftentimes is of negligible value to a manager for play selection. Too many of these advisers are merely yes men. His play reader may recommend a script to a manager. The manager reads it. Perhaps at the moment his mind is busy on the problem of reducing the salary list of his newest hit without losing his best actors and getting into a jam with Equity. He really doesn't get much out of the play. He gives it to his casting director to read—and to pass on to his press agent to read—and to pass on to whomever the press agent feels like annoying.

The criterion used by these gentlemen is much the same as the manager's; they like the play or they don't. Also, as the manager, their reasons for their likes are invented subsequently, not prior to the inception of said likes.

As the most optimistic statistics reveal two failures for every success, it is always safe to advise against acceptance. Consequently, if the manager's gang cannot learn how the old man feels about the play they are apt to turn in vaguely discouraging reports. It is only another case of human nature running true to form.

Suppose a manager does like a play and you, his adviser, like it not; and say so. It is not an act of prudence on your part to utter your objections too vociferously or irrevocably. How do you know but that the manager has seen something in it that you missed? Or he may simply get stubborn, and bullheadedly produce the piece—for a hit! Are you going to give him a chance to kid you for advising him against making a pot of money? Let the old man have his way. If the piece dies it's his money he'll lose, not yours. Yes, bo!

In the case of Atitt's play, Ohho liked it enough to buy it. Any one of a number of things might account for his action in letting his option on it lapse; others in his office might have deprecated it; he might have seen a particular actor in its most important rôle. Unable to secure the services of that actor, he hesitated to risk a production with another man in the part. A. Pullman Sleeper's lack of interest may have been due to the fact that Sleeper had determined to make his next production a melodrama. Rich red-blooded melodramatic plays occupied his interest to the exclusion of aught else.

A classic example of the catch-as-catch-can method of play acceptance and production came to light a few years ago. Mr. Earle Booth, an actor and company manager who, through sheer merit and genius for organization, rose to the rank of colonel in the Regular Army during the World War, at the time I speak of was managing both a New York theater and the big musical-comedy company playing a long run therein. The husband of one of the actresses in the cast brought Booth an original manuscript with the request that Booth read it and state frankly whether husband had anything or not.

What Booth thought of the play he told his boss, one of the biggest producers in the country.

The Cat and the Canary

"Here is a weird thing that may be a world beater or the silliest junk ever dreamed of. There's nothing halfway about this script. Either it will be phenomenally successful or the flop of the ages. I think it's worth taking a chance on. It can be produced cheaply; for not over ten thousand. I wish you'd read it. Don't read it for the play; it's altogether too wild to be reasoned with. Read it for the gamble; ten thousand against a million. And don't let anyone else read it before you make up your mind."

But the manager let his reader and a director and his stenographer read and form differing opinions of the play's value. Realizing that everybody around the joint would get a chance to talk it to death, Booth took the script out of the manager's hands.

Then began a search for a producer who would regard the matter not so much as a production of a play as a gambling operation. In time the script reached a new firm of producers composed of a group of men who had made fortunes in strictly commercial enterprises and who had banded together to play around in show business for the fun and excitement of it.

This firm of chance-takers decided to gamble with the script. Did they win? Sweet Liberty Bonds, did they? The play was The Cat and the Canary, second only to The Bat as the biggest money-making melodrama of recent years.

While smiling indulgently at the mistakes of producing managers, it is well to remember that many queer things can happen to a script to distort its good intentions. And also that an idea, no matter how novel or absorbing or amusing, is no good theatrically unless it be properly presented. Mr. Somerset Maugham could see no play in his Miss Thompson story. He was practically exclusively alone in seeing a play in The Camel's Back, his unsuccessful venture of last season. This fall there will be produced a dramatization of his successful novel, The Moon and Sixpence. If it should fail it will not be for lack of good material. It will be because of a lack in properly presenting Mr. Maugham's material; a fault of the dramatizer, the stage director, the actor who portrays the artist of the story; in brief, the fault of everybody—anybody—except Mr. Maugham.

An idea, let it be repeated, has little value in its nude or undressed state. For example, the dramatic germ which a noted Arctic explorer recently hatched in the enveloping chill of the North Polar regions.

But so pleased was the explorer with the play that he wrote to a certain distinguished producer of New York, of international fame and prestige. The producer liked the story as lettered by the explorer. He cabled the author and his confederates that under no circumstances must they show their drama of life and its reactions to the North Pole to anyone until he, the producer, had seen it. When the explorer reached New York some months later the distinguished producer's distinguished motor car was at the dock to receive him. With trembling, eager, reverent, even greedy hands, the producer took the play and asked the explorer to meet him the following morning in the producer's office.

Then the producer went home. And read the play. And became violently, alarmingly ill. At least, that is what his secretary told the expectant explorer when he returned the script the next day. To listen to the secretary, nine specialists had unanimously urged the instant removal of the producer to the thawing, lassitudinous climate of Palm Beach.

Which was how the play came under my astigmatic vision. Author had requested the play broker who hired me to sell his play. Completing my reading of it, the most innocuous adjective I could dig up to apply to it was "infantile." But a Presbyterian conscience made me add that there was a worthy idea gasping for air under the smothering ineptitudes of the script; that in the hands of an experienced, skillful dramatist that idea could be developed to make the script a commercially valuable property. And I recommended that the explorer make his peace as best he could with his ill-chosen collaborators and rest his frostbitten drama upon the broad competent bosom of an Owen Davis or an Avery Hopwood. At last report that advice has been followed—though not so far as Messieurs Davis and Hopwood are concerned. Addicts of the drama may yet shiver deliciously at a North Pole play.

Master technicians, Owen Davis and Avery Hopwood. They know what to do with an idea. They are referred to not merely because they are shining examples of expert workmen but rather to encourage the at present unknown playwrights, fighting against 1000 to 1 odds. Years ago Mr. Davis made a fortune for himself and Al Woods, his producer, with Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model, Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl, and other Third Avenue melodramas. He learned his technic at that time. Some years later, trying to break away from the lurid work with which his name was associated, he wrote a play whose action centered about an instrument for registering human emotions. I reported on the play that the workmanship was excellent, but the material not worth while; ugly and mechanical; inartistic. That play represented the middle ground in Mr. Davis' career. Two years ago, when he united artistic material with his flawless technic in the writing of Ice Bound, he won the Pulitzer Prize!

Near Hits and Successes

And Avery Hopwood. His first big success, Fair and Warmer, was rewritten five times before it reached Broadway. Since that time he has turned out, alone or in collaboration, Spanish Love, a romantic comedy; The Bat, thrilling melodrama; Ladies' Night, uproarious bedroom farce; The Kiss, a musical comedy libretto; and The Best People, a comedy of family life, to mention only a few of his almost unbroken string of successes. It is when one realizes the variety and the difference between the types of plays Mr. Hopwood has written that his mastery of dramatic construction is fully comprehended. Mr. Hopwood is as much of a director as an author—a valuable gift in itself. He is now an instinctive judge of the value of an idea to the box office. He writes for the box office commercially. With what success can be seen in the statement that royalties from his plays aggregate, if they do not exceed, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per annum!

But he did not learn what now he knows from the writing of one play. It takes time and patience and everlasting continuous plugging and plodding to become established as an author of successes. It is a far cry, over an interval of long, discouraging years, from A Very Good Man, the semi-successful play which raised Martin Brown out of the ranks of unknown authors, to Cobra, his stirring sensational success of last season. Between those two plays Brown wrote a failure or two, one or two near-hits, and other plays that never yet have been produced. But what he learned from them he put into Cobra, a splendidly constructed and written play. Its intensity of action never becomes melodramatic. How intensely gripping, highly emotional its story is may be imagined from the brief statement that the Cobra of the play is a woman who, marrying for money, is determined to retain the light of her desire, the

(Continued on Page 165)

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Continued from Page 162

man she would have married had he possessed the wealth of her husband. Meeting death in the burning of a hotel where she had planned a rendezvous with him, she leaves to this man, her husband's friend, the problem of explaining—or not—a letter of hers concerning the rendezvous which has fallen into her husband's hands. A captious critic might say that it is but a variant of the well-worn Marriage for Love or Money theme. The important thing, from any standpoint whatsoever, is that it has been handled from curtain to curtain with the deft strokes of a master constructionist

What do managers and readers look for in new plays? Novelty, a new twist to an old story, an interesting character, an absorbing plot, suspense, conflict, mystery all that, of course. But principally and always they look for love, because that is the necessary concomitant of success. A play must depict love, love and yet more love, so keen an observer as Mr. David Belasco once declared. Mr. Guy Bragdon, casting director for the Selwyn Office and a close student of the theater, maintains that the awakening of love is the big box-office attraction. The success of The Seventh Heaven, Cyrano, The Swan and Abie's Irish Rose would appear to furnish convincing affirmative evidence concerning the drawing power of love, no matter in what environment or social plane it is portrayed.

Managers are inclined to shy away from plays of a biographical nature. They have learned that plays covering the whole life of a character, or any considerable span of it, specially if it carries up to the moment of his death, are seldom commercially successful. A study of them—and audiences—has led me to believe that the public does not patronize such plays in paying quantities, because they are subtly depressing. The life on this sphere of any man is a rather futile thing to the majority of onlookers. The reflex of this impression of futility, unconsciously but inescapably formed in the minds of audiences as they watch the progress of a character from birth, on through maturity to age and decay, becomes fused with their opinion of the play itself. It all doesn't amount to much, so the public looks elsewhere for amusement and relaxation.

There is always a market for a melodrama. They are hard to write; good ones, I mean. The American success of In the Next Room, recently duplicated in London, was in great measure due to the all-round skill of Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford, who made the dramatization. Miss Robson, an actress of superb ability and experience, and Miss Ford, a trained, clever, expert writer, brought to their adaptation not only a thorough knowledge of good theater and good writing but also a fine quality of good taste, an element usually lacking in melodrama.

What the Young Author Needs

There is always some manager looking for a play with a foreign setting and locale. And in this connection I must confess to a mistake I might have made once which would have undoubtedly altered the course of my subsequent life. To this day I marvel at the enormous success of East is West. At one time there were five companies in this country and two companies in England playing this piece by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. The various mechanisms of its internal construction were so ully fitted one could hear the wheels creak as they slowly revolved. The second act was, in substance, a dramatization of a magazine story by a San Francisco newspaper writer that Hymer had made for the vaudeville stage, but which he read to Shipman one day after the latter complained that he was having a heck of a time getting a second act to match his last act. Now Mr. Shipman, the author of Lawful Larceny, The Crooked Square and other paradoxically titled dramas, is an experienced and successful playwright. Therefore he must know what it was he put into East is West, besides a large amount of hokum, that carried it to one of the biggest and most discussed hits of recent years.

But I'll never know. All I can do is thank the stars of my destiny that East is West was not given to me to report on.

What, then, in conclusion, is the best way to get a play accepted? The truth appears to be that an unknown author needs someone back of him to push his wares. Once in an age a broker can do it; sometimes an actor or a director can break the ice, as we have seen. In rare instances a social acquaintance, a pinochle partner of a manager can secure admittance for an author. Once in a blue moon an author has a wealthy friend with a lot of loose money which, it is reported to the manager, he is willing to back the author's play with. A very few plays each year are brought to light—and managerial attention—through such agencies as the Harvard Society and other organizations devoted to the field of the drama. Sometimes the manager of a stock company can be persuaded to try out a new play. Abie's Irish Rose was first played by a stock company in Los Angeles

But aside from friends who have already won their place in the theatrical world, what the young author most needs is, in the words of Dumas' Armand, "Courage, Camille!" And patience. Managers are almost as human, under the skin, as you and I. Their mistakes cost them a lot of money, sometimes; and, even as you and I, a decision made today may not seem so wise after a night's sleep. Furthermore, one never knows when a seed, planted at random, will take root and flourish.

The Hope of the Beginner

Some six years ago a story appeared in a magazine; a delightful yarn whose principal character was that of an old man in an old ladies' home. The reader for George C. Tyler suggested that it would make a corking comedy. Mr. Tyler was lukewarm. Some months later there came into Tyler's office the draft of a dramatization of the story. It was badly done, clearly the work of an inexperienced hand. But it served to reawaken Tyler's reader to the possibilities of the story. With Tyler's permission the reader tried to interest other producers in the story. Finally Mr. Lee Kugel took the story. Months later he told Tyler's reader that he had grown cold on the proposition Here the curtain falls for a second to denote the lapse of four years. One day somebody said something to Mr. Kugel that made him think of something else and that in turn reminded him of another matter, which in turn—anyway, he remembered the story of the old ladies' home. He dug it up, looked around for a dramatist temporarily not engaged, found Rachel Crothers, and asked her to make a stage version of the story. She turned out Old Lady 31, Emma Dunn's delightful success

As the original author of So This is London remarked after George Cohan had completed transforming an artistic novelty of his to a smashing box-office hit, "It may not be my play, but the royalty checks are mine, and they are unbelievably soothing." Therein lies the hope of the beginner, the goal of the unknown author, the balm in Gilead, the triumph to be won in the land of Israel. Some day, somehow, he'll put over a hit, and begin studying the box-office statements that accompany large royalty checks.

Oh, yes, I've written a play; a couple of them. The first one—you see it was like this: I'd no sooner finished it than I ran into the husband of a prominent woman star. He told me wife needed a play. I told him I needed a woman star. He read the play; liked it. So did wife. Likewise, wife's manager. The play went into rehearsals before I could spend my advance royalty. Everybody liked it so well—it was, really, so well written—that scarcely a change was made in the lines. On the opening night, out of town, at the end of the second act everybody from the manager down to the stage-door tender fell kissingly upon my neck and told me what a woolly wolf I'd turned out to be. At the end of the third act nobody would speak to me. The play somehow went all to pieces in the last act A flock of play doctors were sent for. They came, took one look at the patient—and the next train back to New York. At the end of a month we sang the requiem.

But I've got a play going on this fall that, if it is properly cast, if the manager engages a good director, if the director agrees with my notions of the proper treatment to accord the play, if the cast are enthusiastic, if the scenic artist does a good job, if the manager after the first unsettled, hectic, unsatisfactory performance doesn't get discouraged and turn his attention elsewhere, if the play plays to enough money to keep it out on the road till it's in shape, and if we can secure a good theater on reasonable terms when we're ready to bring it into New York, if —— Anyway, I've got a play going on this fall, if the manager doesn't change his mind

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THE FIRST FAMILIES OF AMERICA

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exactly where gold and jewels were to be found, but had been too occupied with press of other duties to do their own finding.

One of the best things that the proud Spanish explorers did was to go back to Spain or Mexico with their eyes popping out on their cheeks and tell some other amateur explorer all about a vast mass of jewels that they had been too busy to pick up.

These imaginative reports were greatly assisted by two popular legends that were current in Spain during the exploring period; one of which dealt with a Fountain of Youth whose waters were supposed to produce results even more effective than those popularly ascribed to the more modern gland operation, and the other of which had to do with seven mythical and extremely wealthy cities believed to have been founded in the midst of the Sea of Darkness by a priest of Lisbon who had left Spain a few jumps ahead of invading Arab hordes.

The Spanish adventurer who cruised the shores of the New World without picking up anything more valuable than a sunburned neck and a severe attack of malaria would save his face, on returning home, by stating that he had been on the verge of discovering the Fountain of Youth or the Seven Cities when his powder gave out or his armor sprung a leak, obliging him to turn back.

It was from one of these lying adventurers that Pánfilo de Narvaez heard the good old yarn about the Fountain of Youth and the Seven Cities and rushed off to America to discover them. He came back to Spain empty-handed, but swearing solemnly that he would have reached the Seven Cities and the Fountain of Youth if he hadn't encountered an unusual stretch of weather—the same stretch, probably, that tourists usually strike when they travel nowadays.

Cabeza de Vaca, one of three survivors of a wreck in which Narvaez lost his life, took up the search in 1536. He worked his way up the Rio Grande and ran into a tribe of Indians who claimed that their ancestors had originated in seven great caves. At once his heated Spanish imagination twisted the seven caves into the Seven Cities; so when he went back to Spain to explain why he had failed to deliver the goods, he was able to decorate his remarks about the Seven Cities with large amounts of exciting embroidery.

Tidings of the Seven Cities

In 1539 the Spanish governor of Mexico became so inflamed over the stories that he sent Marcos de Niza to find the Seven Cities, and with him he sent a negro guide, Estevan, who had been with Cabeza de Vaca when he failed to find anything. Estevan went on ahead of De Niza until he reached the pueblo of Zuñi, which then consisted of seven villages; and for some reason best known to the Indians, they proceeded to kill Estevan—possibly because he overplayed his hand in trying to convince the Indians that Pope Alexander VI was quite within his rights in giving away their land.

When word of Estevan's death was brought back to Marcos de Niza, his enthusiasm for exploration rapidly evaporated. He viewed the Zuñi pueblos from a distance, misunderstood the name of the place and thought it was called Cibola, and then hurried back to Mexico to spread the glad tidings that he had seen the Seven Cities of Cibola, but had been unable to visit them because he had seen a vision warning him that it was time to go home and engage in other lines of endeavor.

Spanish Oppression

In the following year Francisco Vasquez de Coronado followed De Niza's footsteps with 300 soldiers and several hundred empty sacks in which to carry away the jewels from the Seven Cities. He took De Niza as a guide; and De Niza's tales of the wealth of the Seven Cities had been so hair-raising that the expedition was accompanied by the very cream of the Spanish nobility in Mexico. The excitement among the Spanish cream was intense as they marched into Zuñi; but the revulsion of feeling among them was even more intense when they discovered that Zuñi was a regulation Indian village with the usual number of dogs slumbering twitchingly in the dust outside of the adobe houses, and that the only portable treasure in the place consisted of large numbers of black, white and red pottery bowls that wouldn't have brought fifty dollars at any Spanish auction.

Still on the lookout for gold and jewels, Coronado and his men investigated all the other pueblos, working over into the Hopi country and discovering the seven Hopi pueblos on their three mesas, and wandering as far east as Kansas. For the next 140 years Spanish explorers and missionaries made themselves at home in the pueblos, living freely on the Indians' property, and never hesitating to suppress the Indians' practices and beliefs whenever they felt so inclined.

Considering the fact that the Pueblos couldn't understand how, when, where or why Pope Alexander VI got the right to interfere in their affairs, they endured their annoyers with comparative equanimity, and only killed a few of them from time to time when their activities disturbed the Pueblo gods and consequently wrecked the crops. They grew more and more peevish, however, over the Spaniards' persistence in ignoring the Indian form of government, which had always proved entirely satisfactory to the Indians, and in forcing on them the Spanish form of government, in which they were not even remotely interested.

At length, in 1680, the heads of the different pueblos abandoned their time-honored custom of never interfering in anybody else's affairs—a custom which still obtains in Pueblo circles—and got together for the purpose of slaughtering the Spanish soldiers and priests and adventurers. They were only moderately successful, since they killed only two-thirds of the priests and only 375 colonists out of 2350.

For the next twelve years the Pueblos were independent of the Spaniards; but at the end of that time, in 1692, they were reconquered by Diego de Vargas, who destroyed some of the villages and put many of the Indians to death. At that time De Vargas limited each Pueblo to a certain area, and a form of grant was issued to each Pueblo covering the land to which he limited him. These grants, issued in 1692 by Diego de Vargas, are the source of all land titles among the Pueblos; and back to them the Pueblos always go when they dust off their troubles, which are always land troubles, year after year and lay them solicitously and hopefully before the Great White Father at Washington.

Hopi Snake Priests Stroking a Peevish Rattler to Soothe It Before the Dance

An Ancient Government

With very slight differences the Pueblo Indians today are exactly as they were when the negro Estevan ran afoul of them in 1539. They were not workers in wool in 1539, for they had no sheep until the Spaniards brought them into the country; but they were skilled weavers of cotton cloth and excellent horticulturists, possessed of the ability to make more provender grow in unlikely places than any so-called civilized people on earth.

Their form of government, basically, was what it is today and what it had been for hundreds and possibly thousands of years; and their strange gods and their beautiful myths and their involved chants and their intricate dances had come down to them unchanged through the centuries, and remain unchanged at the present time.

In bygone ages, hundreds of years before the Spaniards came, the great river valleys of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah were filled with thousands of pueblos. Where their inhabitants went or when they went or why they went, no historian or archæologist knows. All that is known is that they once existed and that the little crescent of pueblos in Northwestern New Mexico, together with the Hopi villages on the three mesas of Tusayan, is the last stand of a vanishing and interesting people.

One of the most striking things about the Pueblo Indians is the feverish excitement and violent partisanship which, without any effort on their own part, they arouse in the breasts of thousands of unpaid and unsought white friends, to say nothing of a few paid ones.

Divergent Views

The city of Santa Fé is sprinkled with New York artists and authors and poets who spend a large part of their lives in painting more or less recognizable portraits of Indians or writing about them or talking about them. The same situation exists in the pueblo of Taos—a name that is pronounced to rime with house instead of with chaos, as the effete outlander might not unreasonably suspect. In addition there are large numbers of influential clubs and organizations scattered all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific that emit showers of sparks like the great set piece at the finish of the municipal fireworks whenever the Pueblos are mentioned.

These industrious friends of the Pueblos, by raising a terrific clamor when they were about to be despoiled of their lands by New Mexican politicians and legislation, succeeded in frustrating the politicians and having the legislation deposited on the garbage heap where it belonged, for all of which they deserve great credit.

But among these friends of the Pueblos there are two distinct schools of thought on almost everything pertaining to the Indian. The members of one school draw the newcomer to one side and with burning eyes assure him that the members of the other school are so bigoted and narrow-minded that they could walk between the keys of a piano.

A short time later the members of the second school buttonhole him and assure him earnestly that the members of the first school are so unbalanced by their admiration for the Indians that they don't know whether they are standing on their feet or their ears.

One school, for example, will claim that no Mexican ought to be permitted to live on a Pueblo grant; whereas another school will claim that since Pueblos invited many Mexicans to live on Pueblo grants long ago the Mexicans should never be thrown off.

One school will aver loudly and intensely that the Pueblo dances are religious ceremonies as pure as the driven snow, and that any fiend in human shape who would deprive them of their religion might also be suspected of sucking eggs. Another school

(Continued on Page 171)

Pueblo Pottery at Its Worst. Cheap Imitations of Modern Gifte Shoppe China. The Santa Fé Museum Is Trying to Stop Pueblo Women From Turning Out Such Trash

Pueblo Pottery at Its Best. Copies of Ancient Pueblo Cooking Jars, Made by Maria Martinez of San Ildefonso. The Museum Is Encouraging Such Work

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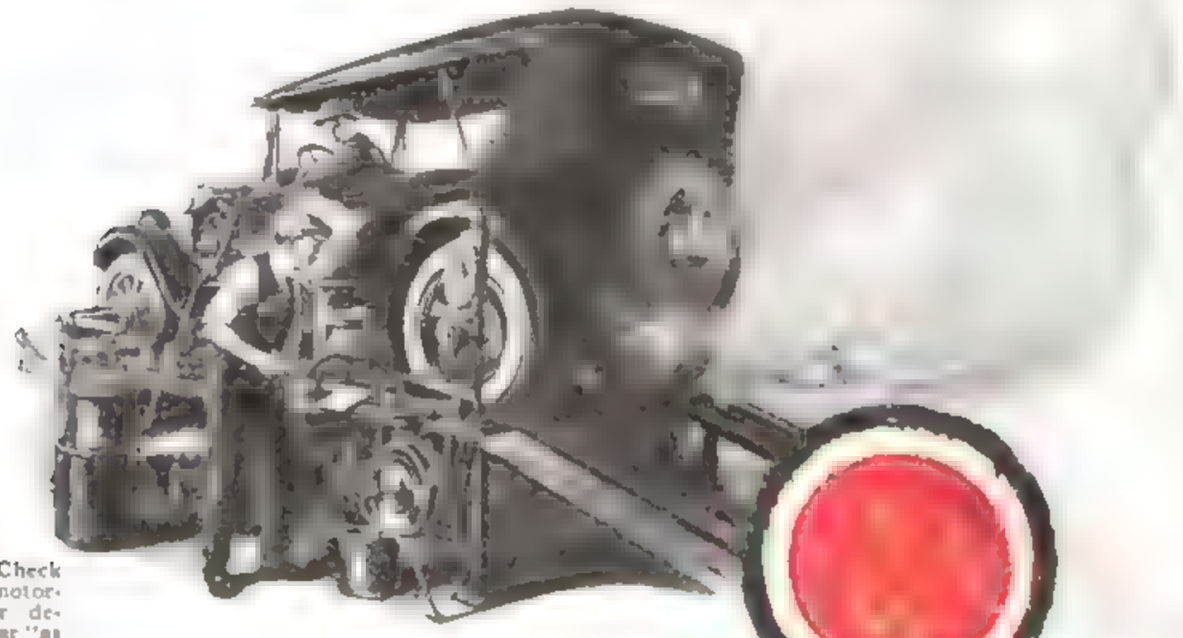

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(Continued from Page 166

will declare with equal noisiness and earnestness that the dances are low and suggestive, and that they ought to be stopped with celerity and the most convenient blunt instrument.

One school holds that the Indian Bureau is doing the best that it can for the Pueblos; but another school emits squeals of rage because it holds that the Indian Bureau has never done anything for the Pueblos, never intends to do anything for the Pueblos, and wouldn't know how to do anything for the Pueblos even if it had the chance.

There are even two schools of thought as to the sort of country in which the Pueblos live. One school claims that they live on the desert; but another school denies it indignantly. It may look like desert, the other school says, but it is too high to be desert; it is really mountains.

Pueblo Village States

After one has listened to both schools of thought concerning the Pueblos, he is certain of at least one thing, which is that no matter what he says about them, someone is going to rise up and call him a liar.

All this passionate interest in the affairs of the Pueblos seems to be exercised in inverse ratio to the interest which the Pueblos, due to their form of government, take in the affairs of others. They are communists a fact which greatly endears them to the radical writers and artists who have moved into their neighborhood in the past few years; and their social organization stops with the community.

Each Pueblo village is a little state in itself, acting independently of every other Pueblo village and minding its own business with enthusiastic persistency. The thought of a Pueblo nation or of a league of Pueblo states is something that never occurs to them except at some period of stress, as at the time when they took common action against their Spanish conquerors. Each pueblo is divided into an intricate system of clans or brotherhoods and is ruled by a governor, who is elected by the male heads of the different families in the pueblo for a term of one year, a council of headmen composed of ex-governors and a so-called war captain, who is also elected. All these officers serve without pay, and there are no primaries, no electioneering and no contest for office. In addition to the governor and his council, each pueblo has two caciques, or religious heads, who are elected for life. These officials are highly important ones, for the religion of the Pueblos is at the bottom of their entire existence.

The land which the Pueblos farm does not belong to individuals, but to the community. The individual owns the crops which he raises on his allotted bit of land, but he does not own the land itself. The apartment houses which make up the pueblos are owned by the different clans into which the pueblo is divided. If a clan dies out, as it sometimes does, the particular apartments belonging to that clan are left unoccupied, so that tumble-down apartments are occasionally seen in the midst of neat, orderly and occupied apartments.

Theoretically, the individual doesn't amount to a hill of beans in Pueblo circles, and never has. There are no solo singers and no solo dancers; yet there is marked individuality to the work of the different craftsmen, not only in the designs which they place on their pottery, for example, but in the way that it is made. Wherever Pueblo pottery is known, the work of Marie Martinez, of San Ildefonso, and of Nampeyo, the venerable First Mesa pottery maker, stands out as clearly as though it had been signed.

In spite of the fact that the Pueblos, being Indians, would unhesitatingly be characterized as uncivilized by a large part of the population of the United States, they are able to do things that make more highly civilized folk scratch their heads in bewilderment. The Indian is frequently classed as thick-headed because he finds it extremely difficult to progress in his schooling beyond the second year in the white man's high school; yet it is possible to call any Pueblo Indian away from whatever sort of manual labor that he may be performing at the time, hand him a pencil and a piece of paper, ask him to draw any intricate object that may have come under his observation, and get from him a drawing of almost perfect accuracy.

Indian Cleverness

Director Edgar L. Hewett, of the Archæological Museum at Santa Fé, illustrated this point by saying that he had taken a boy from a Hopi pueblo to see the Rocky Mountain sheep ceremonial dance at Santa Clara pueblo. On the following day this boy, from memory, made a perfect drawing of the ceremony, with every figure properly placed and every detail correct. He also colored his drawing correctly, and he had never before seen the ceremony. Director Hewett added that he had never seen an archæologist or an artist who could do what the Hopi boy did, but that any Pueblo boy could do it at any time without special training; which shows that the Pueblos possess a high grade of intelligence, but a different sort of intelligence from that developed by the white man.

The civilized white man has borrowed from the Pueblos the style of architecture erroneously known as Spanish mission, because of the fact that the men who built the Spanish churches in the Southwest merely elaborated a little on the graceful and picturesque adobe pueblos that the Indians had been building for thousands of years. The most beautiful buildings in Santa Fé, which is the only city in America that is blessed with a municipal architecture of its own, are nothing but elaborate and modernized copies of the huge community houses in which the Pueblos dwelt 1000 years ago in the San Juan Valley, the Chaco Valley, the valley of the Gila River and the upper Rio Grande basin.

The Pueblos as Artists

The weaving and the pottery making of the Pueblos are highly artistic, and the designs which they produce—when they wish to do so—in their weaving and pottery are viewed with the highest respect by the paleface artists who visit them.

The wife of an American artist in Santa Fé declares that "in the art of pure design alone their continuing and developing achievement is superb, comparable to the early Greek and Etruscan art and far surpassing the most ambitious achievements of American artists in this direction, as the American artists themselves are the first to acknowledge."

These words are somewhat overenthusiastic, for they convey to the stranger the erroneous idea that every Pueblo pottery maker is devoting her entire attention to turning out works of art that would have made the late Michelangelo gnaw his whiskers with envy. Unfortunately, the modern Pueblo, who is as observant and as imitative as his forbears, has many of the fruits of the white man's civilization from which to draw his conventionalized designs. His ancestors conventionalized the lightning flash, the storm clouds, the sun, the moon, the rainbow, the mountains, the cornstalk, the cotton plant, the sunflower, the antelope, the wild turkey and so on, and placed them on their pottery and their rugs so skillfully and so intricately that to the uninitiated they appear like geometrical patterns.

The best and most conscientious of the Pueblo designers follow in the footsteps of their ancestors; but too many, remembering that they make pottery and baskets and

(Continued on Page 173)

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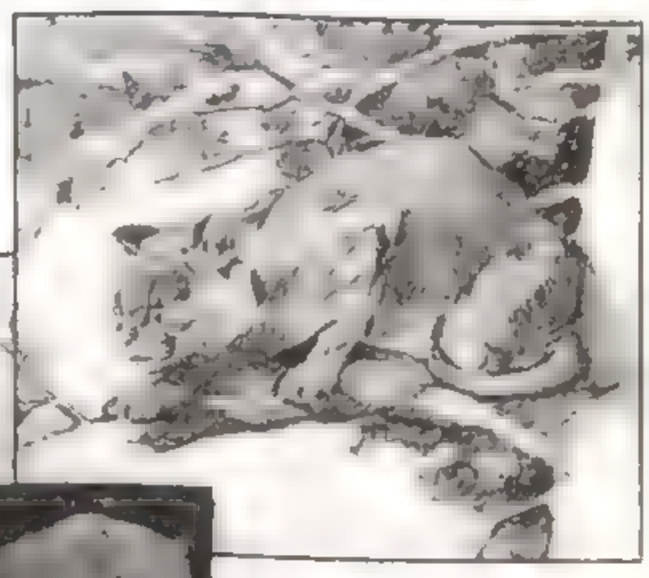

Deer—The best known species of American deer are the white tailed, or Virginia deer, and the mule-deer and black-tails of the West. Today, the high intelligence and elusiveness of the deer together with wise game protective laws, have enabled it not only to hold its own but to actually increase even in thickly settled districts. Experienced hunters agree that still-hunting for deer is perhaps the most exacting test of the skill of big game hunters

Cougar—The cougar (also called puma, panther or mountain lion) is one of the largest of Americ[illegible]—sometimes attaining a weight of [illegible] pounds. Although cowardly when approached by man, the cougar is merciless in its pursuit of large wild game and domestic [illegible] It is practice has turned the h[illegible] man everywhere against this gre[illegible]

Wolf—The gray or timber wolf, because of [illegible] intelligence still [illegible] in Western States and [illegible] where he is the [illegible] foe of domestic cattle and wild game. Lovers of American game will do well to wage war against this raide whenever possible

SAVAGE-STEVENS

(Continued from Page 171)

other products to sell to the white man, embellish them with matters which seem to them dearer to the heart of the white man—such things as automobiles and railroad trains and Masonic emblems; things that are all right in their place, but that are provocative of mayhem when advanced as artistic decorations. But practically all the pottery makers, when making pottery for their own household use, produce bowls only a little less beautifully shaped and decorated than the pottery of their ancestors.

Each year, early in September, the School of American Research in Santa Fé coöperates with the Santa Fé Chamber of Commerce in holding an Indian Fair and Industrial Arts and Crafts Exposition, primarily for the purpose of drumming into the Indians' heads the idea that they should not stray from the paths their ancestors followed in the matter of workmanship and design. The avowed objects of the exposition are "to encourage and improve native arts and crafts among the Indians; to revive old arts and to keep the arts of each tribe and pueblo as distinctive as possible; to locate and establish markets and to secure proper prices for Indian handiwork."

There are prizes for blankets, baskets, textiles, pottery, beadwork, designs, turquoise work and so on, though the amount of money available for prizes is not large enough to work up any terrific excitement among the Indians. There are only two prizes for the two best pieces of pottery produced at any one pueblo; for example, a five-dollar first prize and a three-dollar second prize. Even these small prizes, however, have been sufficient to pull many pottery makers up from the degradation of turning out cigarette trays and hairpin receivers for the curio shops, and to start them again on the production of works of art.

The Pueblo Indians have the knack of greatly distressing the minds of most of the white folk who come among them, and not the smallest amount of distress is caused by their ceremonial dances.

It has been said before—and it cannot be too frequently repeated—that the Pueblos are extremely religious. They are not like the gentleman in the song who went to church on Sunday and smugly passed around the contribution box, and then went out and brutally hurled the harpoon into everybody on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, nor do they belong to the large class of civilized folk who carelessly forget to be religious except when they feel that a prayer will help them better to survive a crisis.

Spectators Not Wanted

The Pueblos are religious every day in the week, every week in the month and every month in the year. Their god is Nature, by whose grace they live and feed themselves and clothe themselves and perpetuate themselves; and before their god they make their community prayers in the form of dance dramas in which they give thanks for the passing of winter, look for the coming of spring, pray for a full measure of rain, call to the attention of their divinities their need for a full corn crop, seek success in the chase, and so on.

All Indians are a secretive lot; and the Pueblos are fully as secretive as any of them, if not more so. Consequently, in spite of the large number of archæologists and ethnologists and artists and missionaries and plain travelers who have gone among them in years past, the sum of the knowledge concerning the outward forms of their religion is extremely small, and only a very small fraction of the knowledge that might be obtained. Many of the Pueblo dance dramas are held in the kivas, or underground ceremonial chambers—structures that look like enormous white-painted bass drums half sunk in the earth—and have never been witnessed by white men.

The Indians make no secret of some of their dance dramas—such, for example, as the corn dance—and those who wish to see them are welcome to do so. Samples of many of them are freely given by delegates from the different pueblos at the Intertribal Indian Ceremonial, an interesting three-day fair held around mid-September of each year at Gallup, New Mexico, soon after the Santa Fé fair. But there are many other dances that are never mentioned by the Indians, in spite of the fact that they are held out-of-doors; and paleface onlookers are tolerated, but not at all welcome.

A few of us wandered into the pueblo of Santo Domingo early in March and caught sight of a few odd-looking Indians, garbed mostly in whitewash and sporting peculiar black-and-white-barred headpieces, ambling in and out of houses on some mysterious quest. These gentlemen are the Koshare, or joy bringers, the priest clowns who supply the comic relief in the dance dramas of the Pueblos.

Suspecting that a dance was brewing, we lingered abstractedly in the neighborhood; and eventually our wait was rewarded with a view of the pine-tree dance, which is the drama of the whole life of the Pueblo and the growth of the corn, on which the life of the Pueblo depends. In it one sees the invocation for a plentiful supply of water and grain, the planting ceremonies, the fructification of the seeds, the grinding of the corn by the women and the turning of the corn into food. The dance is rarely seen by whites, and it was obvious that the Indians would have suffered little or no distress if we had had business elsewhere during its progress. At one time during the dance I drew a notebook from my pocket and jotted down a few notes. While I was doing so, there were a few muffled thuds; and I eventually awoke to the fact that Indians on the housetops opposite were urging me to desist by means of a few well-directed rocks.

Pueblo Drama Dances

There are few dances, Russian, English, American or interpretative, that compare in beauty, rhythm or precision with these drama dances of the Pueblos. American and British audiences are stirred with delight and amazement when a chorus of twenty young ladies are so trained that they are able to negotiate exactly the same turns, kicks and shuffles in unison for eight or ten consecutive minutes. Fifty-four Indians danced the pine-tree dance for an entire afternoon, except for three or four short intermissions. They were garbed exactly alike—all painted the same light chocolate color; all wearing long red feathers in their hair; all wearing small pine boughs at their necks and on their biceps, carrying little pine branches in their left hands, and wearing the same-sized tortoise-shell castanets strapped to their legs; all wearing the same-colored fox skins at their girdles—and all through the afternoon the fifty-four dancers went through the most intricate figures, turning movements and changes of tempo with such precision and accuracy that each one of the fifty-four did exactly what the other fifty-three were doing at exactly the same time. It was enough to make the trainer of a pony ballet blow out the gas in despair.

The dance, like most of the out-of-door dances of the Pueblo Indians, was performed in the large square, or plaza, around which the pueblo is built. On the housetops around the plaza stood or sat the Indian onlookers, wrapped in violently colored blankets, and below them the long thin line of dancers went through their intricate evolutions and chanted an interminable chant.

The rhythm for the dancers was provided by a band of six Indian maidens who knelt before them in the dust of the plaza and sawed diligently with the shin bone of a sheep on a notched stick laid across the top of an overturned bowl, and so simulated the grinding of corn as well as the thunder from the distant storm clouds. The rattling of the pebbles in the dancers' dried gourds represented the falling of the rain that fed the corn.

Up and down in front of the line of dancers strolled the six whitewashed Koshare, or joy bringers, jesting and indulging in horseplay that brought occasional howls of merriment from the audience on the housetops, but never a smile from the dancers themselves, who were as consistently serious as though they were wondering how to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead by six o'clock that evening.

In the interests of truth it must be recorded that the Koshare occasionally indulged in antics that were unquestionably a trifle rough. Although the person who admitted to being shocked by their roughness would, to be consistent, be obliged to suffer a stroke of apoplexy at the rawness of the average Broadway sex show.

There probably are good and prudent souls who would class very small portions of the dance as obscene; but I venture to assert that if one hundred persons were selected at random from the passers-by on a city street and were taken to see the pine-tree dance, ninety-nine of them would be

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highly impressed by its beauty and symbolism and would stare with pity and amazement at the one who saw obscenity in it.

The storm over the dances of the Pueblos, however, is loud and nerve-racking. Early in 1923 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued a message addressed to all Indians in which he stated that he felt "something must be done to stop the neglect of stock, crops, gardens and home interests caused by these dances or by celebrations, powwows and gatherings of any kind that take the time of the Indians for many days." He urged all Indians "to come to an agreement with their superintendents to hold no gatherings in the months when the seed time, cultivation of crops and the harvest" needed their attention, and mildly threatened more drastic action "if the reports show that you reject this plea." Nothing was said in the proclamation about the dances of the Pueblos or about obscenities; or about any dances being degrading, vicious or demoralizing; and since the Pueblos have never neglected their stock, crops, gardens or home interests for their dances, there was no particular reason why it should have been thought to apply to them. Since Commissioner Burke issued his message, he has stated that it did not apply to the Pueblo dances at all; but once the friends of the Indians start arguing over the Indians no voice can be heard above the clamor.

"Ancient and Sacred Rites"

The scientists, artists and authors of Santa Fé and the near-by territory began to scream at the top of their lungs that the Pueblos would be ruined if the dances were stopped. Thereupon the secretary of the Indian Rights Association, an organization that has done much excellent work in behalf of all the Indians of the United States, leaped to the defense of what Commissioner Burke said that he didn't say.

"When a public official," declared the secretary of the Indian Rights Association in a statement, "is making an earnest effort to eradicate practices that are immoral and degrading, it is almost incomprehensible that he should be severely condemned for so doing. Such, however, is the experience of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Charles H. Burke, who recently issued an appeal 'To All Indians,' urging them voluntarily to abstain from certain degrading, vicious and demoralizing dances. This suggestion is peculiarly applicable to the numerous secret dances among certain tribes of the Southwest, the character of which is unprintable, as is well known to those who have made a thorough investigation of the subject.

"This action of Commissioner Burke has raised a storm of indignation among certain groups of artists and archæologists, who protest against governmental interference with the 'ancient and sacred rites' of the Indians. Evidently the objectors have little real knowledge of what these dances really are, or they would hardly term them 'a national asset of unique historic value,' and 'as of inestimable worth to artists, scholars, writers and all thinking people.' Nor would they urge Secretary Work to reverse Commissioner Burke in order 'to preserve for the American people one of their unique public possessions.'

"The casual visitor—or even those who spend a little time in the vicinity of the Indian villages in question—who sees the open performance is interested and doubtless charmed by its weird picturesqueness, and of course regards it as harmless; but he only witnessed a fractional part of what precedes or follows it. It is a well-known fact that when the Spaniards conquered the Pueblo Indians, many of their public dances were so indecent that an order was issued prohibiting them, and thereafter they were indulged in secretly. On such occasions care is taken to guard the villages from intruders. Bandelier, in his letters, refers to the vulgarity and wickedness of these dances; and when they were too indecent for the sensibilities of a Spanish explorer of the sixteenth century, one can imagine how vile they must have been.

"There is an abundance of evidence on file in the Indian Office—which can be examined by anyone wishing to know the facts—that shows these secret dances to be of a bestial and revolting character, too filthy to be described in public print, which would not be tolerated for an instant in any civilized community.

"In seeking to eliminate vicious practices that are marked by unbridled license—whether attempted under the cloak of a 'sacred religious rite' or otherwise—Commissioner Burke should receive the earnest support of all thoughtful people, especially those who believe that the Indian should be regarded as a human being and not merely as an ethnological specimen.

"No one wants to deprive the nation's wards of decent and proper amusements, and Commissioner Burke is seeking to develop a force from within that will advance their moral, material and spiritual progress. The Indian is entitled to that; but he should not be exempt from ordinary laws of decency, in order that we might have 'a unique national asset' of such a doubtful character."

The viewpoint of the opposition is set forth by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, the archæologist who has excavated countless ancient pueblos and cliff dwellings in Arizona, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, who prepared the laws that were passed in 1906 for the preservation of American antiquities and national monuments and who has studied the customs of the Pueblos for a quarter of a century.

"The Indian," says Doctor Hewett, "is little enough understood in any respect, but in the matter of his so-called dances there is abysmal ignorance, obstinate misunderstanding, willful misrepresentation. Almost every Pueblo ceremony that is performed in public is a prayer of intense sustained fervor. By common consent, among civilized races, we refrain from interfering with people in their devotions. In our nation, dedicated to religious freedom, and in our Constitution we guarantee everyone the right of religious worship; but, strange to say, from time to time Government and missionary join in harassing the Pueblo in the expression of his faith."

Doctor Hewett's Views

"Various reasons are offered. The ceremonies are alleged to involve great waste of time from profitable industry, though it is but a small fraction of that wasted in bridge and dancing in modern society. They are said to be indecent, though our social ballroom would cause a blanket Indian to cover his face. In twenty-five years of observing Pueblo ceremonies, I have seen a few vulgar exhibitions as side episodes—nothing like so flagrant as may be seen any evening in Chicago, London, Paris, Naples or Cairo. Vulgar, vicious, barbarous, idolatrous are what the Pueblo dances are to some; to others the perfection of æstheticism, the culmination of ages of devotion. It must be remembered that the Pueblos are an ancient mature race. They are not infants or incompetents. Coercive authority over them as to their religion is unwarranted under our government, a violation of our institutions and repugnant to fair-minded men."

This is a fair sample of the wide differences of opinion that spring up between two groups of people, each one of which feels certain that it has the best interests of the Indian at heart, but one of which must certainly be wrong.

All the differences of opinion over the affairs of the Pueblo Indians—and there are enough to furnish cause for a dozen civil wars among their white sympathizers if all the sympathizers were to be concentrated in one locality fade into insignificance beside the Pueblos' land troubles and the hated Bursum Bill.

Indians' Rights

After the Pueblos had received their land grants from the Spaniard, De Vargas, in 1692, various settlements of Spaniards and mixed bloods that are now known as Mexicans grew up on a number of grants. Some of these settlements were encouraged by the Pueblos because they furnished protection for the Pueblos against marauding Comanches, Navahos and Utes. In some cases the Pueblos actually gave parts of their grants to settlers. In still other cases, later Spanish or Mexican governors carelessly gave to Mexican settlers grants of land that conflicted with the original Pueblo grants. Thus, on the grant made to the Pueblo Indians, there is a Mexican town of Taos which was in existence in 1732; and three miles away from the town is the pueblo of Taos. The Mexican town of Bernalillo is on the grant that was made to the Sandia pueblo, and has been there since early in the eighteenth century. There are two ancient Mexican villages on the San Juan grant.

The Mexican town of Española is on the Santa Clara grant; the Mexican town of Penablanca is on the Cochiti grant; the Mexican town of Jacona is on the San Ildefonso grant, and so on. In 1816 the Indians made an attempt to get the Mexicans off their land by means of litigation; but they didn't succeed, so they gave up their efforts to get rid of them.

When, therefore, the United States acquired New Mexico in 1848, it inherited the mixed-up state of affairs that had grown up under Spanish and Mexican rule. Instead of going to work and straightening out the tangle, the Government proceeded to snarl everything into a worse mess by confirming the Indians in the ownership of land to which the Mexicans had a conflicting claim, and confirming Mexicans in the ownership of land to which the Indians had conflicting claims. Each succeeding year saw the matter become more and more intricate and involved, until a book the size of an egg crate was needed to set forth clearly the convolutions of the Pueblos' land troubles—which meant that nobody could dig into the matter in the proper manner without becoming practically numb above the ears and passing into a coma.

One thing, however, was perfectly apparent to the Indians, and that was that the number and area of non-Indian holdings on Pueblo lands had increased by 1920 to a point where the very existence of some Pueblos was threatened by the loss of arable lands. On top of this, the non-Indian landholders used so much water to irrigate their lands that there wasn't enough left to irrigate properly the land that remained to the Indians.

The grant to the San Ildefonso pueblo in 1692, for example, contained 12,000 acres of land, of which 1250 acres were productive. Today the Indians hold less than 250 of these productive acres. The Nambe pueblo grant originally contained 3000 irrigable acres, but the Indians now hold only 280 acres. Outsiders hold all the rest, and the towns, as Indian pueblos, will soon cease to exist in all probability.

Out of these troubles grew the Bursum Bill, which purported to settle, once and for all, the troubles between the Pueblos and the Mexicans. What it actually did was to confirm against the Indians every claim of any person who had lived on a Pueblo grant for ten years. It wasn't necessary for the claimant to have a deed to his land; all he needed to do was to go into court and make an oral claim.

Under this bill the claimants had all the rights; and the Indians who had received the original grants didn't even have equal rights with Mexicans who had squatted on their land for ten years.

The near-passage of the bill was furthered by a rather injudicious statement on the part of its sponsor; for when it was up for consideration in the Senate, Senator Boran specifically inquired of Senator Bursum whether it operated to take away from the Indians title to their lands, to which Senator Bursum roundly and pregnantly replied "No!" Unfortunately that was exactly what the bill did—a fact that had doubtless been overlooked by Senator Bursum in the excitement of the moment.

It was at this juncture that the colony of Santa Fé writers and artists and friends of the Pueblos, who aren't quite so sure as some that the Pueblos are an uncivilized folk, began to emit long, wolflike howls against the Bursum Bill and the raid on the Pueblos' lands. As a result of the commotion which they raised in various parts of the country, and the floods of protest that poured in on senators and representatives as a result of the commotion, the Senate recalled the Bursum Bill from the House and sent it back into committee.

The Lenroot Substitute

There an entirely new bill was evolved known as the Lenroot Substitute. Briefly, the Lenroot Substitute gives the Indians an equal right with the settlers to claim the land a right which they did not have under the Bursum Bill; and it obliges every claimant to land on Pueblo grants to prove in court that he has held possession of his land for twenty years prior to the passage of the bill, and that he holds a deed for the land that he occupies.

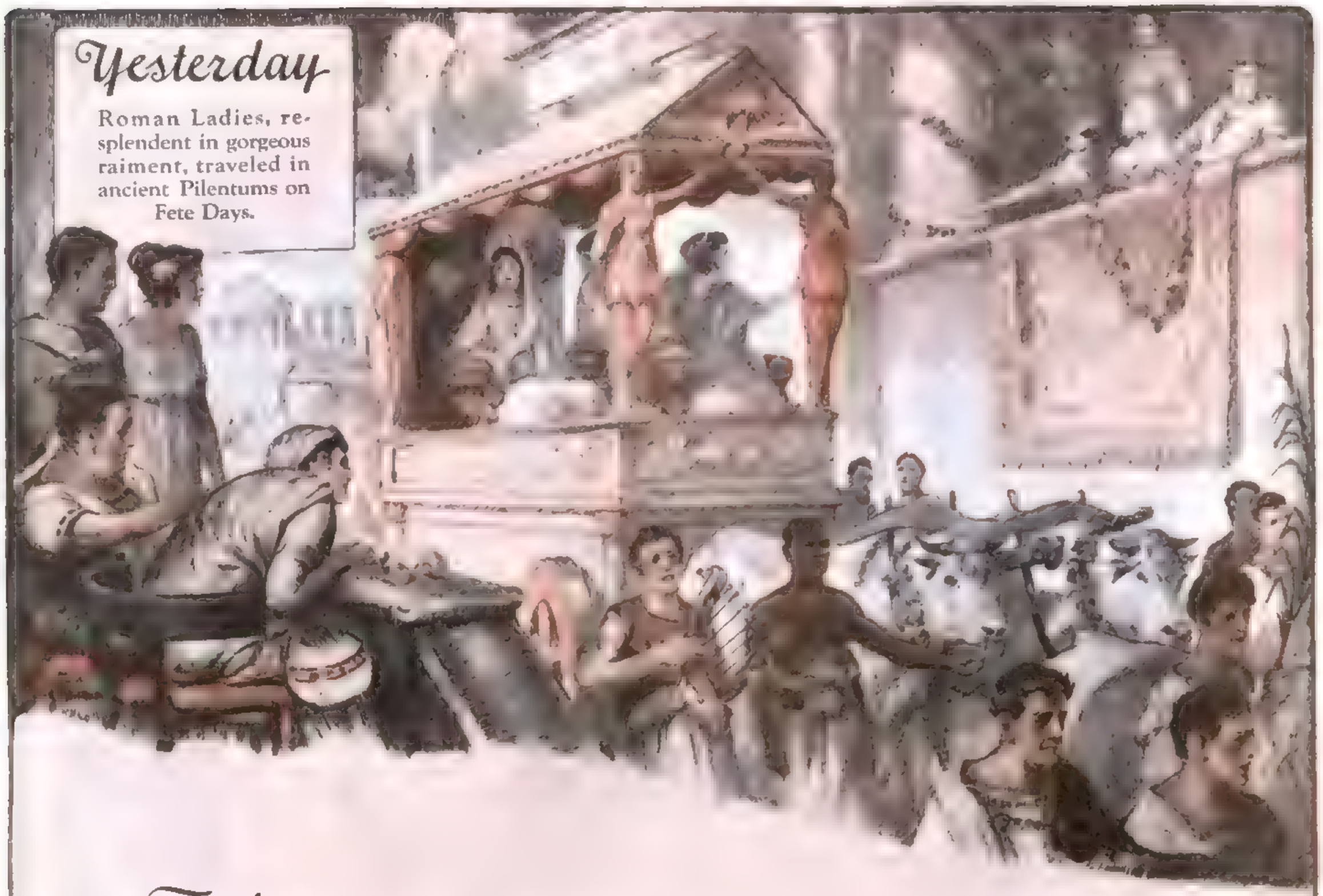
If the claimant holds no deed to his land, he must prove that he has held possession of his land for thirty years prior to the passage of the bill.

The Lenroot Substitute will come up for consideration at the next session of Congress. The bulk of the folk who started the agitation against the Bursum Bill have agreed that the Lenroot Substitute is about as fair a proposition as can be expected in a world where perfection is seldom encountered. They concede that persons who have lived all their lives on a certain piece of property are entitled to a certain amount of consideration, even though the land originally belonged to Indians and was sold or given by them to the present occupants in unguarded moments.

In time, if the public is sufficiently interested in the troubles of the Pueblos to keep hammering at Congress to remedy them, things will look up for the Pueblos. In time, if they are lucky, their land will be made safe against further encroachment, and enough doctors and nurses will be provided to keep them healthy, and enough of their land will be drained or irrigated so that they can live at peace with the Mexicans who have crowded in on them.

Until that time comes the cause of humanity and the Pueblo will best be served by helping him to help himself, and otherwise letting him alone.

Cliff Palace, Colorado



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THE TWENTY-THIRD DEGREE

(Continued from Page 15)

That year there flourished on the football fields of the U. S. A. the twenty-third degree. When men play dangerous games for any other thing than a pure ideal, the twenty-third degree, in one form or another, under some name or unnamed, comes creeping in.

That year professionalism reared its nasty head for the first time in evident menace to the game of football. Since then that filthy worm has gnawed away almost undisturbed at the strong and splendid growth called undergraduate sport. Since then college alumni, men who are big enough and old enough to know better, have allowed and even urged fine boys to the offering of their magnificent bodies and their priceless idealisms to deceit.

The heat, the fight, the violence, the hazard, the striving to the uttermost, the deadly determination that the other man shall go down before you that are a part of football, make it a safe game only when played for a thing which men see before them like Galahad's companions saw the grail. Unless the spirit of utter manliness curbs the passions of the game, then the game is either brutal or uninteresting, and is a menace beyond all calculation to the character of every boy who is led by it to peddle his athletic prowess about from school to school, seeking the highest bidder, seeking the college willing to buy athletic honors.

And so that year the alumni of nearly all colleges, men big enough to know better, cut all previous restraints, which had, heaven knows, been weak enough, and started bidding. And strangely, football became so dangerous that the rules—the whole style of play—had to be changed. Bull-strong young fellows on a thousand gridirons, hunting the highest bidder, had begun to think more of the score than of the game. A liar cannot play a decent game of ping-pong, much less football. And every boy who is paid for amateur services has been made in great or small degree a liar by alumni who are big enough and old enough to know better.

That year the twenty-third degree came into widespread use; a pile-up; officials plucking men off the heap; at last the ball, hugged by a prostrate man who did not rise. Another dangerous runner disposed of for that game, often for longer.

Down underneath the heap someone had given him the twenty-third degree; someone to whom the honor of his college was not a sacred thing, a thing that could be kept unsullied only when each man kept himself unsullied even in the heat of bitterest fighting.

Ten minutes left to play in the lengthening shadows of that November day of which we tell; ten minutes and the score still blank; ten minutes, and lean Rawhide Bill still tying them to the five-yard line, with the Seal Brown wall unbreachable as granite inside that.

"Gaw!" said the coach, his down-cocked derby knocking the ashes off his up-cocked seegar. "If I could only get that fellow mad!"

A hand fell on the coach's arm.

"Listen!" said Fat Tim Mulligan. "Let me in that game, will you, Doctor Newman? Just for one down!"

Fat Tim pulled down the coach's head and whispered something in his ear. Doc Newman straightened up. His eyes popped; and contrary to all precedent, his derby rim went up and his seegar down. Then something very similar to a smile came to his face, and immediately was gone. Doc Newman, than whom, when it comes to recognizing football strategy, no man in all America is than-whomer, had seen a very bright and rosy light.

Hah! What was this then? Some new stunt of Fat Tim's to get a last ten minutes' top-voice yelling out of ruined vocal chords? Fat Tim was putting on a headgear. On top of Tim's cherubic head it came to lodgment like an English muffin on a pumpkin. Tim made one valiant effort to get the chin strap of it where it ought to be; but gave this up, so that the ear guards stood out and flapped like the wings of Mercury's helmet. The hoarse roar of the bleachers died to a chuckle as Tim picked up his megaphone.

"Torrey coming out. Another semilunar cartilage in the garbage can," said Tim.

The chuckle changed to a groan. Now only four of the old guard were left. The rest had all gone down before those terrible batterings inside the five-yard line. Remained old Rawhide Bill and three who staggered to their places after every onslaught. Bill did not stagger. Bill was still as fresh as paint.

"All together now!"

And a long "Raee!" rasped out tribute to the man Torrey.

"Mulligan!" roared Fat Tim's megaphone again to an astounded stand. "Mulligan going in for Torrey!" And throwing his huge pasteboard horn away, Fat Tim, in white duck pants, with Mercury wings a-flapping, ran out to the point of scrimmage.

You should have heard that yell! The sullen dogged note gone out of it and new life and joyousness come in. Leave it to Tim to keep 'em roaring full blast till the whistle. A little nonsense and a weary day is young.

And as Tim, with what they took for mock solemnity, reported to the referee and his captain, that worn and battered squad let go taut nerves and muscles and for a saving minute totally relaxed. The referee called the Dark Red leader to him. Down near the bottom of the list of eligible players was the name of that long faithful scrub, Tim Mulligan. All right then. First down on the dead line—on the five-yard mark. The Seal Brown quarter barked a signal, and for the first time in history ice-cream pants lined up with moleskin.

What in the devil was that stubborn and unbeatable Seal Brown combination up to now? Some subterfuge; some mystery; some sly and cunning ruse of that old fox Doc Newman. So the Red team played high, waiting the fake, watching those white duck panties, sure in their minds some wily strategy was about to be practiced on them. And as they stood so, Rawhide Bill bored like a bullet into their right guard's belly.

He was through. He was in full stride. Then he hit big Dad Pike. Dad Pike backed up the middle of the Dark Red line. Hitting Dad Pike, you kept on going just as far as though you had run head-on into a five-ton truck. But as Rawhide Bill went down the Seal Brown stands rose up and put a crack in the welkin that has not mended to this day. Valley had made her first first down.

Officials found much difficulty in untangling that mass of arms and legs and restoring each one to its rightful owner; but at last reached bottom, and there came upon Rawhide Bill, the ball tight in his stomach's pit; and close beside him, lying half over him in fact, a limp pair of one-time white duck pants.

They lugged Tim Mulligan off the field; but to tell the truth, nobody saw him lugged. Every last eye on Taylor Field was glued on Rawhide Bill, for Rawhide Bill had not got up.

Dornin, the Brown captain, one of the four old guards who had lasted through, was the man who picked him up. And with a silence like at the funeral of a hero, he started toward the sidelines with his burden; Dornin, who had scarcely managed to totter to his place last line-up, holding Bill to him as a man carries a sleeping child, tears streaking the mud of his drawn face, stalking stiff-legged toward the bench. Old Rawhide Bill, after four years of mighty drubbings, had at last worn out.

He had? He had like hell! Halfway across the field the sleeping child lifted its head. It looked about. It saw six scrubs with faces seamed with woe, waiting with outstretched brown blankets, like father with the rabbit skin to wrap the Baby Bunting in. This was not, it seemed, Rawhide Bill's idea of the way to end a perfect day.

And thirty seconds later, with a football tucked beneath his arm, Rawhide Bill was headed hell-for-leather for the Dark Red sticks.

There followed that which makes a Valley Tech man's eyes glitter with battle as he tells you of it to this day.

After four years of steady dependability—chain lightning! After four years of patient straining in the shafts—a wild stallion broken loose! After four seasons of irreproachable defense, a slashing, devil-take-you, lunatic attack that ate up chalk line after chalk line and marked the path of Rawhide Bill's advance—ask any Seal Brown man—with Dark Red corpses and the ground torn up.

Just once before it ended a fumble let the ball change hands. And in three downs the Dark Red team lost twenty yards and three men from the ranks. Rawhide Bill, drawn in to second defense at his own request, had made all three of the tackles.

They tried to kick. They might as well have tried to kick it past Yosemite's El Capitan. Rawhide Bill blocked it, grabbed the pig hide, threw up a shower of turf and started. Two strides was all he made. Four hundred and seven pounds of Dark Red meat, wrapped in two bundles, hit him. Upside down, into the air he sailed five feet from the force of that impact, and with that precious ball clasped to his belly with both hands, down he came, plumb and fair, right on the top of his head. Ten men dropped on him. The Seal Brown bleachers did not breathe for seconds. Then that pile of Dark Red jerseys heaved and surged and Rawhide Bill's head came popping through.

"What the Sam Hill you piling on me for?" Rawhide Bill's voice was querulous. "Can't you truck drivers tell when a man is down?"

The Seal Brown stand breathed then. It also spoke its feelings. That night astronomers noted with concern that one of Saturn's rings had been a little bit displaced.

It took ten downs to do it—ten, with Rawhide Willoughby lugging leather every time. The Seal Brown quarter kept on giving signals, but that was nonsense. The Brown team knew that Bill was going to carry that ball over, and so did every man and woman on the stands, and so did that Dark Red team. They tried every recipe on the books to stop him. You know—stop him right, not maybe, so that he stayed stopped. But how to stop Bill that afternoon hadn't been written in the book. They downed him, and they downed him so that his bones rattled in his hide like poker dice in a leather cup. But when the pile unpiled, up bounded Bill like rubber and took up his job where he had just left off.

Nine times they downed him; but when he went through for that score that turned every Valley rooter into a driveling moron, he went through a Dark Red team on which there were three regulars left. The others had, at various locations of the field, seen fit to hinder Bill while earnestly at work for alma mater.

Mr. Mulligan, the only duck-pants half back in the world, lay on the rubber's table in the old gym. Under the instructions of Doc Newman, Jimmy the trainer was sticking the last of seventeen strips of adhesive across one side of him. Aside from this ministration, Fat Tim lay alone and unregarded. But Fat Tim didn't give a cuss. He was possessed of three honorable cracked ribs and the smile that won't come off.

In the same room were many men, magnificent, rose-pink with effort, gleaming from the shower; their myriad abrasions and contusions marring the beauty of their bodies not at all. The hum of talk in the old gym was low, as is always the case where good winners gather to review their game.

Outside there had been bedlam. The name of every man who played had needed shouting at the end of a short formula of words. Somehow it was forgotten that Tim Mulligan had clowned it for a single down and then been carried off. He had brought a roar of laughter out of the tired stands, put life and spirit into the weary yelling. But the howling rout of students crowded before the gym were cheering sterner heroes. So Tim, with three as honest broken ribs as ever any man accumulated at the bottom of a pile, lay all unwept, unhonored and unyelled, giving, as has been stated, not a cuss. At last the ritual before the gym was done, and the pee-rade formed and marched down into town, a hoarse song telling the world that all Valley Tech men lived on the right side of Easy Street, and that this was the song they sang, ta-ra-ra ——

"Men," said Doc Newman, "I've cussed you out all season, and now at the end of it there's stuff I want to say to you that I can't say with cussin' no more than I could with flowers. So I guess we'll have to let it go at that."

He sputtered lamely for a bit. Then he sought refuge behind a new seegar.

"You all know what I mean anyhow," said Doctor Newman eloquently, between puffs.

He had held his iron hat while talking, a tribute from him very precious to those boys; but now it suddenly came clapping on and rode his nose, and unexpectedly he winked at this fine bunch of fighting men that stood unclad about him. He actually winked familiarly, this driver who had done nothing else but frown and bark these many months. And in that wink, love and respect peeped from his eyes the fraction of a second, and was gone. Then he turned on Rawhide Bill.

"Bill," he said, "of all the abysmal dunderheads I've ever seen in football pants, you are the abysmalest and the dunderheadest!"

Now this was much more like it. Grins spread. This was the old stuff they had lived on for three months. Rawhide Bill looked guilty, shuffled his feet a bit, got red. What had he done? What had he failed to do? They had won the game, hadn't they? Time to let up a little on a fellow.

"Bill," said Doc, "why in the name of all that's full of tripe and pink didn't you tell me long ago you were an athlete? Why in the name of all that's dumb and Dutch wait till the last ten minutes of your career to let me know you were a football player? Tell the boys, Bill. Tell 'em who fed you meat. Tell us all how you come to play like six crates of wildcats and a ton of blasting powder just as they rang the curtain down on you."

Bill looked a little bit ashamed. Bill looked embarrassed.

"They made me mad," said Bill, "dog-gone 'em! Some Dark Red mucker gimme the twenty-third degree down underneath the pile. Come darn near fixin' my old clock. It made me mad as heck!" Bill studied, scratched his head. "I hated it like sin," Bill observed. "That Dark Red team's a darn good bunch of sports. It spoiled the whole dang game for me to think they had a man would do a thing like that!"

"They haven't!" said a voice.

And at the words Doc Newman grinned like an old dog fox and laid a restraining hand on Rawhide Bill's tough shoulder. Doc Newman liked his meat red and raw, but he had no stomach to see a man, helpless with three broken ribs, torn limb from limb on the bonesetter's table. But at the next words of Fat Tim Mulligan, Rawhide Bill's jaw was the first to pull up, and his grim chuckle led the gloating howl of joy that shook the rafters of the old gymnasium.

"They haven't," said the voice of Fat Tim Mulligan, a pardonable pride stressing his pronouns. "Me—I did that!"

It started out to be a steel-erection story, this story of the twenty-third degree; one of the thousand tales of sweat and gallantry that need telling to complete the records of the men who dreamed and worried, of those that climbed and moiled in dizzy places, and of those who, risking their lives casually at the perilous tasks that make a bridgeman's workday, died that the great Marchborough bridge might be.

It started out to paint the picture of a cantilever job full swing; a task to call for every tint and hue that the magnificent English language offers; a task to make any poor word-smith pull keyboard up against his vest with a vast humility. For a cantilever job full swing is a sweet sight for the eyes of men. There is no piece of work men do half so spectacular. And since men first had nerve enough to try to build a bridge that way, never was one could inspire the awe that the great Marchborough spans inspired in the building.

What a setting! At one end of it perhaps the mightiest city of all history; and at the other a wide, unimproved waste waiting only the completion of the bridge to spring to swarming life more magically than any minareted city that ever came into being overnight at the behest of some terrific jinni. Between the metropolis and the waiting heath, a sea arm carrying the world's freight, carrying the millionaires downtown in their slim hulls of white and gold, and carrying scows from the vile-smelling garbage wharves out to the cleansing sea. And reaching, stretching, farther and farther out over this sea arm, clearing the tall stacks of doughty tugboat and the towering cobweb of the dreadnought's battle mast, the long arms of the bridge. Like giants trying to clasp hands across the straits,

Continued on Page 181.

A Glaring Error

Glare is always a trouble maker.

On the fields of sport it causes costly errors. In the home its effect is still more serious. It makes restless, inattentive pupils of children who do their home studies in light not properly shaded, and creates defective vision by sapping the reserve strength of the eyes.

To eliminate the evil effect of glare in the home, the entire electrical industry is united in a coöperative educational activity known as the Home Lighting Contest. This is being operated in the United States and Dominion of Canada and is designed to inform you and your family through the school children, in the proper use of electric light in the home so that in future years there shall be less eye trouble.

The children will get a free Home Lighting Primer at school or from the local electrical people. This free primer fully explains the contest, and the children will write essays on home lighting from the lessons in the primer. Prizes will be awarded which include scholarships and the first international prize—the $15,000 electrical home.

The contest is now on in many cities. Get in touch with your electric light company or electric club and enter the contest. There is still time to win a prize.

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

First Prize—
$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

Two Second Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

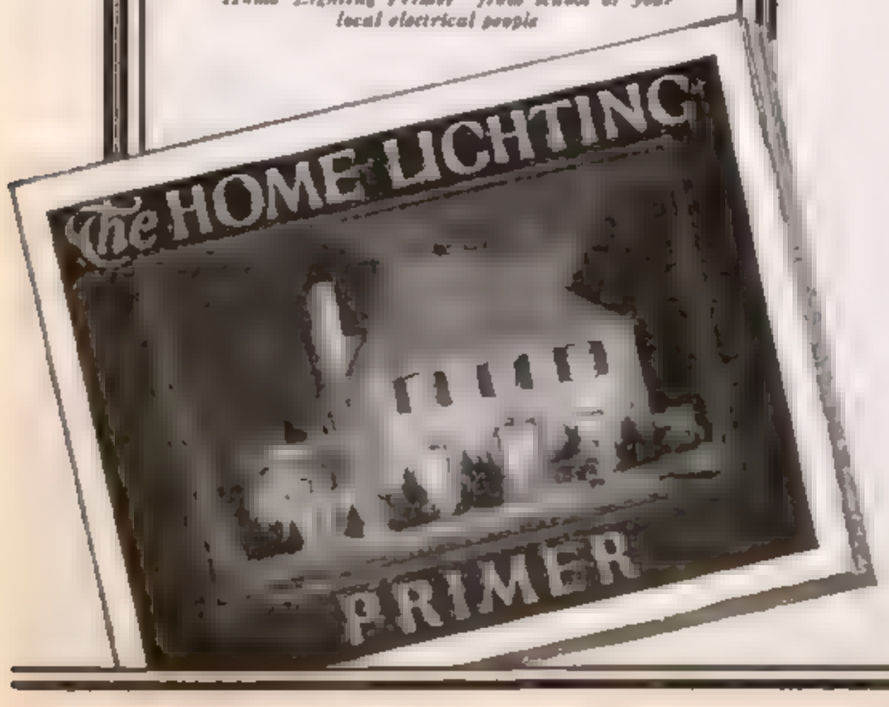
Two Third Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Fourth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Fifth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Sixth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people



The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue • • • New York, N.Y.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

(Continued from Page 179)

they seemed to all that watched the bridge's growth; giants that leaned out and out, and stretched and stretched and stretched. Surely before their hands met midstream one of them would go plunging forward, downward, headlong!

Such things have happened to giants of steel that strained their thews too far. Slide rule and stress tables are mercilessly correct, and unless the users of them work with infinite correctness, skill and care, with infinite pains, checking and rechecking every figure, and then with patient drudgery checking that rechecking, an ominous snapping off of rivet heads may be heard some day; and then, before men can flee, failure of seemingly unbreakable steel members and a vast chaotic rushing down of years of the work of the brawn and brains of many thousands of men. Great travelers may go rolling off the end of the bridge, engines and boilers and derricks and cars and tackle and men carried along with them down to the river's mud. Mighty compression members may crumple, great tension bars of nickel steel break like twine, floor beams and wind braces, struts and diagonals, I-beams and buckle plates—all go down with horrible uproar into the flood, tangled and twisted inextricably, with men caught in the coils as hopelessly as Laocoon. Such things have happened on big cantilever jobs.

But the great Marchborough bridge knew no such tragedy. The long mainland arms reached out and out far over the water, and without catastrophe clasped hands with the Prisoner's Island cantilevers—clasped hands over the two separate straits of Double Trouble just one day apart, the Marchborough span ahead. And when the first connecting member came to place, two hundred men dropped maul and rivet gun and fitting-up wrench and streaked it over that precarious way a hundred and thirty feet above the water, and stormed on over the long-completed Prisoner's Island work and out to the end of that arm of it that reached toward New Market.

There, within two running leaps, were their defeated rivals. There, within easy conversation distance, the chagrined city crew toiled away only a couple hundred tons of steel from victory.

Viewed from the end of the Prisoner's Island steel, the vision of that city cantilever in erection was a fearful thing. Far, far below Tide River, with its small and large craft plying. Ahead of you open space for forty feet or so, and then the end of that stupendous fabric, hung out over nothing. Its piers and anchorages back across the strait, away back there among the streets and alleys of New Market, so far away as to be lost to view, hidden by that amazing metal network floating there in the air before your eyes.

Out at the end of Prisoner's Island steel the Marchborough gang stood jeering and catcalling. And even as they jeered, the New Market crew started to move their traveler out toward them; out to its last position, to the place from which tomorrow it would start to raise steel for the connecting span. With a great bawling of orders and a great jetting of exhausts, that whole huge contraption started groaning forward toward the jumping-off place. With creaking of lines and squealing of multiple blocks, with grind of heavily burdened wheels and squall of binding flanges, with the thrash of hoisting engines and the moan of steel adjusting itself to new terrific strains, that monstrous traveler pulled itself crawlingly ahead, while the whole mighty structure back of it trembled and shook as though an earthquake's hand were at its anchor pier. A splendid, daring, brazen adventure, each forward move of that gigantic traveler, each forward move that took it farther and farther away from the supporting pier. Superb the unconscious courage of the men who moved it out. More superb yet the conscious courage of the good hump-shouldered, pipe-smoking squads that took slide rule and T-square in hand and showed on paper that it dared be moved.

And did the behemoth advance of that great traveler toward the open space that separated the New Market crew from the Marchborough outfit awe that triumphant gang to silence? It did in a red pig's ear. That was the job, the source of bread and liverwurst. When did that ever awe anybody? So they danced and capered like a lot of crazy boys; and all unheeded by the busy crew across that terrifying gap, they thumbed their noses and yelled and catcalled and spoke unprintable pleasantries to the bridgemen they had beaten by one little day in this stupendous undertaking. And bawling louder than all the rest was a fat lad who waved his hands backward and forward like some nut, and did his bawling somewhat rhythmically, so that in measured accents there boomed out above the bedlam the perfectly senseless iteration, "Valley! Valley! Valley!"

So came about that other notable Seal Brown victory. For the erection engineer for Trap & Priest, who had the work on the New Market side of Double Trouble, was none other than Dad Pike, heretofore mentioned as the five-ton truck that used to back up the middle of the Dark Red line. A charter member, Dad, of that old Juggernaut wrecking crew that mowed down Seal Brown teams so regularly till that day when Rawhide Bill ran wild.

If ever a white man tramped on cleats or squinted through a transit, it was Dad Pike, dang his old Dark Red sweater. Two hundred and thirty pounds of him, there was—all he. Gentle with dogs and kids. Hard as a block of Vermont granite with the men under him, and just as square. Expecting much and giving more. Head full of brains, fists full of pig iron, fine big carcass unstained by booze, or even nicotine; and in his barrel chest a heart that hammered as square a tune for women as for men. Considerable competition here for Mr. Brush, C. E., whose job of work it was to push his Marchborough cantilever out over Tide River and hook it to the south arm of the Prisoner's Island span before Dad Pike connected into the north arm.

No match in brains or brawn or drive was Mr. Brush for Mr. Pike; but Mr. Brush was every bit as clean a man, was fearless as a rhino—and his name was Rawhide Bill. And this one little thing he had on Mr. Pike: He had seen the two hundred and thirty pounds of him, hanging between a pair of stalwart Dark Red scrubs, go off Taylor field one day, within ten minutes of the whistle, while he, the rawhide party, still was sweating lustily on the job when a great insane bellow from the stands told him the game was over. His name, as has been said before, was Rawhide Bill because you couldn't wear him out.

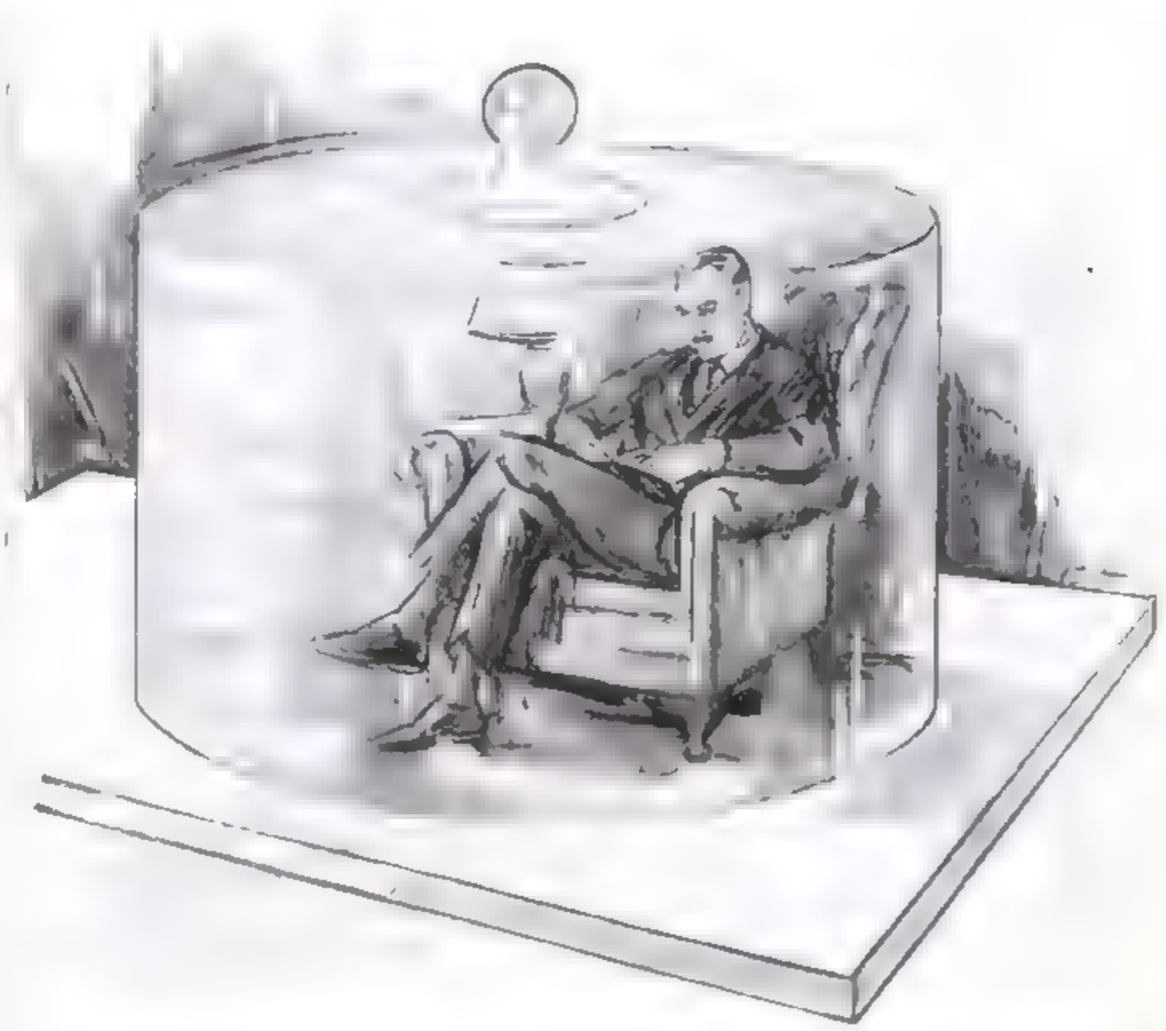
And that was well. For if ever there was a job laid out and planned for the particular purpose of wearing the man who fought it to the bone, it was the job of erection engineer of the Marchborough anchor span and cantilever of that great bridge over Double Trouble.

What Rawhide Bill went up against—and went boring through—to get up the false work for the anchor span, which was a big steel-bridge job in itself, and then the anchor span, and then the first five panels of the cantilever out over his branch of Tide River, is another tale—a dozen others. But through it all Bill came, undamaged, fresh as a field with daisies pied, laying away each day for keeps as it poked its troubles under Bill's hawk beak, hammering at his job with the same stolid dependability and lack of fire that marked his work in moleskin.

This trick and that the union tried to stop the steady progress of his job, just as the open-shop men would have tried this trick and that to slow up the New Market side had they but dared. But the city of New Market was union to the bone—to the last bone in its head, Tim Mulligan, chief of the Marchborough survey party, used to say—and open-shop men took their health and earthly happiness in hand every time they ventured within the purlieus of the New Market end of the bridge. So Rawhide Bill had a gaff to stand that never got thrown into the ribs of his rival; and this, perhaps, had something to do with the fact that January's end in the year that saw the great job finished, saw Rawhide Bill's cantilever two panels shorter than that of Mr. Pike.

One morning of that end of January, when a winter wind blew so bitterly down Long Sound that it drove even the Swede sailors down off their erection scaffolds and gave the men so disposed an idle day in which to stir up deviltry, Tim Mulligan, Rawhide Bill and Harry Raff, the little rivet boss, were gathered in Mr. Mulligan's commodious headquarters. Mr. Mulligan's commodious headquarters consisted of a cubby-hole stolen off one end of the tool shed. Tar paper, clothing its rough-boarded sides with elegance, kept out the wind, and at temperatures of a hundred degrees centigrade or more combined its own peculiar fragrance with that of a redolent oil heater.

There was just room in this office for one large homemade blue-print cabinet, one large drawing board and stand, and a set of



Don't try to live under glass

It's impossible to avoid germs

Disease germs are everywhere. They cannot be avoided—they must be *fought*. The fighting of malignant germs has in the past been difficult, because the only real germicides known to science were poisonous substances which destroyed human tissue as well as the germs themselves. Bichloride of mercury is one such poisonous antiseptic. Others are made from phenol and cresol. And all of these, or compounds derived from them, in order to be applied to the human body, require to be greatly weakened by dilution. This likewise weakens their germicidal strength.

Arrival of the great non-poisonous antiseptic

There have been other non-poisonous antiseptics, but they are comparatively weak and ineffective. They are known as the "mild" antiseptics. But the great new antiseptic called Zonite is entirely different. Its germicidal strength is *fifty times* that of peroxide. Yet despite its absolute harmlessness to human tissues, Zonite is actually stronger than *pure* carbolic acid, which can not be used on the body at all in its pure state. Dilute carbolic to a point where it can be safely used on the human body, and Zonite is then many times as strong as the poisonous compound. Once more let it be repeated, Zonite is positively non-poisonous—safe in the hands of man, woman or child.

Keep Zonite in the home medicine chest for household emergencies—cuts, burns, insect bites, sunburn. Take no chances with blood-poisoning.

Keep Zonite in the medicine chest as a gargle, spray, mouth-wash and tooth-brush disinfectant. Take no chances with coughs, colds, influenza and other respiratory diseases.

Keep Zonite in the medicine chest and take no chances with germ life or disease of any kind.

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Zonite affords real protection against gum infections, mouth odors and respiratory diseases.

Zonite should be applied to every break of the skin to guard against blood-poisoning and other infections.

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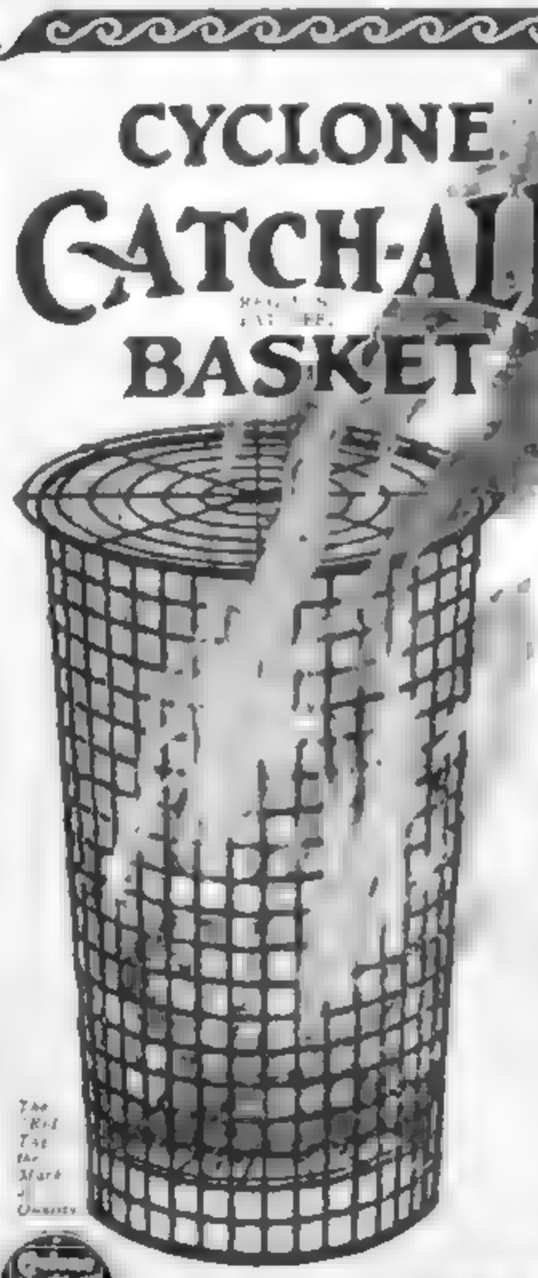

The Safe Bonfire

Here is a trash burner that will come in handy when you rake up leaves and clean up the yard this fall. A convenient rubbish burner to have around the home any time. Safe—small mesh keeps burning fragments safely confined. Raised bottom provides draft, insures quick and complete incineration.

29 inches high, 20 inches in diameter at top. Wires electrically welded. Upright wires spaced 1½ inches apart around basket. Finished in baked green enamel. Sturdy, durable.

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survey instruments and tools; but with winter had come the necessity for the oil stove; and when, one day, a new desk arrived for the cashier in the main field office, Mr. Mulligan bespoke the ancient roll top and swivel chair about to be discarded, and by proudly installing this equipment in his commodious headquarters, shook the science of physics to its foundations by proving that two things can occupy the same space at the same time.

Here, however, was a shelter in a time of storm, a place which, with the boys out on the job, often offered young Mr. Brush, when the going got a little rough, a half hour's fine communion with his soul. So today, avoiding the confusion that always descends upon the main field office on days when the outside force has nothing better to do than to come in and register all the kicks that have been accumulating over a month of steady bridging, Mr. Brush had sought sanctuary in Mr. Mulligan's lair; and he now occupied the coveted swivel chair and pored intently over a progress sheet which had attached to it a very eloquent letter from the home office, signed with the acrid scrawl of Mr. Ice-Cream Kone.

Mr. Mulligan, with an oiled and sanded piece of flannel, scoured away at a steel ribbon that had measured off so many pay days for him. Mr. Raff also was profitably employed. With one hand he held an end of the tape that was being cleaned and with the other stoked his face with scrap tobacco.

High overhead, the anchor span spread its huge beams and braces, and in that snug cubbyhole a hundred feet below could be heard the wind that had howled its way across a thousand miles of open sea, now howling bitterly through the towering steel.

"Oh, the bridgeman's life is the life for me," sang Mr. Mulligan as he polished. "When she blows, all the rivet gangs hunt cover. Soft! Poor Sam and Rubbernose, my levelman and chainman, are out on that last barge of steel, checking it in this murderous weather."

"Bah!" Mr. Raff remarked. "All the steel that pair of tramps'll check today will be what they can see the marks on from the dock watchman's box. Lord, what a wind!" And with his words the door swung open and banged shut against a blast of it. "Look," added Harry. "See what it just blew in!"

What it just blew in was six feet high and almost half that wide. For arms it had gorilla arms, and for its neck a bull's. A mane of blond hair stuck out below a hat smeared red with structural paint, and eyes of pale blue, like a china doll's, looked bleakly out from under thunder brows that frowned a blond frown at the world.

"Hello, Squarehead," said Hal Raff pleasantly. "What brand of bellyache you peddling today?"

The china-blue eyes turned on the little rivet boss. As much of the milk of human kindness as you see in the eyes of a china doll, that much you saw in Squarehead Gustavsen's. And as much fear as you see in a bull terrier's you saw in Hal Raff's as he returned the big man's glance.

"You are a gentleman and an athlete, Mr. Raff, and I hope some day to meet you in paradise," was not exactly what Gustavsen said, but it's as near to it as anything that could be printed. Then he took a step and stood towering over Brush, C. E.

"Gimme my time!" demanded Mr. Gustavsen.

Brush, C. E., never moved a muscle. Although he knew that the most dangerous animal on his job was just behind him, Mr. Brush kept looking calmly at that progress sheet.

"I said I want my time!"

This time a bellow, and still Brush never moved. He knew that that big Scandinavian's fists had sent more than one man off the Marchborough job, not to come back again, but he only looked a little closer at the letter that had come in with the sheet. It said in the letter that the Marchborough cantilever was now four hundred and twenty-five tons three pounds and thirteen ounces behind construction schedule, and it pointed out this matter in Mr. Ice-Cream's smoothest, cold-bloodedest manner.

"You hear me?" thundered Mr. Gustavsen.

"Sure," said Mr. Brush, and swung his swivel chair about and tilted it back till he was looking up at the man whom every one of half a thousand hard-boiled bridgemen feared like poison. "Get your time pay day." And swung his swivel chair about again and tilted it forward, turning his back deliberately on a pair of twelve-pound-hammer fists and resuming his perusal of Mr. Kone's pleasant correspondence.

On the drawing board near Harry Raff lay a pile of material sheets, paper-weighted with the sawed section of a ten inch girder rail. Harry Raff picked it up and balanced it in his hand. Gustavsen glared at the bent back before him and rubbed one huge set of knuckles on his trousers leg.

"Wait till pay day, hell!" Gustavsen roared. "George Bowrey says if I don't want to carry buckle plates like some bullgang guinea, when we're not raisin' steel, why don't I quit. All right, I quit. Gimme my time. I'm goin' back by the next boat to visit my ol' mother. I can't wait till pay day."

"Gustavsen," Rawhide Bill said, "you're a liar!" Bill never lifted his eyes off the progress sheet, never turned his head, never so much as raised his voice. "Your mother's dead. You told me that two years back when you were working for us on that rolling-lift job in Hoboken. Next boat for Stockholm, eh? All the water you're aiming to cross is Tide River. What's that red ticket sticking out of your breast pocket? Think I don't know a union card when I see one? Gonna work with the roughnecks, eh? All right, that's fair enough. But say, Gustavsen, if you do ship back to Europe, get passage to Helsingfors, not Stockholm. You're a Finn. Good morning."

At this dire insult, Gustavsen bunched the fingers of one hand, his china eyes cold as a Kali thug's; and Harry Raff leaned forward a little bit, his eye trained on that paint-smeared hat, his piece of girder rail trained nicely on its target.

"And listen sharp, Gustavsen," Bill snapped out, and whirled so swiftly in his swivel chair that the big Swede scarcely had time to open his clenched hand. "If you try any funny stuff around my job before or after you get off it, I'll hunt you up no matter where you are and hop up on you! Get me? Hop up on you, what I mean! Close the door as you pass out!"

Potent as that were the progress letters of Mr. Ice-Cream Kone.

That evening when the traveler's whistle squealed flatly against the howl of the storm high overhead, Fat Tim and Harry Raff were still talking about the morning's business in awed tones.

"Call me a rivet inspector," Harry said, "if he didn't call that big squarehead a Finn and get away with it—and never even looked up from his desk! A liar, too; but Gus didn't mind that much. That's the nicest thing George Bowrey calls his raisers. But a Finn! I thought, the way he looked at Bill outa them mackerel eyes, he was gonna dismantle the boss right then and there!"

"Hear me!" stated Tim. "The lad that tries to take Bill down won't find any calked rivets in his framework. He was put together to stay up. If that old Dark Red wrecking crew couldn't loosen up a joint in him in four years, it can't be done. And it makes me cry out loud to see that whang-rammed old Dark Red bone crusher, Dad Pike, putting it over as good a fightin' man as Bill in this big cantilever game. Pike's two panels farther from his tower than we are now. He'll beat us to the island sure as sin!"

"Well," said Hal, "I don't follow you very close in this rah-rah argument. I never built no bridges for alma mater, or whatever her name is; and have yet to sock my first seven-eighths rivet home for the honor of old Siwash; but if you want to know why Dad Pike's putting it over on you Valley Techers here, I'll tell you. It's because the boss ain't half mean enough. I'm tellin' you, steel raisers thrive on rawhide. Treat them leather-necks gentle and they pass it on to their rivet guns, and you got to bear right down on a rivet gun to get the monthly count up where it ought to be. Ride these eggs rough an' they eat it up. They like it. They ain't used to nothin' else. My dead aunt's black cat's tail! He got the guts to tell that ten-ton Swede he'll hop up on him! I'd give a wing to see Boss Bill get raw. I'm tellin' you right, all this Marchborough Island outfit needs to put 'em out in front of the New Market side is three or four good applications of bridge English. And if, while doing same, Bill had the presence of mind to kick about seven men in the face, all would be jake and the college honor saved. Which being the case, let's eat."

The two men buttoned up thick jackets, turned down the fragrant oil stove and ventured out-of-doors. The cold was numbing.

(Continued on Page 185)

For One of the World's Most Magnificent Buildings They Specified Reading Pipe

THROUGHOUT the world the Chicago Tribune Tower has engaged the attention of architects. Not only was their interest aroused by the munificence of the prize offered for a suitable plan, but also by the fact that the Tribune Tower, when completed, will typify all that is most modern in office buildings.

It is entirely in keeping with the determination of the Tribune that its new home should be perfect to the last detail—that Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe should have been specified.

The selection of "Reading" for the Tribune Building is but another proof of faith among American architects and builders in the enduring and rust-resisting quality of *"the pipe that endures."*

The plans for the Tribune Tower were selected after a world wide competition in which architects from 23 countries participated

The $50,000 first prize was awarded to John Mead Howells and Raymond M Hood, of New York

The cost of the completed building will be approximately $6,000,000.

7 carloads of Reading Pipe will be used in its equipment.

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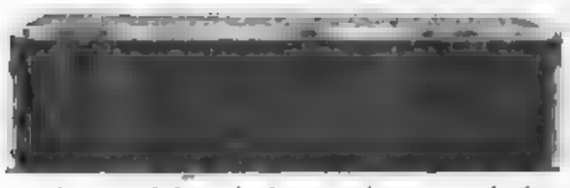
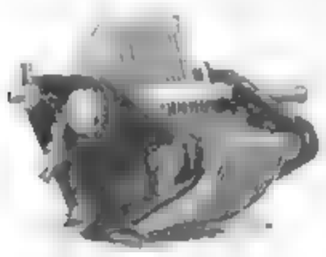
BAKELITE PANELS

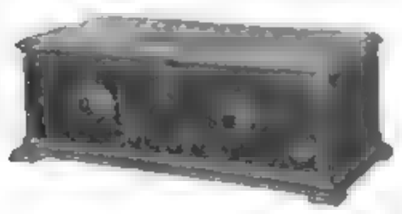


Vulcawood knock-down cabinet made by Calvert Specialty Co., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Fada Radio set in which a Celoron Panel is used



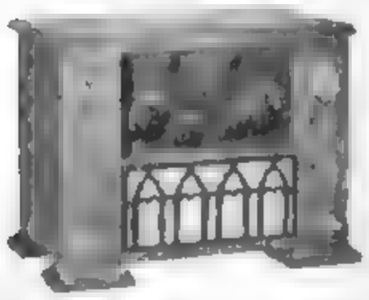
Condenser made by the U. S. Tool Co. The end plates are Celoron



The Crosley Trirdyn receiver with its Celoron Panel

The radio panel for you, too

Why leading radio manufacturers and thousands of fans prefer Celoron bakelite panels



The decorative, efficient De Forest set carries a decorative, efficient Celoron Panel

YOU can't make your radio set give its best results unless it is thoroughly insulated at every point. Clear reception and DX work depend on proper insulation as much as on the hook-up and the instruments you use. Radio instruments—even those of the highest quality—must be protected against loss of precious electric current by a Celoron Radio Panel.

Tests made by leading radio manufacturers and experienced radio fans proved that radio panels made of Celoron bakelite contained all the necessary qualities. Today Celoron stands approved as one of the finest insulating materials by the U. S. Navy and the U. S. Signal Corps. It is used by hundreds of radio manufacturers and radio fans by the thousands.

Why has Celoron been adopted as an ideal panel material? Because—

1. Celoron is a uniform material that is practically indestructible.
2. Celoron does not soften, warp, or sag. It is moisture-proof.
3. Celoron can be drilled, tapped, sawed and bored without chipping or cracking, even if worked near the edges. It will engrave evenly without feathering.
4. Celoron does not give under pressure from a screw-head or a tight binding-post.
5. Celoron does not undergo chemical changes which cause deterioration in its electrical properties. It retains its insulating qualities indefinitely.
6. Celoron does not lose its lustre or become discolored. It doesn't change in any way with age. Its beautiful finish makes an unusually handsome set.

Radio fans can get Celoron Radio Panels in three finishes—glossy black, dull mat and mahogany. You can get them from your dealer *cut in standard sizes, ready for instant working*. They come to you protected by individual cartons on which are printed full directions for working.

You can also get complete sets in which Celoron panels are standard. You can get Celorón in the form of tubing for winding coils, variocouplers, variometers, etc., and cut for condenser end plates and telephone receivers. If you desire further data regarding Celoron for radio work, for insulating switches and individual instruments, write us today. We are the largest and oldest manufacturers of standard size radio panels of this material and have been supplying our fibre and Celoron products to all industries for thirty-five years.

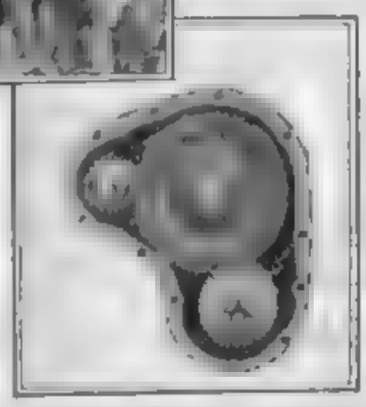
Send for free booklet

"Getting the Right Hook-Up with Celoron" contains many helpful suggestions for radio fans. Sent free on request. Just ask for it, giving your dealer's name and address.

When you see this display rack at your dealer's you can be sure of getting a genuine Celoron Bakelite Panel

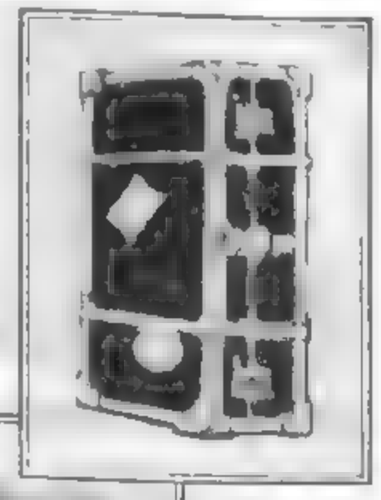
To dealers: Let your customers know you sell Celoron Radio Panels. We have for your use the counter rack shown here, which is large enough to display Celoron panels. Write for particulars telling how you can get this attractive display rack.

A typical machine gear drive using a Celoron Silent Pinion



Celoron Silent Timing Gears are used in many popular motor cars

The better grade trunks are covered with Diamond Fibre



Vulcawood waste baskets match your oak, walnut and mahogany furniture

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Bridgeport, Pa., and Chicago, Ill.

Branches in Principal Cities

Toronto, Canada; London, England

(Continued from Page 182)

Day was nearly done. Out at the end of the dock, and back in the shadow of the anchor pier, lights twinkled in the bitter dusk, showing where the company police were making ready for another night of vigilance.

"If I had any hankering to plant an old pair of overalls or a dinner bucket full of dynamite against the tower pier of this job, tonight's the night I'd pick to do it," stated Hal Raff, shivering. "Dang little watchin' this bridge'll get tonight. I bet you them old pensioners won't get away from their little stoves three times between this and morning."

The men went past another watchman, through the gate in the high fence that went around the two tremendous land piers and all the buildings and equipment for the job. Just outside the gate, Tim Mulligan stooped and whistled softly.

"Wadju find?" asked Raff.

"Ticket for the box fight down to Callihan's tonight. One of the men must of dropped it."

Tim put his find in his pocket rather hurriedly, it seemed to Hal. In the dim last light of day the object looked a little bit large for one of Callihan's fight tickets.

"I'll bet you were lucky enough to find a ringside, too," said Hal Raff, a friendly suspicion getting the better of him. "Let's see it."

But sure enough, after considerable fumbling in his jacket pocket, Tim produced one of the pasteboards that let you in to Callihan's, an institution which makes no pretensions to showing boxing class, but which has built up a clientele of rough-and-ready gentlemen who pack the place each Wednesday night in appreciation of Impresario Callihan's policy never to stage anything but grudge fights. And sure enough, the pasteboard called for ringside.

"Lucky stiff!" snorted Hal. "You'll get blood on your shirt front sure as shootin'. But just be sure none of it's your own. That's a union hang-out, Callihan's, and if you let yourself get mixed up in an argument, apologize before some roughneck crowns you with a piece of lead pipe."

"Don't worry about little Timmy getting in an argument at Callihan's. Compared to me, a clam will be garrulous tonight. By the way, Raffy, I almost forgot something. I must go back to the office. I promised Bill I'd have the January rivet record ready for him first thing in the morning. Hope you haven't been putting anything over on that new rivet counter. If his daily reports total up about three thousand more driven than I can find on the blue prints, Bill's liable to hop up on you. See you at prayer meeting, Hal. So long."

During the night snow started, and when the hoisting-engine whistle piped next morning the air was thick with flakes. The ground was white and yardmen were sweeping the piled steel so that the erection marks might be discerned.

Separate from the structural stuff, an eyebar pin lay out in the open, across two blocks of wood, a cable sling around it, as it had been left the day before, all ready for the first lift in the morning. First job today, that eyebar pin was to be driven.

From up above some place, some place half hidden by the driving snow, a hook came down and the bight of the cable sling was hung on it.

"Strain!" bawled the hook-up. Almost impossible to get a hand signal to the high-ball man way up there on the traveler's deck, so thick the flying flakes.

The wire rope, a seeming cobweb in the snow, tightened carefully. The hook-up batted the sling down close around the pin. The pin lifted ever so little from the blocks of wood. It balanced. The hook-up steadied it a second.

"Take 'er away!" he bellowed.

And as a jet of steam plumed out into the snow far up above the yard the eyebar pin shot skyward and was gone.

Now an eyebar pin on the Marchborough bridge was what you'd call a pin for sure. Five feet long, let's say; twelve inches in diameter, nickel steel, weighing a ton—considerably more with point and driving cap—lathed to a polish, finished to the hundredth of an inch. Considerable pin, though not exactly suitable for fastening a pattern to a piece of dress goods, and the driving of it the most spectacular business in the most spectacular of all the jobs of men.

The air is full of sound and fury—signifying something—when they drive an eyebar pin, and full of ropes and pulley blocks and cables and handlines. One set of tackle dropped from a derrick's boom high on the traveler's top deck to hold one nest of eyebars. Another set holding the second nest. Still another set to plumb the huge panel post. A dozen—twenty units of massive steel must meet at a certain point, and must all be held in place by a maze of blocks and cables till this big eyebar pin has pinned them all together. Twenty twelve-inch holes through which that great pin must be hammered; but the tangle of tackle necessary to hold those holes in line out there at the dizzy cantilever end is only part of it.

What of the hammer? Thor did not wield so great a one. A huge long block of steel as heavy as the pin—heavier—hanging from still another derrick's boom by still another cable.

And the hammerer? There are ten hammerers! Ten husky men it takes to swing it. Ten, pendent over Tide River, two hundred feet, almost, above the water, gathered upon a heavy platform that hangs fast from still another cable in that maze of cables.

Then one last cable for the pin itself, that giant pin of finest nickel steel. To one end of it is bolted temporarily a heavy pointed cap, so that the pin may enter easily those twenty holes as it is driven forward; to the other end the driving butt, a bumping piece, tough and much battered, that has received the blows that sent hundreds of such pins home.

All ready? Sure, let's go! This has been simple. A hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of pale-blue language and we're all set. Some little brains, too, may have come into use.

"All right, men, smack 'er!"

"Yo-he-e-e!" Long-drawn.

Ten men pull backward on the ram.

"Hi!" Short and sharp.

Ten, high up there in the whirling snow, hung there by a cobweb cable, the whole great cantilever arm hung out over nothing; they at the end of the cantilever, hung out higher, farther yet.

"Hi!" Short and sharp; and the ten put all they've got into the forward swing of that great ram. A short and pregnant silence, then ——

"Kr'rang!" With a jar that makes the whole bridge quiver, ram hits driving butt and the pin is started home.

"Yo-he-e-e! Hi! Kr'rang!" Deliberate, tremendous rhythm in it.

"Yo-he-e-e! Hi! Kr'rang!" Man music, such as Sibelius might write.

"Yo-he-e-e!" Hauling away to the high-ball song up there above the river, while on the screen the hero sits in his scented bath, baring his two-by-four shoulders proudly to an admiring world, smoking his long and devilish cigarette, reading the morning's grist of love notes that Jephcott hands him on a golden platter.

"Hi!" Slamming that ponderous hammer home with sweating and with swearing, while down at the Orpheum, Archibald Peachbloom, permanent wave and all, goes agallop out into the wide open spaces where bull is bull and knocks the villain for a row of powder puffs.

"Hi!" Up there in the storm, where men are leather-necks. "Hi!" And then, making every last piece of structural iron tremble from the outermost floor beam clear back to the tower top, that hammer, greater than Thor's, hits! "Kr'rang!"

So it goes, when it goes smoothly. So the great pins are rammed into place. But on this icy February morning tragedy flew with black wings closer to the Marchborough job than it had ever flown before. For when the very first blow fell, the sling that held that monster pin parted like twine. Ten men, sure that the stout floor would go to pieces underneath their feet, leaped instinctively, like a single man, for the lines by which the platform was suspended. Not ten men—nine. Halfhitch Billson, the hammer-gang boss, flung himself at the pin. The platform held together. But the pin which had fallen on it was rolling toward its edge, toward the bridge. The gang boss tried desperately to lay hold of the smooth round surface of the heavy thing. He failed. Then, just as it reached the platform's edge, he squirmed about and got his leg under one end of it. It slued. Men heard the bone snap. It rolled over Halfhitch Billson's leg, broke out a section of the platform fence, toppled, was gone. It hit a great diagonal brace on its downward plunge. Then it bounded outward. It cleared the rest of the bridge as it went whirling down. Far below a geyser leaped.

One millionaire sat in his office downtown that day and, staring blankly at his windows, let his dollars loaf disgracefully. That night he ate but little dinner. He was

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The pains and cramps you suffer in the toes, heel, instep, ankle, and often in the upper leg, are due to one thing—arch weakness. *It is easily corrected.*

Your foot has twenty-six small bones knit into a well balanced double arch which sustains the weight of your body. Overstrain causes a weakening of the muscles and a disarrangement of the bones. Then they press on the nerves and blood vessels, causing pain, often excruciating.

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still scared. By reaching out over the port bow of his white motor yacht he could have touched that pin as it dropped in the water past his nose and drenched him.

As you go out a cantilever arm the strains in each succeeding panel get lighter and lighter, and the eyebar pins therefore smaller and smaller. So there was no duplicate for the one that fell. Three days, with the finest of luck, it would have taken to get another. One day at Ironville to get a special heat melted in the steel-foundry open hearth, another day for annealing the pin and machining, another to get it through by express and barge to the job.

They brought a diver in to Rawhide Bill.

"What does the salvage company pay you?" Bill made inquiry.

"Ten a day if I go down or not. Ten extra for each descent."

"Union?" asked Bill.

"Bet your neck!" stated the diver.

Bill found a broad check book. He scribbled in it a while. He tore out a page, two checks with a perforation line in between them.

"They're both the same," Bill explained as he handed them over, "only I don't sign the bottom one till I see that pin come up out of the river."

With a heavenly smile upon his rugged countenance, the diver went hurriedly away from there.

"I'll be back about noon," said Rawhide Bill to his office force. "If anyone wants me I'll be over at the New Market side of the bridge."

They still talk about that fight that was fought out on the end of the New Market cantilever. Rawhide Bill, in search of big Gus Gustavsen, found him out there with the union men, smacking inch rivets into a bottom chord as only big Gus could smack them.

Rawhide Bill walked right through the gang, pushed aside the passer, kicked over the heater's forge, took Gus by the shoulder, straightened him up and then, as he had promised, hopped up on him. Lucky, the bucker-up, was standing down in that bottom chord and came scrambling up just as Bill flew into the Swede. The bucker-up caught Gus as he came staggering back from the first wildcat onslaught, otherwise he might have gone out into a hundred and thirty feet of icy air and into a slush-filled river.

"You will saw cables!" was all that Rawhide Bill said in that whole half hour, and he said that at the start of it.

Squarehead fought like a great Cape buffalo, Bill like a pack of cheetahs—so fast he seemed five places at one time. Stormed at from every side at once, Squarehead flailed right and left with those bone-cracking fists of his, and more than once found a mark; only to have the target that he hit stand up, a thing the like of which had never happened in the Swede's life before.

Halfway toward the end, Dad Pike came strolling out the cantilever to look things over and found his whole job at a standstill. And like the good sport that he was, he stood still with it, leaned back against a panel post and gave himself over wholly to the morning's entertainment.

All Bill's work was done on the mid-section; partly because he knew that men, however strong, yet not built up by systematic training, yield there first; partly because he knew he dared not risk breaking his hands against the jutting corners of Squarehead's face. During that busy half hour, Bill landed two thousand three hundred and forty-seven times, if you would believe the count of perfectly reliable eye-witnesses. Against these Squarehead landed five; but such man-wrecking blows were they that every man that saw them hit felt nausea, and knew that this spare man who stood up under them did not break simply because he was unbreakable.

At that half hour's end a panting voice said to a ring of pop-eyed men, "Did any of you help him?"

The ring of bridgemen looked at Bill and at one another dumbly.

"He sawed a cable sling partly through last night. We dropped a pin this morning. If any of you had a hand in that, speak up! I'd like to pile him up on top of Gus here while I got a sweat up."

Nobody spoke. Bill started away. As the ring parted to let him go the voice of Dad Pike foghorned orders:

"Come on, you yellow-bellied sons of mackerels! Here it is, February first! Thirteen more days and it'll be the middle of the month, and you haven't raised enough steel yet to make a pack of carpet tacks! Jerk into it before I start in making some remarks!"

Men started climbing snowy steel. Rivet hammers started their deafening tattoo. Swede Gus, sprawled in the hollow of a buckle plate, rolled his head feebly. And to the howling joy of all who saw it, the heater boy of his gang dragged hose and laid the big rivet gun on the Swede's chest like a lily and folded his limp paws upon it.

Dad Pike put out his hand to Rawhide Bill.

"Good morning, Bill," he said.

"Good morning, Dad," said Bill. "How goes it?"

"K O," said Dad without the semblance of a smile. "Think you'll get over to the game next fall?"

"Maybe," said Bill. "Hope so. You know we got a darn good chance to do it this year."

"You always have," said Dad.

"Thanks," said Bill. "Well, so long. Good luck here on the job, and bad luck next November."

"Thanks, blast you, Bill," said Dad. "Good-by. Come over often."

When Bill got back to the Marchborough side the news had beaten him across the river. He made his way up to the traveler, and as he stepped up on the engine deck in view of nearly all his crew a wild yell rose about him. Then all work ceased. Rivet hammers went still, hoist engines quiet. Maybe they thought that Bill would have something to say about the day's events. He did.

"What in the name of Ham you yellow-bellied sons of mackerels are yelling about I don't know, and I don't give a hoot. Get to work! Great suffering side meat! Here it is, February first, thirteen more days and it's the middle of the month, and so far you wang-rammed shoemakers haven't got enough steel up to make a pack of phonograph needles. Jerk into it before I hop up on somebody!"

Bridgeman looked at bridgeman in surprise. Then slowly there came into being about two hundred yellow-bellied smiles, so radiant with sweetness and light that the whole Marchborough cantilever gleamed like the rainbow bridge into Valhalla.

Here was exactly what the doctor had ordered, and with a roar of rivet guns that shook snow down in showers, there began right then and there that good old rip-'em-up régime, that burst of high-pressure going, that poked steel out across the void from Marchborough at such a rate that the Seal Brown cantilever hooked to the Prisoner's Island work twenty-four victorious hours before the Dark Red side. On which event, as has been said before, a fat lad pranced across the precarious footing of the first connecting bottom chord, and pressing onward like the lad who bore the banner with the strange device, covered the long-completed Prisoner's Island span in record time, outdistancing all competitors, fat or slim.

Out at the end of the cantilever toward New Market he stopped, there being no place else to go but down, like Mr. Brodie, and there he stood and heaped contumely on the sweating men that toiled for Mr. Pike, the erstwhile Dark Red wrecker, not fifty feet across some very empty space. There, swaying his fat sides derisively, he applied his left thumb to the middle of his face, and to the astonishment of power-yacht captain and garbage-scow commodore, riding the raging main so far below, bawled not "Excelsior!" as was appropriate but some such silly thing as "Valley! Valley! Valley!"

But on the day that started Rawhide Bill off on his months of wildcat tearing in that finally brought home the biscuits, Tim made no such blessed idiot of himself. On the day when Rawhide Bill hopped up on the ten-ton Swede, Fat Tim was *hors de combat*, as the Laplanders put it. That day dawned on the morning of the night before; and on that night before, Fat Tim, after having finished up his bit of office work, had gone to Callihan's. There, against sage advice, he had allowed himself to get drawn into an argument as to the relative amounts of tonnage raised in a given time by open-shop and union bridgemen, which argument had grown in intensity to the point where some union partisan won it by leaning up against Tim with a blackjack.

Next day Tim woke up in the Good Shepherd Hospital with as elegant a head as he could have dipped out of a bowl, even in the

(Continued on Page 189)

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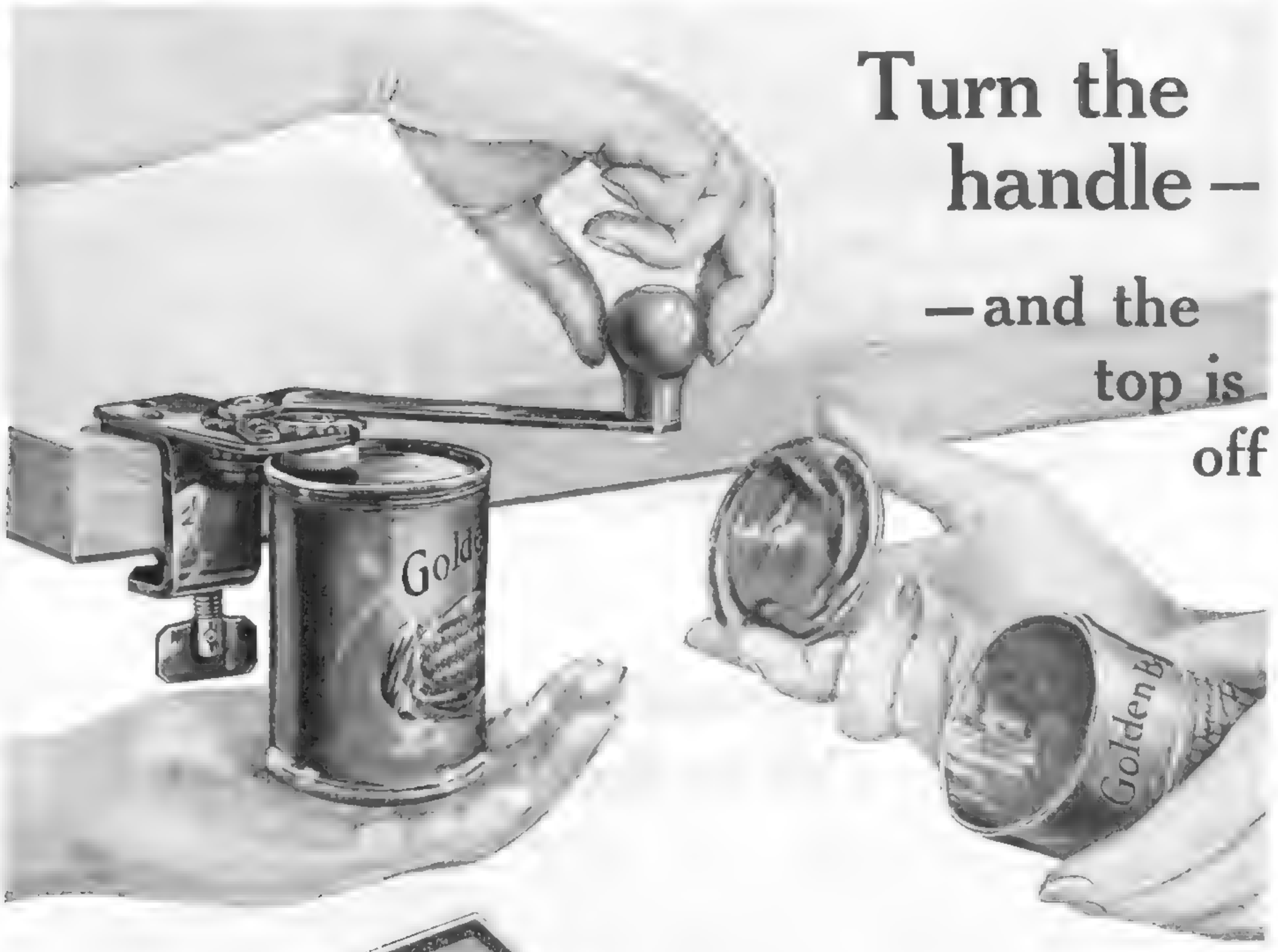

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The "BLUE STREAK" Can Opening Machine

(Continued from Page 186)

lusty days when Monsieur Karl Ekard proffered all eager buyers the flowingest bowl in all the country round about Valley Teen

"He wakes," announced Rubbernose Brown the chainman, who sat beside the bed. "He wakes to greet the morn; but he's about two hours and thirty minutes late."

"I told the poor nut," said Hal Raff sympathetically. "I told him if he used that ticket, to keep his flytrap shut. I told him that joint of Callihan's was a union hang-out. And now look at the gosh-darn thing!"

Tim put a careful hand up to his cocooned head.

"I wish you two would go and fry an egg," requested Tim. "But before you do it, tell me, was the interne right? He told me all about the accident when I came to a couple hours ago. He said he heard no one had got killed. That right?"

"Well," answered Raff, "Bill dang near killed Squarehead. Nobody else got hurt but Halfhitch Billson. You see, the platform held when the pin fell on it, and Halfhitch got one foot under one end as it rolled and slued it so it almost cleared the bridge. Struck a diagonal and bounced clear. Broke Billson's leg, but he's all right. Just left him over in the other ward, lyin' his young heart out to your newsy little interne. By the time he's out of here that young sawbones'll think Halfhitch personally put up every steel bridge in America. As long as he can fan the breeze, a little thing like a broken leg means nothing in Halfhitch's life."

Tim freed a long-pent sigh and then relaxed. If a pardon had come just as the firing squad was drawing seven concentrated beads upon his wishbone, he couldn't have gone limper.

"Hal," he asked weakly, "how did Bill know the big Swede did it?"

"Easy," the rivet boss explained. "Soon as they saw that the cable had been sawed almost through, they hustled down to where the pin had been layin' with the sling around it overnight. If it hadn't snowed, the hook-up never would have sent the pin up. For there on the ground, when they cleared away the snow, they found a newly broken piece of hack-saw blade."

"It was cold and black last night, all right," admitted Tim; "but you wouldn't think a man would slip up on a thing like that. Besides"—Tim frowned in study—"that doesn't sound like the Swede at all. He could make a hack saw sing Bring the Wagon Home, John. I've seen him go clear through a ten-inch I-beam without ever changing a blade."

"That makes no never minds," asserted Hal. "Even a hack-saw artist like the Swede might break a blade as cold a night as last night; and lose a little piece of it, too, on such a black one. At any rate, he did both. For under a corner of one of the six-by-sixes that the pin was layin' on, right where the wind must have blowed it, what do you think they found?"

"What did they?" asked Fat Tim.

"The big Swede's union card!"

"My gosh!" whispered Tim. "They didn't! And the boss saw it in his breast pocket just this morning. Musta dropped out when he stooped over to saw. My gosh! And the boss goes right over to the New Market side and marches right up on deck and welts the everlasting whey outa him right before his gang! My gosh, but the boss musta been sore!"

"Sore!" gloated Harry Raff. "Say, Tim, he still is! Raw as a red-eyed ape! He came back from the other side still boilin'. So far today he's cursed six sulphur rings around the neck of every son of a Piute on the job, and hasn't used the same word twice. Sore! Say, boy, the air is fuller of rawhide than brickbats at a Donegal fair, 'n' that bunch of bricklayers tryin' to put up steel for Dad Pike across the river is licked right now!"

"That's nice," said Tim. Then the kindly light that beams in the face of one who forgives his enemies shone from Tim's pillow. "You know, I'm glad that roughneck cracked down on me. It worked out fine. After Bill rode Gus so rough, and called him a Finn yesterday morning, and after what you said at quittin' time, Hal, about the watchmen layin' down account of the blizzard weather, I had a hunch. I felt suspicious. I had made up my mind to get out on the job early this morning and prowl about a bit, looking for dirty work at the crossroads. Who can tell? I might have taken a look at that very eyebar pin. Then I'd have found that broken hack-saw blade and everything. But it worked out better than that. Sure was lucky no one got killed; but it made the boss eighteen times as sure to drop that pin than just to hold the sling cat in time to stop the lift. It worked out fine. Fact is I always did contend that all things work together for good for them as serve that dear old Ironville Steel Company. To get Bill good and raw, somebody's got to come up back of him and slip him ——"

"Hey!" interrupted Mr. Rubbernose Brown, chainman. "Hey and a couple of listens! Wait a minute! How in thunder would you have discovered that piece of hack-saw blade and Squarehead's union card under three inches of snow any quicker than the hook-up would?"

Guilelessness glowed on Fat Tim's pumpkin face

"Well, you see," he explained it, "in the first place, the big Swede lost his ticket to the box fight. I know it was Gus who lost it because his union card was fastened to it with a rubber band. In the second place ——"

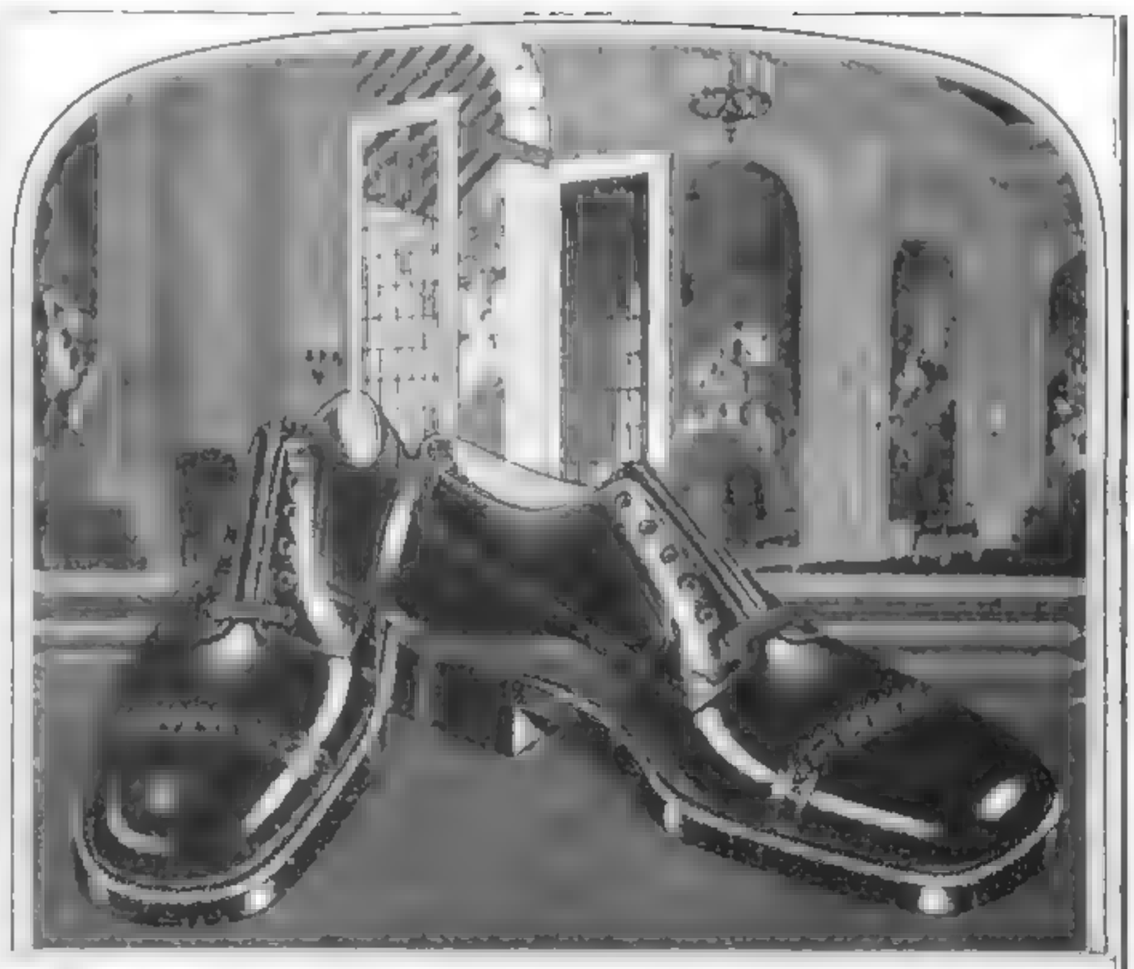
"My dead aunt's black cat's whiskers!" gasped Mr. Raff

"Good night!" gasped Mr. Brown.

Mr. Mulligan turned the back of his cracked pate very gingerly but none the less most impolitely to his slack-jawed visitors. He closed his eyes in what he seemed to think was well-earned slumber.

"Me!" stated Mr. Mulligan's pillow sleepily. "I did that!"

Sunset From Smith Cove Dock, Seattle



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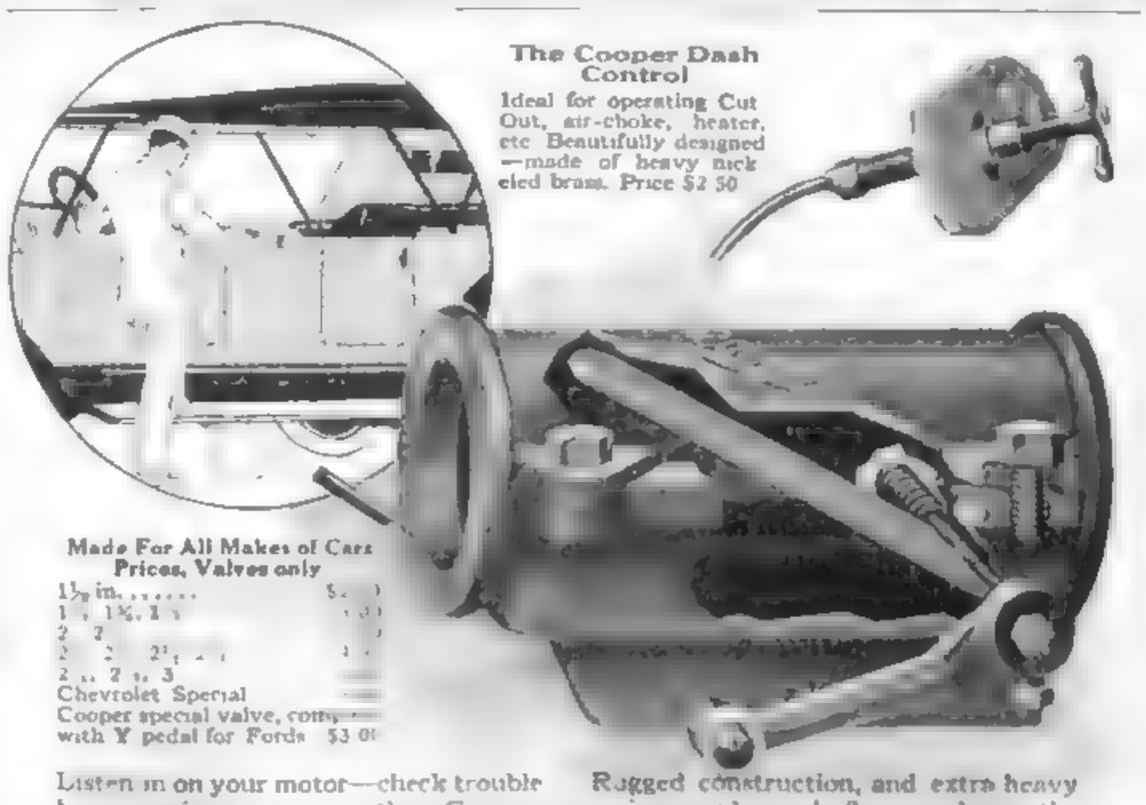

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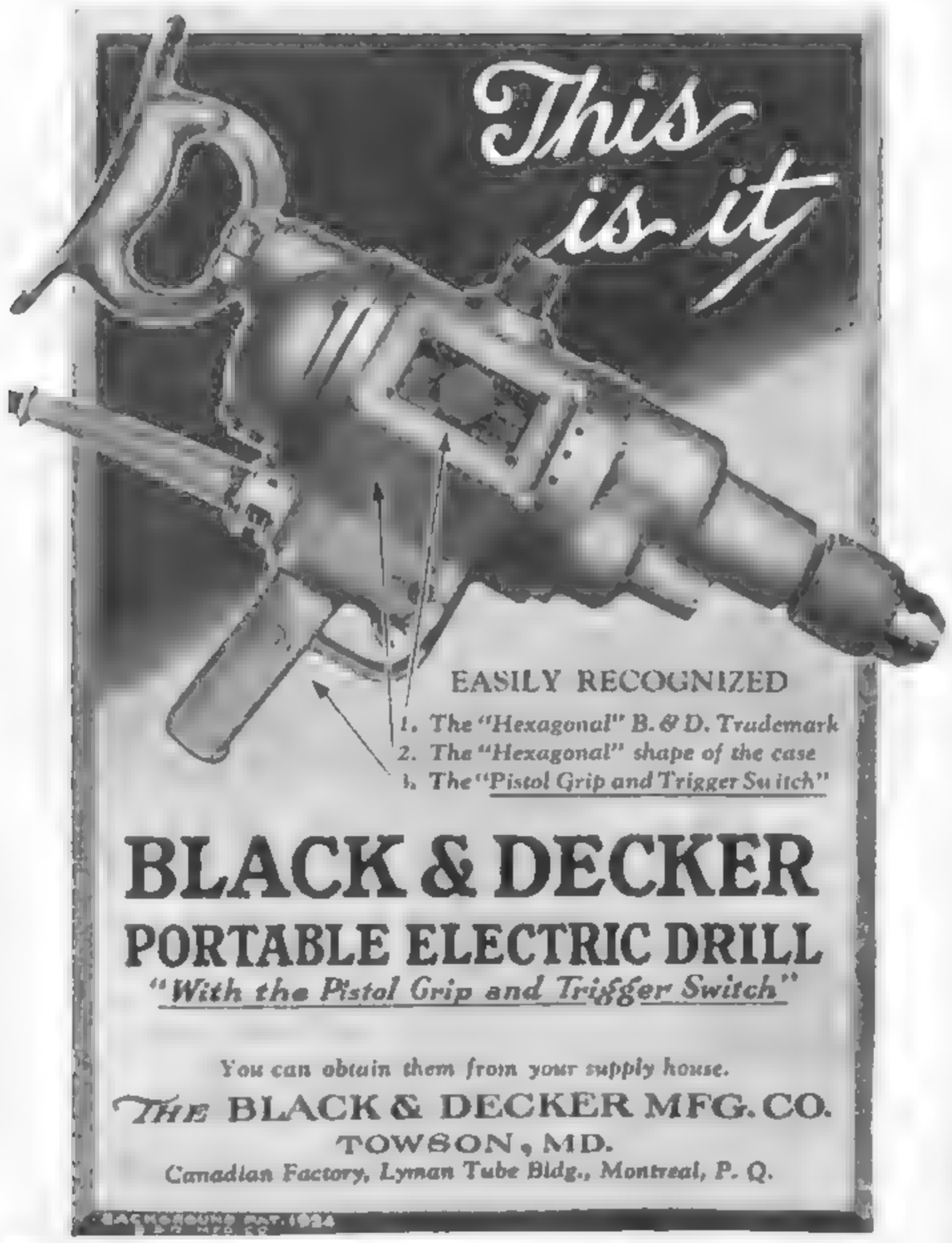
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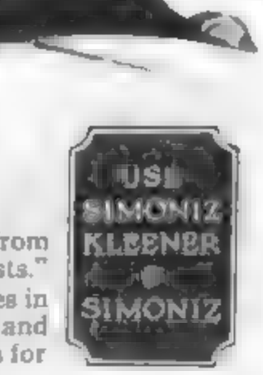
"Doesn't your car deserve the protection that only Simoniz can provide? Once it has been simonized you can quickly and easily rub off the mud and dirt with a soft cloth without injury to the finish. A clean car every day! Washing expense avoided! Greater trade-in value! These are the benefits of Simoniz."

"Vote for protection. Simoniz your car now. Accept no substitute. Be sure to get the genuine."



Cars that are dulled by blemishes and discolorations should be restored to their original lustre and protected in all weather by simonizing

The Simoniz Company, 2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill
10th Street and West End Ave., New York City London - Paris

Motorists wise—
SIMONIZ
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LET X = LA FOLLETTE

Continued from Page 4

enough of his legislative program to hold his radical friends to his support he keeps hidden certain of his ideas and policies in order that he may not frighten away those whose discontent has not been formulated as yet into more than protest without concrete consideration for legislative palliatives and panaceas. He discloses only a portion of his hand. Still, the trend is visible, and the bases are there. The fact that the million or more avowed Socialist voters in this country are in his active support gives evidence to the effect that the sentence in the preamble to his platform which says "Under the Progressive principle of cooperation, that government is deemed best which brings to the many the highest level of average happiness and well-being" is a mere sugar-coating of the Socialist demand for the dead level of all effort and estate, and the abandonment under legislative enactment of that intelligent individualism that has made this the greatest country in the world

There are numerous and competent political observers in this country who think that the La Follette movement was more formidable before it was developed into an actual candidacy for President at the Cleveland convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action early in July than it has been since. I hear reports at political headquarters and from politicians that La Follette is petering out. These reports are not justified by my own inquiries and observations, which have extended over a considerable portion of the Northwest and the Mississippi Valley, the real battleground, and were made during August and a portion of September. It is quite true that a political menace is less of a menace when it is localized by a candidacy and established as to units and elements of strength. That is to say, when La Follette was a threat rather than a nominee the fear of him as a political disturber was greater than it was after he had been nominated and the forces that nominated him were clearly set forth. What is known can be attacked; given attention, as the politer politicians say

Followers of the Red Flag

To this degree the politicians are in better case as to their own prospects and the prospects of their party than they were when they were confronted by the theory rather than by the condition. However, the nomination of La Follette, on his extremely skillful platform, worked both ways. It gave the politicians in opposition their concrete points of attack, but it also gave the discontented, the protest vote, the radicals and all of allied and similar policies their concrete points of defense and adherence, and it solidified the socialistic thought of the country, which exists in large measure outside of the politically socialistic party, to an almost unanimous support of La Follette.

William English Walling is authority for the statement that the constitution of the Conference for Progressive Political Action was written by Morris Hillquit, the Socialist leader, and it was the Conference for Progressive Political Action that nominated La Follette at Cleveland, or, at least, was the dominant factor in that nomination. Eugene V. Debs, four times the Socialist candidate for President, telegraphed to the Socialist convention which was in session at Cleveland when La Follette was nominated: "I think it wise for our party to make no nomination under the circumstances, but at the same time to hold the Socialist Party intact, adhere rigidly to its principles, and keep the red flag flying." All of which the Socialists did by making no nomination and transferring themselves, both as a party and as individuals, to La Follette, taking the red flag with them.

A Medium Protest

Now, there are a million socialistic votes in this country, and aside from that, there are a great many more votes that are socialistic in one way or another, although the voters have no intention of joining the Socialist Party or becoming professed Socialists. There are a great many more than a million votes in this country, in present conditions, that are socialistic in tendency and can best be classified as protest votes. There are a great many more than a million votes in this country that will follow any leader who will promise them a radical change. There are many times a million voters in this country who are nominally Republicans or nominally Democrats and are, in reality, radicals. Give these voters a chance to express their various protests, and they will take it. They have the chance this year with La Follette.

They are not blatant about it. I have been in communities, in the six weeks before this was written, where it is as certain that there will be heavy voting for La Follette as it is that there will be an election day, and have found no loud outcry nor any especial advertisement of that fact. They are going to vote for La Follette because they want a medium of expression for their protests and discontent, and not because they believe especially in La Follette and not because they are Reds. Those Republicans who say that La Follette will draw mostly from the Democratic Party, and those Democrats who say he will cut deeper into the Republicans are talking at random. This La Follette sentiment that exists in this country is not nonpartisan, and is bipartisan. It goes both ways.

The tendency of the professional politicians is to sneer and jeer at this protesting element in our politics, regardless of both national and international conditions. They say the condition is temporary and the evidences of it sporadic. They are wrong.

Continued on Page 193

The Washington Home of Senator Robert M. La Follette

Style is
woven into them

Strength is
a part of them

and the name of them is

"Iron Clad"

Iron Clad No. 98
Misses and Children

BLACK, WHITE, BROWN
or LEATHER GREY

The popular, fine-ribbed stocking woven of yarn with a lustre fine as silk. A double sole and 4-ply heel and toe give unusual strength and durability and you can get this stocking for the price of ordinary stockings. A guarantee goes with every pair. 3,000 dealers carry Iron Clads. If you don't know where to purchase Iron Clads in your city, it will be well worth your while to ask us.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad Hosiery

Mr. Jones discovers——

1

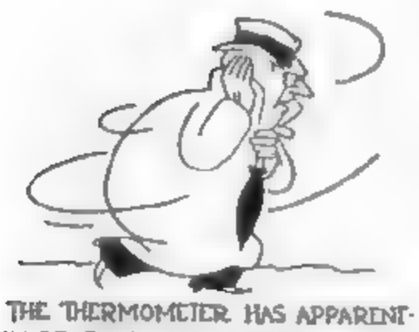
2

3

AND SAY MAYBE I WON'T WALK IT'S TURNED AWFUL HOT ALL OF A SUDDEN WHAT? NO OF COURSE I HAVEN'T TAKEN ANYTHING - EXCEPT SOME ALL WOOL!

4

5


THE THERMOMETER HAS APPARENTLY DROPPED FORTY DEGREES IN THE LAST FIVE MINUTES. GUESS THE INSIDE OF A TROLLEY WONT LOOK SO BAD

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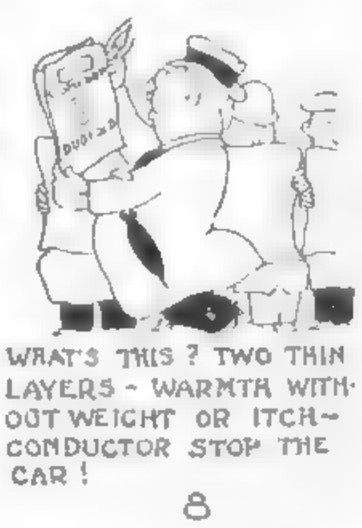

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10

11

—something better in Winter Comfort

Underwear in two thin separate layers
Warmth without Weight

Two thin layers with air space between keep warmth *in* and cold *out*, more effectively than a single layer, much thicker than the two combined. As illustrated by the storm window, double walls of a house, double blankets on your bed, etc.

Using this *principle*, Duofold's two *thin* fine layers, separated by a film or blanket of air, give you the *warmth* of a heavy fabric with the *comfort* of a light one.

These two layers also provide better protection against the chills caused by dampness in underwear.

Damp cloth chills much more rapidly and to a much greater extent than dry. Anyone who has ever put on a damp bathing suit, even in midsummer, knows how cold and disagreeable it feels.

In Duofold, the inner layer, which absorbs perspiration, is completely covered by the outer layer, which is *always drier*. Cold air cannot come in direct contact with the damp fabric. Especially when a person steps out of a heated building, into bitter cold outdoors, this protection against disagreeable and dangerous sudden chills is appreciated!

Here's the *protection* so advisable during winter, with such unequalled *comfort* that once a person wears Duofold, he never wants to go through another winter without it!

Try it. *Feel* the difference! Nothing else like it.

Two fabric combinations from which to choose—

1. Both layers made of cotton.
2. For those who prefer the *extra* protection of wool—outer layer made with wool, inner layer made of cotton. The wool *can't* touch the skin.

Sold by good haberdashers and at department store underwear counters.

Write for free samples of Duofold two-layer fabric, and names of local dealers.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY, MOHAWK, NEW YORK

Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 190)

The thing goes deeper than that. It is the culmination of war unrest, high cost of living and low prices for produce, dissatisfaction with the old parties, lack of intelligent leadership, the derelictions and ineptitudes of Congress and a general feeling that taxes are unequally distributed and excessive. Taxes have more to do with it than anything else.

With all these incitements to unrest and with the widespread belief that the old parties have outlived their usefulness, they look with favor on any medium for protest that is offered. La Follette is that medium of protest at the moment.

Furthermore, the fact must not be overlooked that active socialism is having its innings in other parts of the world, and that, in addition to the officially designated and political socialism of this and other countries there is a latent socialism that is entirely without the theory or philosophy of that brand of politics, but is eager for some sort of change and has the firmly fixed idea that some sort of mass effort will be useful—some sort of popular revision of existing conditions—and is indifferent whether that revision takes the form of the socialistic theory of popular rule or not

I asked some highly placed men in this campaign whether, in studying the evidences of nation-wide La Follette strength, they had considered recent international events. I asked them if they had thought of the steady progress of this so-called liberalization of government which is, in fact, the amplification and reduplication of government rather than the limiting of it, and pointed out the series of governmental events in the past few years: The revolution in Russia, the revolution and republicanism of Germany, the seizing of the government in Italy which worked the other way around but had its application in the destruction of the existing order, the Labor Government in England, and the recent victory of the Socialists in France.

"Have you men ever thought that it may be our turn next?" I asked them. They hadn't, but they are thinking about that now, because it may be our turn next. The unknown quantity in this forthcoming election is La Follette, not because he is La Follette but because his candidacy provides a medium of protest.

Vote-Securing Arguments

Six months ago, and before that, the greatest single element of discontent was the agrarian element The farmers were dissatisfied They were also broke Many of them are broke now but the prices of corn and wheat have risen and there is a tendency on the part of the professional politicians to consider this discontent partially assuaged, at least. That may be true. Excellent crop reports are coming in, and high prices for farm produce always help the Republican Party, because the bulk of the farm vote in this country is Republican. No doubt the La Follette partisans banked on this bad economic situation. The rise in the price of farm commodities disconcerted them. Not long ago, in Seattle, Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, who is an ardent La Follette supporter, said in a speech that the American farmers, "like a myriad of working bees, are being fed on sugared water in the form of increased wheat prices to keep them from swarming to the candidacy of Senator Robert M. La Follette. The party working with the larger bankers has the power to increase farm prices, and that is the reason for the increase today."

This Shipstead view is but another way of stating the La Follette view and the view of his most active supporters, which is that this country is in slavery to the money power and that the few are in control of all the wealth there is, and use that wealth for the further bondage of the people. In this wheat matter, for example, the facts in any state disprove the contention. Senator Shipstead says the money power increased wheat prices to keep the farmers from La Follette; and if that is so it surely is an expensive proceeding. Take Nebraska, a typical agricultural state, for example: The deposits in the state banks of Nebraska increased over six million dollars in the quarter ending July first, and that was all money belonging to farmers and secured because of the increased prices of farm products. The most conservative estimate places the value of the 1924 crop in Nebraska over the 1923 crop at $100,000,000, which, if Shipstead is correct, must be the amount the larger bankers are paying to Nebraska farmers to keep them from La Follette.

This, as the Omaha Bee points out, is ridiculous, but nevertheless there is vast vote-securing power in this alignment of wealth against the people. There is a wide appeal in the cry to the poor to rise against the rich. There is much political nourishment in the denunciation of this alleged dictation and despotism of money. It has been the stock cry of the revolutionist since time began, and there are signs in this country that the cry has not lost its appeal.

Technically, it is unfair to class Senator La Follette as a Red. He has denounced communism and internationalism, and has stated he has no sympathy with the extreme radicalisms of the communists and the internationalists. Foster and his crew, in their turn, have denounced La Follette and have declared they will have nothing to do with him. Recent surveys of the activities of the Reds in this country show that, however much Senator La Follette may deny his association with men of this type, he seems powerless to prevent their association with him. Numerous of the leading members of the Workers' Party, which is the William Z. Foster party, are now actively canvassing for La Follette. The senator refuses to hold with the Reds, but they persist in holding with him.

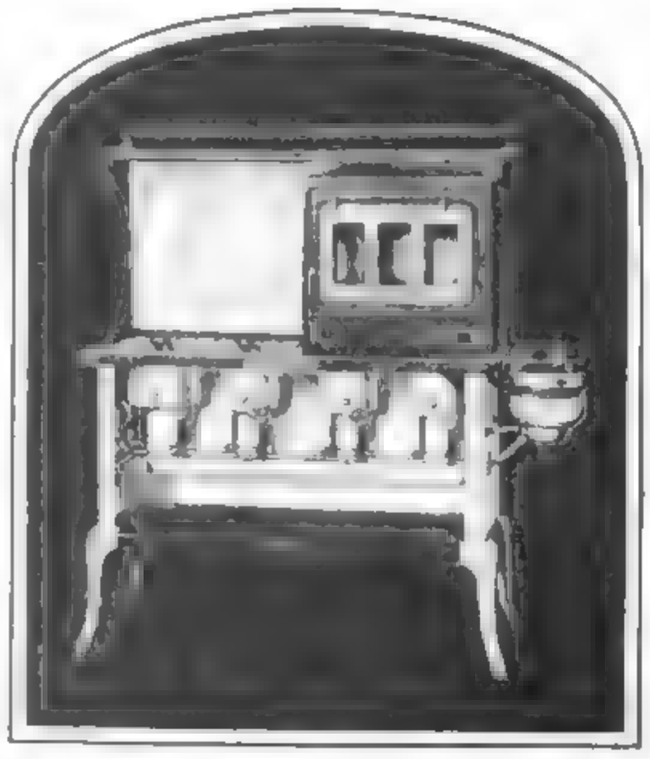
A Motley Crew of Supporters

The indorsement of La Follette by the American Federation of Labor has a radicalism behind it that is not in keeping with the long labor record of Samuel Gompers, president of the federation. Gompers has always been opposed to socialism, and opposed to the participation of the federation in politics as an organization. Yet, with La Follette's largest unit of organized support the Socialist Party, and with most of the other allied organizations—all offsprings of the Socialist Party—strong in the support of this third ticket, Gompers allowed the Federation of Labor to be jockeyed into this illogical position. Those familiar with the politics of the federation say Gompers could not help himself, as it has been known for years that there is a considerable radical element in the federation scheming to take control of that organization, and on this matter of the indorsement of La Follette this radical element was too strong to be withstood

That is probably the truth of it; and that, too, is another proof of the spread of radicalism in this country. It is easy to say that the spirit of America is opposed to radicalism, and that the foundations of this country are too deep and too secure to be shaken by such a demonstration—easier to say than to prove. Unless there is some change not apparent as this is written early in September, unless there is a vast amount of work done by the old parties, unless the people of the United States awake to the real meaning of the candidacy of La Follette, which is, first, the absolute legislative control of the Congress, and, second, the throwing of the presidential election into the Congress, which is expected to encompass the defeat of both President Coolidge and Mr. Davis; unless a great many sore spots are cured and a great many former partisans are returned to the old party folds, it is probable that La Follette will poll several millions of votes.

And he may carry several states, several meaning more than the two generally conceded to him, which are Wisconsin and North Dakota.

It is the absurdest political folly for those who have the safeguarding of American institutions at heart to minimize this situation. It may be that La Follette will carry only Wisconsin. It may be that he will carry Wisconsin and North Dakota. It may be that he will carry Wisconsin, North Dakota and Minnesota. The list can be extended. The fact of the situation is that at this writing no one can do more than guess at what La Follette's November strength will be. He may weaken as election comes, or he may not. In any event his motley collection of Socialists, Reds, committees, blocs, half-baked parties, combined with the dissatisfied Republicans and Democrats, is in a position to work havoc with the chances of President Coolidge and Mr. Davis, with our two-party system, with our economic situation, with our American theory and practice of government and, ultimately, with our Constitution. If it progresses to a voting success that includes half a dozen states it will put a minority President in the White House and eliminate



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Kerosene Gas Cook Stove

Cooks Like a Gas Range at Much Lower Cost

Thousands of kitchens are now equipped with this wonderful Alcazar Kerosene Gas Cook Stove. Made in every desirable style and size. Cooks as easily and as perfectly as the city gas range but fuel bills are much lower.

When in need of a kitchen range, insist on seeing the Alcazar variety of models. Includes styles from the big Alcazar Oil-Duplex, burning wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, to the finest coal and wood ranges

See the Alcazar dealer or write us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co., 436 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges—*Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel*

An Oxford that Grows Old Gracefully

AGE rests but lightly on the Nunn-Bush ankle-fashioned oxford — disproving the fallacy that to be smart a low shoe must be new. For through ankle-fashioning, Nunn-Bush achieved a perfection in style—*without gapping or slipping*—which enables a correct fit to last as long as the oxford is worn.

Men who dress carefully wear Nunn-Bush ankle-fashioned oxfords for two reasons: their value is unusual at such moderate prices; their good looks permanent.

$7.50 to $10. Ask your dealer or write for Style Folder

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"Faithful (NUNN BUSH) to the Last"

India
You can tell an India by its shape
Any one of its many exclusive features would explain the India's increasing popularity
Smartly distinctive shape
Convenient carrying length
Wider spread for full protection
Sturdy ten-rib construction
Windproof tips that "spill" the wind
The India can't turn inside out
Indias for ladies and gentlemen at all desired prices. Special Indias at $5 and $10. Emergency Indias at $2. Children's Indias
ROSE BROTHERS COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa
"The little umbrella with the big spread"

$7
Now, well-dressed young men want several stylish Fall hats – in colors that blend with particular suits. All dealers in fine hats have
SCHOBLE HATS
for Style for Service
FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., Philadelphia

the two candidates of the two great parties Further, it will give La Follette legislative control of this Government, and go a long way toward allowing him to work out his socialistic theories at the expense of the prosperity of the United States.

To begin with the minimum, La Follette is now assured of the thirteen electoral votes of Wisconsin. The Republicans say they made a better showing in the fall primaries this year than they have recently made, and call attention to the fact that this is the first time that La Follette has been on any but the regular Republican ticket in Wisconsin, and that Wisconsin is a Republican state. They get some comfort from that, but Wisconsin, as it stands, will be carried by La Follette. He also has four out of five of the electors in North Dakota, but steps have been taken to get a full electoral ticket for Coolidge up there. This may change things to some extent. Still, North Dakota may be set down for La Follette, and, with Wisconsin, he will have a start of eighteen electoral votes

There are 531 votes in the electoral college, and 266 are necessary to a choice. It is too early at this writing to go into a consideration of the probable results by states, but it may be said that, as matters stand in early September, there are several combinations that can be figured out any one of which will give La Follette enough votes in the electoral college to throw the election of the President into the Congress. And none of these combinations is at all fanciful or partisan, but based on the cold political facts of the situation.

The Republican sore spots, as this is written, excluding Wisconsin and North Dakota, are Washington, Minnesota, Colorado, Iowa and Ohio. Rather, those are the sorest spots. There are others that are exceedingly irritating and annoying, such as Indiana, Wyoming, South Dakota, and so on. There is much La Follette sentiment in California and Oregon. Now, all these states here mentioned are normally Republican states. Even if President Coolidge is uniformly successful in the East he will need some of these votes to make up his required 266. And the point is that there is a chance that La Follette may get some of these states. It is true that with the Republican managers in full possession of these facts they are in a position to make intensive campaigns to hold them, and probably will; but it is also true that it is the political strategy of the Democrats in these states, where Davis has small normal chance, to aid and abet the La Follette candidacy every way they can, with the idea of, first, splitting away enough Republican votes to give the states, or some of them, to Davis, or, second, to give them to La Follette and thus cut down the Coolidge chance. And the Democrats know just as much about these states as the Republicans do. There is no monopoly on such political information

The Unknown Quantity

Later, a detailed survey of this Mississippi Valley and Northwestern situation will be presented in these columns. At present the general condition is all that need be shown, and that general condition is as set forth above. Unless an enormous amount of hard work is done La Follette will get far more votes in this territory, specifically, and in other territory not detailed, than most people think.

That is the broad political situation at the time of writing. Neither Coolidge nor Davis has 266 sure electoral votes in sight, notwithstanding the claims put out by their managers. La Follette is the unknown quantity. He may work his mischief on Coolidge, or he may work it on Davis, or he may not work it at all. That depends on what happens in the last six or seven weeks of this campaign. He cannot be elected himself, but there is one thing he can do, and may do, if his support does not disintegrate, and that is throw the election into the Congress.

The twelfth Amendment to the Constitution provides the method for electing a President in case there is no election by the electoral college. The voting for President is done by the House of Representatives, and that voting is by states. Each state has one vote, and twenty-five votes are required to elect. Whether the vote cast by each state is for the Republican candidate, the Democratic candidate or for La Follette depends on the political complexion of the state delegations. That is, a state that has a delegation of which a majority of the members are Republican will vote for Coolidge, and the states having Democratic delegations will vote for Davis.

The House will take up the election of President immediately after the electoral vote is canvassed during the first week in February, 1925, and the present House will do the voting. The House canvass having shown that neither Davis, Coolidge nor La Follette has the required 266 electoral votes, the House will proceed to ballot for President, and must vote for Coolidge, Davis or La Follette, in this instance, as the Constitution forbids the injection of candidates who were not candidates at the November election, and restricts the House to the three candidates who had the highest number of votes

Presumably, there will be a deadlock, because in the present House there are twenty-three delegations that are Republican, twenty that are Democratic and five that are evenly divided and would not vote at all unless some Republican of one of these delegations or on any of them switched, or some Democrat turned Republican. The twenty-three Republican states include Wisconsin, where La Follette has a majority of the representatives. Hence, the Coolidge strength will be twenty-two, the Davis strength twenty, and the La Follette strength one. Coolidge to be elected must obtain three of the five evenly divided delegations, and Davis to be elected must have all five of them.

These evenly divided delegations are Maryland, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Nebraska.

Prospects of a Deadlock

In as much as a switch by any member of these five delegations in this time of stress would be open to immediate suspicion, the chances are that a deadlock will continue until the House is dissolved by legislative action at noon on March 4, 1925. Meantime the election of a Vice President devolves on the Senate. The Senate is required to vote on the two candidates receiving the highest vote for Vice President, which will be Dawes and Bryan. Each senator has one vote, and forty-nine votes are required to elect. Here is where La Follette expects to operate. There are fifty Republicans in the present Senate, forty-three Democrats, two Farmer-Laborites, and one vacancy, caused by the death of Senator Colt, of Rhode Island, who was a Republican. If all the Republicans voted for Dawes he would be elected, and in the event of the House deadlock continuing unbroken over Coolidge, Davis and La Follette, Dawes would become President.

But not all the Republicans will vote for Dawes. La Follette has a radical following of several senators, and the two Farmer-Labor senators generally join with him Therefore, all La Follette needs to elect Bryan Vice President, and thus make him President, is to hold the support of three radical Republican senators besides himself, to get the full Democratic support for Bryan, and to deliver the two votes of Magnus Johnson and Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor senators. La Follette thinks he can do that, and that is why Bryan is running for Vice President in the states and for President in the Senate.

This is the September situation as to La Follette, conservatively stated. La Follette is an unknown quantity in this election so far as his vote is concerned, but a known and definite quantity as to policies and as to possibilities. He cannot be elected President himself, and he has no idea that he can. He may be able to strengthen his grip on the legislative end of the Government. He may throw the election into the Congress, and, in that event, he has it in his power to elect Bryan Vice President with a chance of Bryan's becoming President. He may be able to transfer the electoral vote for Wheeler, his associate, to Bryan and thus elect Bryan Vice President in the electoral college without recourse to the Senate.

These are the facts about La Follette, set forth here for the American people to consider. The only way to defeat the aspirations of La Follette is by translating the x of unknown quantity of his strength to the y of a known and energetic opposition to him. Unless a lot of work is done between now and November, Senator La Follette will poll a vote that will astound those who fatuously say he has shot his bolt, that his support is disintegrating, and that the American people are not foolish enough to give him the power he seeks.

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For over Sixty Years the NICHOLSON File Company has concentrated on just one thing---making better files for every purpose.

Special machinery designed by our experts changes a piece of carefully selected file steel through more than a score of distinct manufacturing operations into the finished NICHOLSON product. Each operation plays an important part in giving the Nicholson file its sharp teeth that cut from the first stroke, its rugged endurance, its 100% uniformity.

The NICHOLSON FILE CO. gives to industry and the thousands of men who appreciate owning and using good tools, a masterpiece ---each file stamped for identification with the crossed files and the name NICHOLSON.

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NICHOLSON FILES

~a File for Every Purpose

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

MUNSING Wear

HOSIERY and UNION SUITS

is now obtainable in Hosiery as well as in Union Suits

The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all undergarments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

HEART OF THE HOSTEL

(Continued from Page 17)

be making his accounts. Then he would go up to the dining room and cogitate two hours over his dinner. Ten P.M. would see him putting together chocolate and eggs for macaroons Richelieu or concocting something erudite like *ambrosiennes* with a core of nuts in jelly and a crackly exterior as of candy that is trying very hard to turn itself into cake.

Toward midnight he would be in his refrigerators, counting up his pounds of *pâté à chou*, that highbrow among the butter batters which must go icy cold into the oven if it is to bulge to the bursting point and become an éclair. He would stick a knife into crock after crock of creamed sugar to see whether it was ripe enough for frostings. Locking that cold room, he would pass on to the next, where bejeweled cakes, jelly rolls, delicate things in paper frills and battalions of fruity loaves proved that he was, probably, as much as two days ahead of the demand. About this time he must have disappeared, yet he was again there by six in the morning, ahead of his helpers. His indefatigable energy, useful as it was, did not alone make him invaluable. He has imagination. Any day he may come forth with a nobler, better cream puff, a more abandoned macaroon.

Good Eating Aplenty

Yet he, too, hates the public taste. He gets disconsolate.

"The crowd doesn't know good cake from bad," he moans. "It only wants colored fluffy frostings piled on with a trowel."

Not for worlds would he create for a patisserie on the street, where he would have to cater to the mere window-gazing throng. In a hotel of icy conservatism and aloofness from the vulgar, he can put out the least possible amount of showy stuff and exert himself chiefly on those sweets sanctified, as it were, by the world's famous epicures.

Monsieur Breval ought to take time to enjoy his money. He gets a thumping salary. His helpers are mostly apprenticed to him in the French fashion, by which various uncles and aunts from Arles to Paris send him large sums for the tuition of his protégés.

To be in and out of those bakeries and kitchens redolent with every luxury of food, to have the most *recherché* edibles at your very hand all day, presents a temptation which so far as I am able to say has never been resisted by any human being. That is a preface to my own confession. Did I taste any of those rare confections in the patisserie? Did I let the array of raspberry glacé in little boxes in the ice-cream laboratory escape my notice? Did I permit the brochettes of chicken livers grilling on the grill to pass unchallenged? Did I try a salad dressing of heavy cream, cheese and pignolia nuts on a split South African peach? Did I sip a breakfast cup of squeezed grapefruit juice with preserved nectarines and cherries, or, along about four P.M., a cup of foamy chocolate interspersed with a few buttery slices of maple toast? I will say I did!

I would put off the impulse with the certain knowledge that I would eventually fall even as Sairey Gamp delayed her potations with the pleasurable feeling that the bottle was on the mankelshelf waiting till she was so disposed. When I felt that I was so disposed all over, I made a careful selection of the bottle to which never by token I was just then employed. Often, route from the depths to the heights I would make a little gastronomic excursion.

Signs, however, greeted you at every turn: "Eating on this floor forbidden." It took young Aloysius, a head pantryman, to find the legal quibble. He said it meant nothing at all. He wouldn't eat on the floor for anybody! He is now on the road to become a lawyer, and if I ever commit another crime I shall engage him for the defense one year in advance.

In my own case, aside from the three or four excellent meals I got every day in the chefs' dining room, I was singularly picked out by Vanutelli, the breakfast *chef premier*, who supplemented his meals and mine as often as not with peculiarly luscious things he concocted in a chafing dish in some odd corner of the Louis Quinze kitchen. I wore the air of pupil and he of *grand maître*, and we both ate like friars in one of Vibert's pictures of monastic hardships. If you stayed over from the day to the night service, some other chef would like as not point to a languishing breast of duckling and tell you to get yourself a plate. It was remarkable how quickly the two things—duckling and plate—would coördinate in your consciousness, even though you knew that a four-course dinner was coming to you.

Vanutelli, chef, was a law in his own kitchen, Aloysius was an acrobat in logic, and I was at least aboveboard. But the big guzzling is what I am getting at. Take, for instance, Mademoiselle Printy—the huge indispensable to the hotel. She was to the breakfast orders in the Louis Quinze what [illegible] was to the range. And she arrived at 5:30, coming, like the gas, all the way from Astoria. She bulged into the room, banana in hand, and rustled a crate of eggs from the ice room that I had hardly unlocked. Opening them into a ten-gallon casserole, she would pause to gauge the state of being of the breakfast cereals and to decide between Scotch oatmeal and some other cereal. Silver nappy, cup of cream and spoon in hand, she would float to the serving room for a good dash of maple sirup, returning with these elements pleasingly mixed with a goodly portion of her chosen cereal.

When the eggs were beaten—very gently—with the right amount of water and the whole thing neatly strained, and a ten-pound chunk of butter melting slowly at the back of the range, she would put a dozen omelet pans to heat and settle down to business, sampling the sizzling bacon all down the line or pronging an appealing chop from the grills. At six o'clock she would pleasantly remind Anatole, now getting his fry kettles ready, that he could oblige her by doing omelets while she was absent. She would then make a godlike descent to breakfast. It wasn't safe not to give it the once-over. You never could tell.

An Artist in Potatoes

On her way back she would find the coffee machines in full steam and would draw herself a couple of cups that they might be conveniently at hand by her table. This brought her to a fine point of exaltation and she would keep her end of the kitchen in a fine humor, telling of the dreadful foreigners she encountered every morning in the Subway and of what she [illegible] she to him. Omelets began to bloom in rows. Waiters, by twos, then by dozens, bawled their orders, and she, unperturbed, never kept a waiter waiting. If she had to do a filled omelet, as with creamed beef or à la Creole, did she trouble another chef? No, she prepared the filling with one hand and turned omelets with the other. Such nerve requires sustenance, however, and she would manage to snatch a few bites, a few of the fresh French fries Anatole was creating. By ten it was all over, she had ample time to go out shopping before lunch, and a cool slice of Casaba melon helped her on her way.

There was Mademoiselle Printanier, absolutely unequaled at the preparation of potatoes for the frying; she snipped, slashed, trimmed like mad—and waited—waited until three o'clock, when from soup to black coffee she made an epicure's meal and kept it so concealed under the cold wrung-out cloths, the baskets and firkins of iced water around her little demesne, that the maître d'hôtel might chance that way in vain to detect anything unusual.

Subtle avenues of communication—an underground express service existed. There was Old Immunity, in the vegetable rooms, a hundred feet below the kitchens. He was immune to onions; they could not make him cry and he loved to tell you so and declare that he had peeled onions around the world. He wore double aprons, and between them, where space was free both from detection and from the tools of his profession, there reposed every day a roast duck or half a capon or the most prized parts of a turkey. His associates, chiefly women, dedicated to the preparation of string beans, peas and other legumes that refuse to be dealt with by machinery, never seemed to notice his derelictions. They had their own little preferences—notably cakes.

When I graduated and became an officer of the hotel, rated as a *secretaire de cuisine*, I learned what the magnitude of this pilfering could be, and I understood

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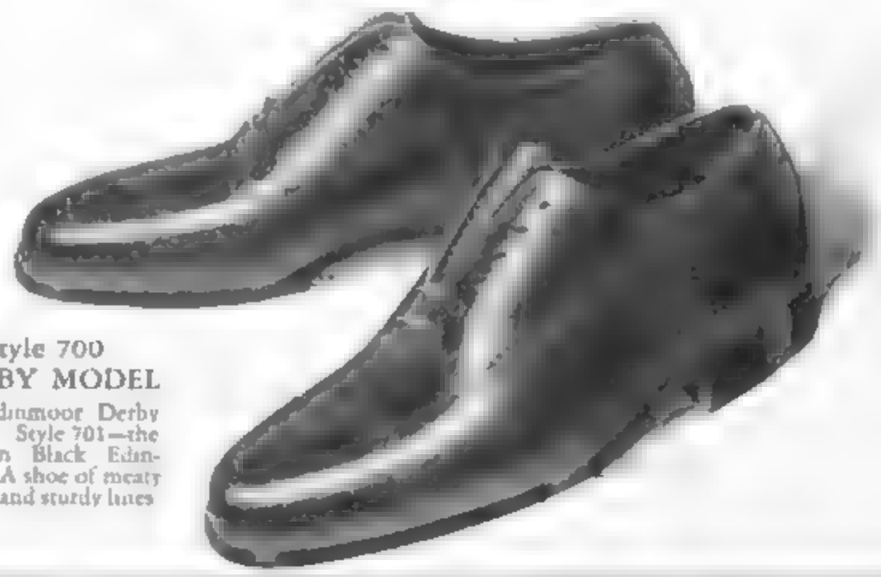

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A WELL BUILT CAR

how that, combined with a dozen other problems, must keep a hotel manager on the rack. I also found out something far more significant—the wastefulness of the public. The hotel may lose a lot; it wastes nothing. Its spendthrift cousin, the criminal for extravagance, is its own guest. Yes, there was a lot to learn when I went upstairs!

On the wall of an inner office of the great hotel hung a steel engraving that caught my eye the first moment that I set foot in that secluded sanctuary of the *chef premier*. It showed somebody dying in several attitudes. Legs strayed in two directions on the floor, arms supporting the body against a small embrasured window were evidently at their last stretch, and the head was thrown back at an angle which in two seconds more would bring the princely creature to the pavement all of a heap.

It was a strikingly uncomfortable picture, and, though curious and valuable, one I should not care to own. I should always be waiting to hear that body go ker-flop. Plainly, too, it was a case for the coroner. A poniard—elegant word—was still rattling to the floor. If you looked through the window you saw a landscape full of horses, kings and queens and men at arms. Had they come to nab him? Had he muffed their move in the nick of time? Not so. Its title and a little research in Monsieur d'Arles' library reveal the tale.

The knights and ladies are merely a week-end party, assorted sons and daughters, of the French court. The man dying in the peekaboo over the front door is the cook, being no less than Le Grand Vatel, chef and minister of the commissary to Henry IV. Vatel was not looking for this happy throng to arrive earlier than the last down train on Wednesday; but after the fashion of house parties, they came on the merry jump and parked in the park by noon of Tuesday.

Not shown in the picture, but necessary to the agony of the hour, is a train of butchers, bakers, pots and pans and kitchen scullions who are stuck in the mud just outside Paris, and this is Amboise, a hundred miles away. There were only two sausages, an old cheese and a piece of griddlecake in the house. There was no need of his doing it. Yet many a cook, and hostess, too, with the party in the parlor and the grocer and the butcher and the iceman all gone to ballyhack, can look on the famous suicide and make him tutelary martyr of the kitchen.

Cookery Touched by Romance

The mere monarch for whom this scientist and artist worked would have given half his provinces to keep him. Vatel, among other things, invented the traveling cookstove, without which succeeding and salutary wars would have been impossible. He put the economy of great kitchens on a scientific basis. By that we refer to the feeding of courts and armies of his own time, and the armies, circuses, conventions, clubs, colleges—above all the nomadic throngs of our day—that compel us to maintain hotels vast, vaster and capable of still growing.

Vatel's death touched culinary history with romance, but his achievements and himself, because they embodied the nationality most important in the history of men and their food, bear directly on the point of this article. For without the art of your Franco-Swiss and his aptitude in the art of feeding multitudes with elegance and thrift, the world's hotels would be just about at the status of Lillas Pastia's tavern—Carmen, Act II, Scene 1.

It is no blow to our American self-satisfaction to admit that we have done no other than hand over our great kitchens to the proper people. We did it in time to keep almost one-tenth of our old hotels out of bankruptcy. We had gone on the old plantation scale of huge hospitality in a loose method that made the manager everything from steward and linen-room girl to mine host. Now I doubt if there is ever a manager who knows all the ins and outs of the delegated services and departments of which he is the head. Certainly there is not a stockholder who does, and the general public is gloriously indifferent.

The public, moreover, comes into the picture in a curiously double rôle. Courted and catered to by one-half the executive force, it is also regarded as the Assyrian that came down, the devouring locust, even the Mordecai within the gate. The utterly innocent public doesn't know this, nor does it consider that the very highest price it ever had to pay for a mutton chop brought to the table is ninety per cent less than it would be if Thrift Enthroned and Economy the Emperor did not govern those kitchens whence it came. These abstract potentates, by the way, are all that will save a profligate world when all the world lives in hotels—and that day seems perilously near.

The coming by degrees of this Franco-Swiss and German salvation of the hotels is in itself a romantic bit of our domestic history—a whole article in itself—not lacking a feature of riot and resistance, yet having a fragrant touch in the annals of famous little establishments of New York and Philadelphia, long since vanished, but immortal in memory and record. That our hotel system—and that of England too—was challenged long ago by the coming of the railroads is worth recalling.

"If so much of Manchester goes to London every day, London must shut the travelers out or starve," is a sample of the croaking that went up when the will to travel first got its wings in England.

There is just one angle of vision—perhaps it is the pivotal view of this science of the cuisine—on which I can tell a tale and point a moral. I have tried to show in a previous article some of the perfections of technic, the methods individual and peculiar to the French art of cooking as it exists in a famous kitchen. I cannot answer for anything up front, more than to say what is generally known, that the tapestries, the orchestras, the rare costly things in a great hotel have a lot to do with the overhead—that thunderhead of ever-looming disaster in every business. This thunderhead has everything to do with the price of the aforesaid mutton chop.

Executive Kitchen Work

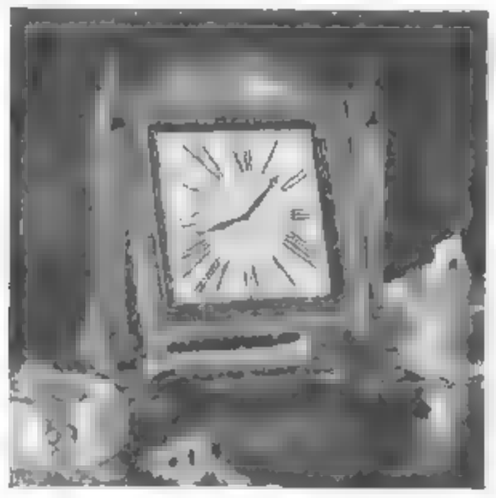
There are sharp class distinctions as well as definitive activities in the military system of La Cuisine. Perhaps it is a constellation with lesser luminaries and a trail of asteroids around the central effulgence of Monsieur le Maître d'Hôtel. His name and title are synonymous with hotel names that are household words. This personage, I have observed, always combines the artist with the man of affairs, the executant in art with the executive in business. That is why there are so few of his species who can sustain themselves on the pinnacle of greatness in the hotel career.

Of course he cooks by proxy. He is capable of preparing anything for the table from a barbecue to a chocolate almond; but his whole task is to turn his purchasing powers to the utmost advantage, to know the public taste and lead it, to ordain a table that shall be famous around the planet as exquisite, genuine, novel and technically perfect. Also he is the good old Boniface of years ago, revived in a social but dignified person who can be reached by the guest and consulted by the banquet host. And if he has that magnetic quality and perfect taste to which the public looks up he becomes an *arbiter elegantiarum* in general—a sort of Petronius up to date. When he is all this he is one of ten or twelve men living today who stand not as owners or managers but as embodiments of the hostelries where they reign.

The *chef premier*—called more often chef executive in an Anglo-French world—does the hard work; or shall I say the dirty work? He is the official scold, the whipper-in. He studies night and day upon the most economical methods of carrying out the menus issued by the maître d'hôtel, keeps that officer informed to the moment as to the reports from the stewards, sees that all menus sent back for correction and approval are forwarded to *chefs premiers* of departments. He handles the pay roll of the kitchens and submits all money accounts to the auditors, who are his bankers. He arranges the personnel of cooks, the times of cooking and gives the final O. K. to all menus for banquets and other meals privately ordered, and to the list of waiters assigned to every restaurant and for every private occasion. He knows exactly how much food, cooked and uncooked, is in the hotel and where it is distributed; figures the cost per plate, per cup, per spoonful or by the ounce, of every dish, confection and condiment in an indexed catalogue of formulas; corrects this list to market prices and must be able to figure at a moment's notice the cost—based on materials only—of any menu issued by the maître d'hôtel.

His staff of secretaries—shall I call them sleuths?—is numerous and is of two classes;

(Continued on Page 201)



BOUDOIR No. 1

Drowsy rooms are now awakening

By CHANDLER W. IRELAND
(Prominent New York Decorator)

THE flicker of an open fire—the quiet tick of a clock—the soft glow of a shaded lamp—all tend to give the delightful feeling of a lived-in room, which decorators strive to attain.

It is the "living" quality of a room which is quite as important as its beauty and correctness.

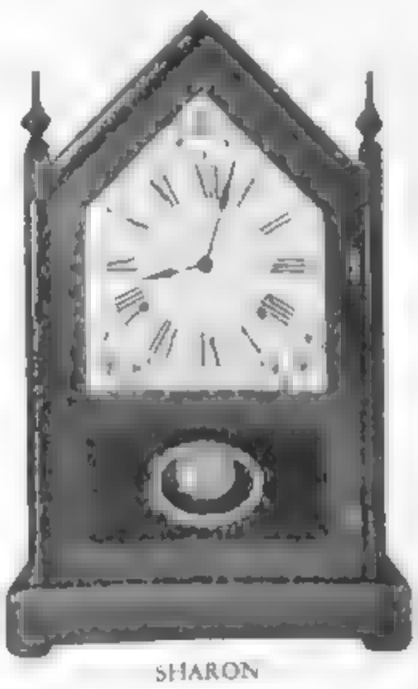
To the decorator, this is the virtue of Seth Thomas Clocks. They are a contributing factor in the decorator's scheme and give that intangible thing known as "atmosphere." They have charm—possess a quiet vigor without trace of the vulgar and add to the personality of the room.

For rooms of every sort and period there are Seth Thomas Clocks which lend themselves gracefully to the spirit of the place and add an articulate quality of their own. The genius of Seth Thomas designers in adapting motifs from all the finest periods has been perfectly interpreted by century-old Seth Thomas craftsmanship.

And of course these thoroughbred clocks possess the essential quality (without which their superb cabinet work would be the sheerest illusion) of unwavering accuracy. Ask your jeweler.

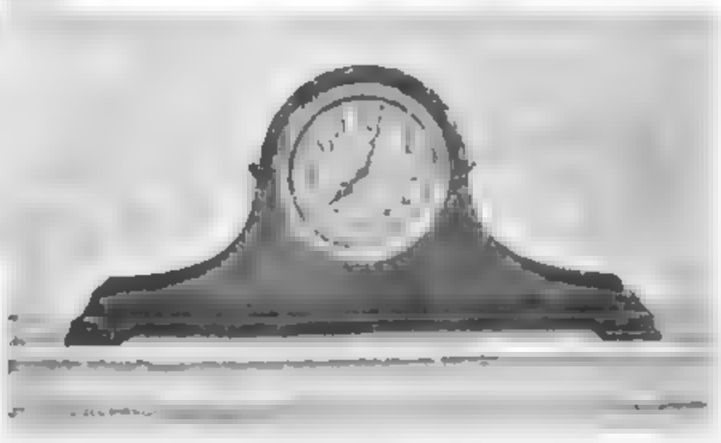
"It's hard to know just what to give"

When this dilemma confronts you, remember that a Seth Thomas Clock never fails to create for itself a warm and immediate welcome. Jewelers take real pride in exhibiting their Seth Thomas models—each one priced most modestly.



SHARON

SEVERN



CHIME No. 92

TAMBOUR No. 7

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TAMBOUR No. 7—Suited to many types of interiors. 9 inches high, 21 inches long. Mellow toned strike. Mahogany or American Walnut case. Silvered dial, $27.50. With raised bronze numerals, $32.50.

SEVERN—Case of two-toned mahogany. Height 10 inches. Base, 7¼ inches. 8-day pendulum movement. With silvered dial, $25.00. With raised bronze numerals, $30.00. Seth Thomas mahogany bracket, $4.00.

SHARON—Adapted from a famous old Seth Thomas model. Mahogany finish, decorated dial. 8-day movement with hour and half-hour strike. 14⅛ inches high, 9¼ inch base. $18.00

CHIME No. 92—Charming mahogany or American Walnut cabinet to please the eye. Melodious Westminster Chime to delight the ear. Height 9⅛ inches Base 20½ inches. Silvered dial, $56.00 With raised bronze numerals, $61.00.

BOUDOIR No. 1—Swinging frame of two-toned wood. Etched gold dial. 7½ inches high. $17.00

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Chrysanthemums are glorious *now*. Gorgeous pompoms of brilliant yellow or radiant white, startlingly beautiful.

To the living room—they lend a gleam of golden autumn sunshine. To wear at your girdle, a brilliant ball of color that gives the fresh, outdoor touch of autumn. For your coat lapel, there is a smaller, brighter chrysanthemum that squares your shoulders and gives new vigor to your step. Chrysanthemums are glorious in October—*now*.

Call your florist and have him send you half a dozen, or stop at his fragrant counter and pick out *one* to wear. You cannot buy so much happiness for so little money in any other way.

"Say it with Flowers"

DISTANCE is no barrier to the happiness that flowers can give. You can order flowers at your own florist's, delivered anywhere in the world by telegraph

(Continued from Page 198

those who deal with the raw materials and belong just as much to the stewards as they do to him, and those who have oversight of food at its most precious phase—just before it is cooked. For there is an intricate theory—I think it involves conic sections at the very least—which shows that the costliest thing that can happen to La Cuisine is the loss of food, not raw or in its perfected and final form, but during its stages of preparation. More of this later. It is best understood when you go with me at five in the morning to the refrigerators and follow the food upstairs and down all day and into the night to see it doesn't run home to mother. When you have trailed an adolescent lobster or an elusive guinea hen or hunted down the lost éclair, you will understand the reasons if not the mathematics of the system.

All the people so far enumerated are officers and dine in a cafeteria of their own. Chefs who actually stand at the range and those who just stand, white-swathed and dictatorial, to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, all dine together somewhere else; second cooks and all helpers in another restaurant, and mere hired hands—workers not directly attached to the kitchens—have still another dining room. Their meals and the ordering thereof constitute a separate load of worries for the chef executive.

Be sure they will accept no left-overs, were they ever so delicious, from the public restaurants. The cooking of their meals goes on, separately and continually, and it taxes all the ingenuity of the *premier* to get it done with the least possible infringement on the stove space, time and effort of the cooks. So your social status inside the inside of a hotel de luxe is decided by where you eat.

Being a *secrétaire de cuisine* puts you in the position of a shock absorber; you get the jolts and soften them for the chef executive. You follow up his orders and report their execution, and you are on the firing line between the profits of the dining room and the ambushed enemies of spoilage by delay, spoilage by accident or carelessness, and thievery.

Butter, Butter, Who's Got the Butter?

A *secrétaire de cuisine* does well to begin his work by five in the morning. An hour later and he has held up the procession as well as let slip his only chance of catching up with the butter account. Threading the silent, tortuous passages of the inner hotel at that hour, meeting only the polishers and swabbers who have been at work all night and are now departing, conveys a peculiar feeling, reminiscent of getting home at scandalous hours and tiptoeing to your room with generous concern for sleeping relatives. You unlock the little butter room to the special-service pantries on the twelfth floor with a notion that the Prince and Princess Esperanto, sleeping in apartments just beyond the partition, are going to hear you. Then it dawns upon you afresh that this buttery, like the kitchens themselves, is bang up against library or bedroom or dining room or kitty-cornered into an angle of a ballroom or suite; but the public never guesses it. An honest-to-goodness hotel architect could jam a boiler factory against a sanitarium and put them under the same roof and they would live forever in ignorance of each other. That is one of the glories of our steel-and-concrete buildings—a sound-proof, smell-proof construction that makes for unheard-of economy of space.

But we are on the trail of economy of butter. From this and all the other refrigerators that serve the bedroom-breakfast service and connect with the kitchens by dumb-waiter, we conclude and set down that there was, up to last night, a loss of eight pounds of butter out of eighty distributed. The profound question to be settled is, If twenty pounds of butter should be here and there are only twelve, where have the other pounds gone to? Probably she—the butter girl—sent them out on orders and forgot to set them down. Maybe a waiter or a charwoman or a bus boy got away with them. Yet butter makes a queer bundle to carry off in your hat or your pocket, and a close watch is kept at all exits. You collect the butter girl's record slips, compare them with the requisition slips. Knowing that your own arithmetic is what nearly cost you a diploma, you feel shaky about correcting hers. But you state unequivocally on her pad that there are eight pounds unaccounted for and hurry down to count up all the items of prepared or half-prepared meals in the ice rooms of the kitchens.

Suprême of chicken—the breasts—there ought to be forty-three of them in the Louis Quinze kitchen. One hundred were there yesterday. The returned accounts from the *chef garde's* luncheon and dinner lists show that fifty-seven orders were cooked. You find only thirty-seven chicken breasts. This has happened now too many times. Monsieur d'Arles, chef executive, will have to put in a plain-clothes man to find out who is taking chicken breasts home to the family. Chops, loin and rib, cutlets, sweetbreads, dressed fowl, steaks. A separate account for each. What a ceaseless amount of counting! How cold the ice-white room, literally frosted on the pipes and walls! How hot the kitchens, now tuning up to the breakfast cooking!

Before you are certain that missing items are not accounted for, all the order checks of yesterday have to be counted in every kitchen. You do not wish to report on a loss that is only a mistake, and the chef or the *secrétaire de cuisine* on duty last night may have failed to impale a *côte de mouton* check on the right spindle when "*Côte de mouton, côte de mouton!*" was yelled at him by a waiter in the dinner rush. Or he may have failed to hear whether it was "*Un*," "*Deux*," or "*Trois*" that was bawled out by the hurrying minion.

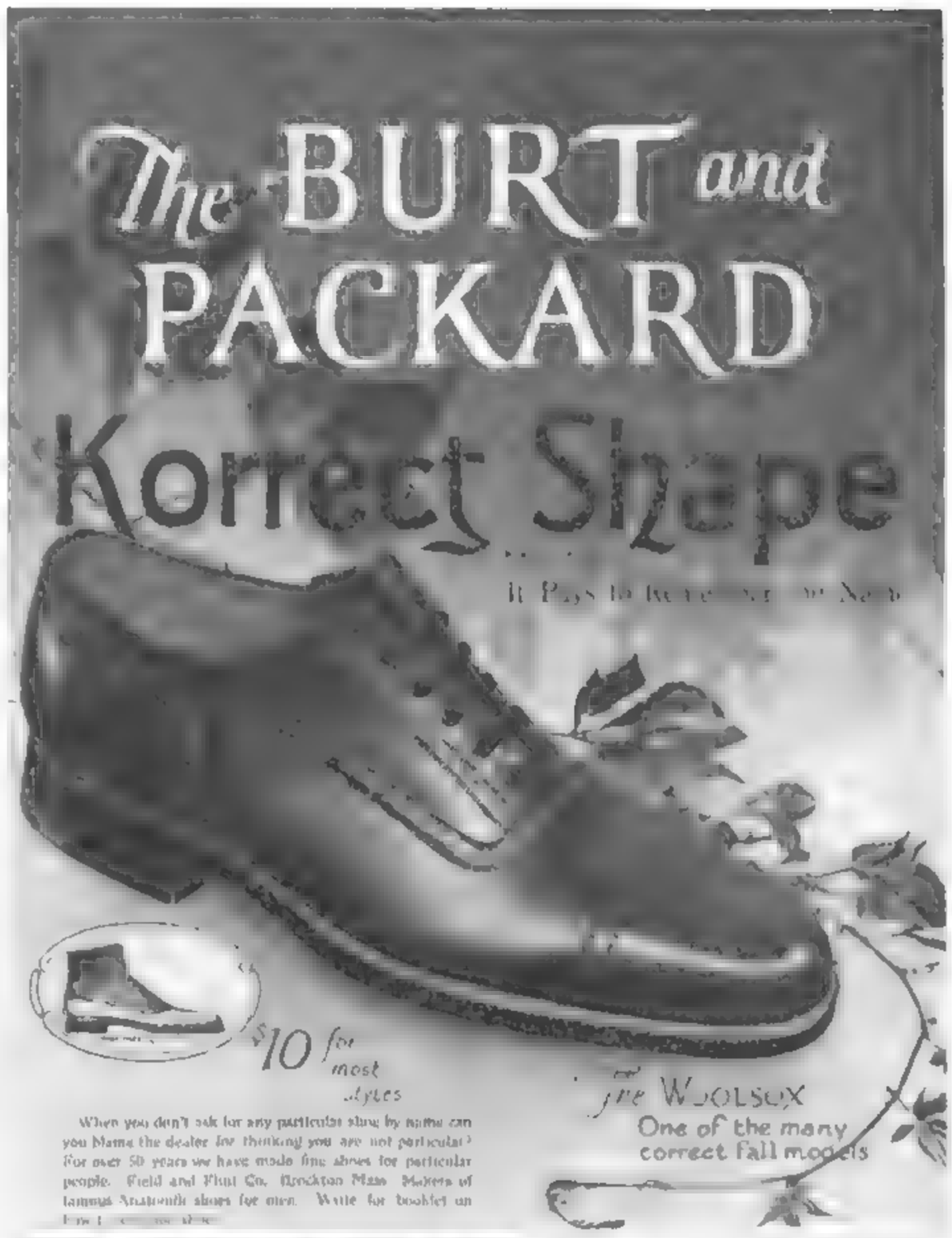
Tip-Jingling Waiters

It is eight o'clock before you have gone through all this peripatetic accountancy. But you are an officer; you may order your own breakfast served on a little table in any one of the pantries and you are not at all backward about drawing on the establishment for a meal that gives you a millionairish feeling. You have, however, a scant half hour to enjoy it, with all these accounts to be filed upstairs in that office de luxe and a digest of them to be left on the desk of the chef executive; you must hustle if the pastry and ice-cream accounts are to be finished before the luncheon service begins.

For you will then stand two hours at the order desk in one of the kitchens and put receipt slips on the right pegs. Incidentally, you will do all your repeating of orders and all your remarks and figuring in French. You must return yell for yell and put on the most stern, forbidding front you can show, and you will watch like a lynx for foul play. If you don't, the grumpus'll get you. And you never can tell which man on the ever-changing crews of waiters will be the grumpus. He'll put in an order in the pantry that reads "One English chop." He'll bawl, "*Deux côtes de mouton Anglais!*" The cook will get the order, and when fifteen minutes later the waiter walks up to the table under the sign *voturier* he'll take the two chops on their salver, garnished and trimmed as to lemon and parsley, presto, with a flourish of a protecting handkerchief, he has slipped one of those chops into his pocket!

If you see this—one chance in a hundred that you do—must you call on him to deliver? By no means. Take his number. Make a note on his order for *deux*, then, when the cashier sorts her slips, we'll see whether the guest's actual order was for one chop or for two. Suppose, now, we've checked up the grumpus, do the heavens fall on his unsuspecting head? No. The mills of La Cuisine grind slowly and with exceeding caution. Is one mutton chop worth a war with a man who will weep, work up a terrible scene and call on liberty, brotherhood and the rights of man while he foments a riot among his comrades? The hotel can inform the commissionaire who has procured the waiter his position that it is wise to assign him to some other place, and he will go his pilfering way. It is all you can do—let him know he is watched. The wicked waiter, moreover, is only around at his actual hours of service. Furthermore, he is always a stray. Year in and year out, the management has weeded its lists, permitting the commissionaires to engage only such men as it has known. At times rush of business or irregular demands of banquets compel a peculiar situation. Waiters must be had. Therefore their bosses—men who can send them in troops from Maine to Florida—must always be considered.

Many a waiter comes jingling his tips in his pocket to make his boast in the kitchens and treat the chefs with condescension. Therein lies the root of the old perpetual



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Says Joseph Butler of Ohio. "Any boy can earn a football, too—a sweater, skates, a Ruhlin—any prize a fellow wants! They're all in the Curtis Book of Prizes and *you don't have to spend a cent!* Earn money, besides! I made $15.07 in one month!" *You* can do this, too, by getting customers in your neighborhood (in U. S. A.) for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. We'll help you get a rousing start! Just write your name, address, and "Save a Bike for Me" on a postal card and mail to

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war. Nobody ever tips the kitchen. But most chefs get tremendous salaries, whereas it is only the head waiter and a very few others who get any salary not computed in due relation to tips. Perhaps a waiter comes in for nothing at all, even paying his boss for the privilege. During the holidays and in a hotel so famous as this a skillful waiter can rake in more than he could command as a wage in any restaurant on earth. As I have already mentioned, the hotel gives him a commission on certain dishes at every service. At lunch it may be mackerel Creole, or sweetbreads *financière* at dinner. The hotel has bought at a bargain or in quantity. Through the agency of the waiter the hotel relieves itself of a surplus or makes a killing on those items and the waiter gets an advantage.

We all remember Dickens' boy who stood gazing at a baker's window until, "lashed into fury by the sight of unattainable pastry," he ran off top speed down the street. I used to wonder, were he suddenly taken into the pâtisserie of that hotel, which of the items he would first devour; or, like the donkey between two bales of hay, would he starve from indecision?

Each separate Danish and French pastry, each and every éclair, Napoleon, cream puff, apple tart and every pie I must count and enter their numbers in a book; and tomorrow, as sold or returned, they again come under my supervision. Incidentally, they might have been lumps of raw potato so far as went any inclination to eat them. Masterpieces? Yes, but how commonplace they became! Not so, however, to the pastry porters; they were to be reckoned with; a tribe of somnolent-eyed youths who just tote great trays of the dainties from where they are made to where they are wanted. It was never any problem to me where that missing éclair went. Deserted gangways and silent stairways, long waits at dumb-waiter shafts—all afforded exceptional opportunities not only to these porters but to passing bus boys and hall waiters.

Frequently there was an amusing row to settle between the yeast-dough bakers and the cake makers. A certain amount of sponge was supposed to go daily from the bread bakers to the fancy bakers for the making of Danish pastry. Their accounts never tallied. France and Denmark waged unending warfare in that realm of perfumes.

The Wicked Waste of Food

To the tyro this detailed accountancy seemed wasted effort. Yet I learned it was far from that. You are simply bound to lose food in a hotel, and the only thing to do about it is to know all the time what is your total loss and charge it up to overhead. A detail that counted immensely, as I saw it, was the celery and tomato account. Out of a thousand pounds of celery, one-half only, in two separate grades, in the form of celery tips or tender stalks chopped into salads, went to the tables. The remaining five hundred pounds, not suitable for table use—was it thrown away? No, indeed; it went to the stock pots. And even the tomato skins yielded up their wonderful flavor to those caldrons of *pot-au-feu*.

Only La Cuisine practices such economy. The records of the *secrétaires* reveal down to the last turnip whether all supplies have been properly classified and used to their utmost advantage.

Yet there goes on a gigantic waste that Monsieur d'Arles and all his officers, the chefs and the pantrymen, behold every day and night and are helpless to control. I refer to the waste at the public tables. Portion things as you will, gauging by long experience what people will consume, guests throw away from one-half to two-thirds of the food set before them. In front of this La Cuisine stands helpless. Nothing, absolutely nothing, from the plates can be reemployed. There are no scrapings in a hotel. Everything goes into the incinerators.

The help disdain the best entrée in the world if it was so much as among those present, though not even trifled with, in a public dining room. To see fifteen platters of a rich and expensive entrée go in to a banquet and return, each with nearly 50 per cent of its toothsome burden, to the pantries, only to pass thence to the waste receptacles and become so much vulgar garbage is to stand aghast at the waste of materials de luxe as well as the waste of time and effort of high-priced artists. Close judgment of what will be used is the only saving factor, but it is pitiably inadequate.

"And the American public," said Monsieur d'Arles to me a hundred times, "is very prone to waste. It banquets to hear speeches, not to enjoy eating. It banquets for some political or public cause or charity. It has too much on its mind and leaves too much on its plate."

Yet no extreme of effort and expense is too great for the chef executive to assume in order to deliver exactly the goods wanted.

One day—to cite a random example—there came a note from the maître d'hôtel asking the chef's office to look up pandowdies. Whatever these might be, they were not to be found in our catalogue of recipes—a card index of more than seventy-eight hundred items. Presently came another note—"They are a rye meal drop cake. Mrs. Exenham wants them on a private dinner menu. She is sending her own formula." We had culled from American cookbooks four formulas for rye and Indian meal drop cakes and were *en rapport* with the subject by the time Mrs. Exenham flurried gorgeously into the office. Her recipe was in her mother's handwriting. She wanted an old Tennessee course of broiled ham in cream with these drop cakes.

What Europe Can Teach Us

The management carried out her wishes to the letter. A yeast-risen batter especially made was tried out on four different days in four successive ways. I took rye drop cakes to the chef executive and he would bite them.

"Tell Fritzy to try a fat thirty degrees lower and cook them longer. They're raw in the middle."

Back I would go. At last we had the right temperature chart for the fat and the cakes were perfect. No negro mammy back on the Nolichucky could have done them better.

One cost item of that experiment, just the labor of a two-dollar-an-hour bread cook, came to thirty-six dollars! That is nothing at all to ledgers that set down thousands to every line, but the fidelity of effort in carrying out just one of the hundreds of whims and the perfection of result attained are things never set down in the ledger, yet are vital assets in the success of the great hotel.

To hurry by one short cut or another from the offices of the cuisine to the kitchens was to skirt very close to the foyers, the balconies, the luxurious writing rooms and lounges. In these softly lighted angles you glimpsed those for whom all this perpetual clockwork of machinery and men was going on. I always felt that the guests were having some sort of celebration. It was difficult to overcome the notion that such cooking, such hors d'œuvres, roasts, entrées, creams, such largess as we were staging day in and day out for this multitude, could be less than for their birthdays, their holidays, some grand gala time of their lives. It was hard to believe them there in the ordinary run of life.

A turn in a corridor, a descent in an elevator, and you were in Italy or France or Spain, or all three at once. English was almost forgotten, or heard only in sporadic gusts among the dishwashers or in the linen rooms. The artists were all tuned to the Romance tongues. Here is a place where hourly it is forced upon you with what complete reciprocity the nations refuse to learn anything from one another. La Cuisine is France unaltered and refuses even to eat our kind of breakfast.

And we, equally unabsorptive, refuse to learn the technic and economy of the European cooks whose science and method we acknowledge as superior to our own. They embody a foreign art upon which we have become as dependent as Rome was dependent upon Greece for her whole culture, and without which we should be helpless to maintain the prestige of our great hostelries.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Hersey.

Good Piano-Music for All—With a Gulbransen

How few are the homes today in which there is anyone who can play the piano, really well—by hand! Yet good piano-music is getting more and more popular every day. And in more and more homes. For, every day, more and more music-hungry men and women are discovering the musical possibilities of the Gulbransen!

Piano-music of the highest type. Available to all—with none of the hardships of learning! Even though you have never been able to play by hand, you'll be quickly impressed with the *expression* and *feeling* you can put into your Gulbransen-playing. Other folks, once able to play, but out of practice, will find that all their old-time ability to express themselves musically has come back again, in double measure, in the flexible, responsive, Easy-to-Play Gulbransen!

A superior musical instrument. A quality piano, through and through. Only the world's largest production makes it possible to give you, at so low a price, a piano-value as distinctly high grade as the Gulbransen Registering Piano. Instruction Rolls, too—simple, complete, exclusive—are included in the price. And, for your protection, the price of every Gulbransen is plainly branded in the back *at the factory*.

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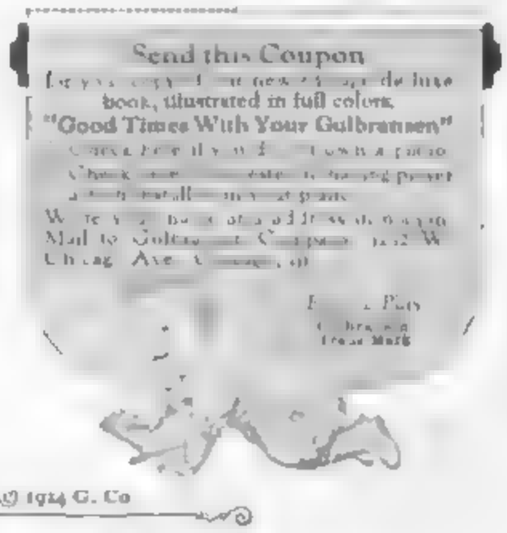

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WORDS WITH MUSIC

(Continued from Page 11)

Garden, band and delegates played and sang that song until they ran out of breath and Governor Smith ran out of convention support.

Lawler and Blake split $5000 on that song. Millions of copies were sold in the 90's. Other millions would have been sold this year if Smith had secured the nomination he sought. It appealed to popular imagination because it had heart interest. This was also true of The Bowery, because when that song was written the Bowery was an institution, one of the show places of New York and producer of certain definite and picturesque types that have disappeared. The Bowery! I'll Never Go There Any More.

The Tough Boy and his bundle, the Tough Girl, with their "dis," "dat" and "de," and their self-assurance, insolent gait, pre-Apache dance, rakish derby, broken-feathered hat, tight-fitting jackets and their Chimmie Fadden "what t'ell" were with us, vicariously, at least, in every city and hamlet. Ada Lewis, a San Francisco actress, introduced the Tough Girl to the stage in Ned Harrigan's Reilly and the 400. Ten years later Miss Lewis was still doing the Tough Girl with her gum-gripping jaw on the padded shoulder of her "steady" while she spieled—danced—and sang:

When I mesmer-mesmer-mesmerize McGee
All the superstitious-'spicious Chinks dey gaze on me.
I'm a dope girl, yes, I know I am;
If I hypnotize you it's a case of flam.
Oh, de cops dey fade, fade, fade away from me
When I mesmer-mesmer-mesmerize McGee.

Another type of American girl, the gently reared maiden with puritanical ideas, was celebrated in song during that period, which was also the period of the sporty traveling man who either had or desired to have a sweetheart in every town. We laugh now when we hear some soulless comedian solemnly sing:

My mother was a lady,
Like yours, I'd have you know.
And you may have a sister
Who needs protection now.

I've come to this great city
To find a brother dear.
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir,
If Jack were only here.

We recall that the brazen traveling man had spoken to this poor but self-respecting dining-room girl without the formality of an introduction, had even gone so far as to hint that he might take her to an ice-cream party at the corner drug store.

But witness the rapidity of the action of that old song. Our scenario writers must have consulted many such. The poor girl plaintively resents the gross attack upon her dignity and laments the fact that her brother Jack is not present to avenge the insult. Whereupon the conscience-stricken traveling man hastens to admit that he knows Jack, and promptly seeks to make amends by proposing marriage, thus proving that he is a gentleman at heart.

Better Than Buffalo Bill!

A modern version of My Mother Was a Lady would, I fear, picture the dining-room girl as demanding from the fresh traveling man an extended motor-car ride, a visit to the movies and an hour or so at some jazz palace, so much have our customs changed.

Ideals have changed in the past few years for most of us. But not for Charles K. Harris, Harry Von Tilzer and some of the old song writers who remain in the game.

Mr. Harris continues to sell many copies of his After the Ball. His "heart-story ballad" continues to permeate the rural regions through the mail-order houses. It has even gone on the silver screen. Mr. Harris was an idealist from the beginning. One of his earliest memories was when he was a boy of twelve acting as bellhop at the Bancroft Hotel, Saginaw, Michigan, and toted some wood to the room of a ham actor who lay shivering in his bed. The actor gave Harris a pass to the show that night. The next morning the boy again toted wood to the ham actor's room.

"How did you like the show?" the actor inquired.

"Better than Buffalo Bill! You made me cry!" the boy replied. He had seen Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. Harris had a natural leaning toward the good things of life. "A successful song must be clean, it must contain a direct relation to the everyday experiences of man," he insists. "All my ballads are based on some incident I have witnessed. And the things I have written with emotion have lasted longest."

Harry Von Tilzer gives similar testimony. He is the veteran among active song writers. Born in Indiana of Dutch parentage fifty-two years ago, Von Tilzer can remember when Booth Tarkington wore Lord Fauntleroy clothes and long hair and was much set upon by the rougher boys "although Tarkington is a regular fellow now." Von Tilzer was naturally musical, but paid scant attention to his piano lessons. He could always pick it up by ear, and in his youth became attached to The Chamberlain Stock Company touring Illinois, a week in each town, playing Hazel Kirke, Woman Against Woman, and other standard repertoire plays with change of bill nightly. Von Tilzer pounded the drum in the street band and doubled on piano or reed organ between acts of the various dramas. He also took tickets at the door and did a stage specialty now and then.

Big Money Made and Lost

In those days most popular songs came from England. Von Tilzer, under stress of circumstance, began to write his own for his theatrical colleagues and himself. He has been writing songs for thirty-four years. He has been an active and at times an exceedingly prosperous publisher since 1896. He has published nearly 5000 songs, a great majority of which he wrote with the collaboration of an arranger and lyricist. He has had eight hits in one year, 1913, which netted him $200,000. He netted $200,000 as a song publisher in the season of 1918-19. He made not less than $50,000 a year for twenty-five years. Today he is still in business, writing and publishing songs, on Broadway, but he also is acting as his own shipping clerk.

A half million of Von Tilzer's $1,250,000 winnings went into an operatic venture. Another $200,000 was lost during the slump of 1914-15. Another $200,000 has disappeared during the recent depression in the song industry. But he is the most optimistic man in what remains of Tin Pan Alley.

"I made my money on clean songs and I'm going to make it again after this jazz craze has passed on and publishers get what they are entitled to from the movies and radio broadcasters," he asserts.

"I never did write an off-color song. The inspiration for A Bird in a Gilded Cage came when I was marooned one evening in a roadhouse. I ran it over on the piano. Two or three girls heard it and began to cry. There may be a lot of bathos in that song, but it has done a great deal of good in this world.

"I'd Leave My Happy Home for You is founded on an early experience at Hartford, Connecticut, when I was with a theatrical company playing The Prodigal Son. A stage-struck girl of good family tried to join our company. I asked her if she was foolish enough to leave her beautiful home for the perils and hardships of the road. She was young and so was I then. She replied blushingly, 'I'd leave my happy home for you.' She didn't. I saw to that. But I did write a song on that theme and it made a good deal of money for me.

"So did A Little Bunch of Shamrocks; In the Evening by the Moonlight; When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear; In the Sweet By and By; Good-By, Boys; Where the Morning Glories Twine About the Door; I Want a Girl; Last Night Was the End of the World; Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie; and Down on the Farm.

"Those are strictly sentimental songs. They may not have any particular appeal to the intellect. Possibly they have no literary value. But they get under the skin. They and their kind are still the backbone of my catalogue, but I could not have kept going in fair weather and foul if I had not been versatile.

"Many writers can write only one type of song. I made much money out of Down Where the Würzburger Flows, and still do. New York songs have always gone big if they had something in them. That is true of On a Sunday Afternoon, and many of that type. I guess I was one of the first to

(Continued on Page 206)

Every boy and girl should have one

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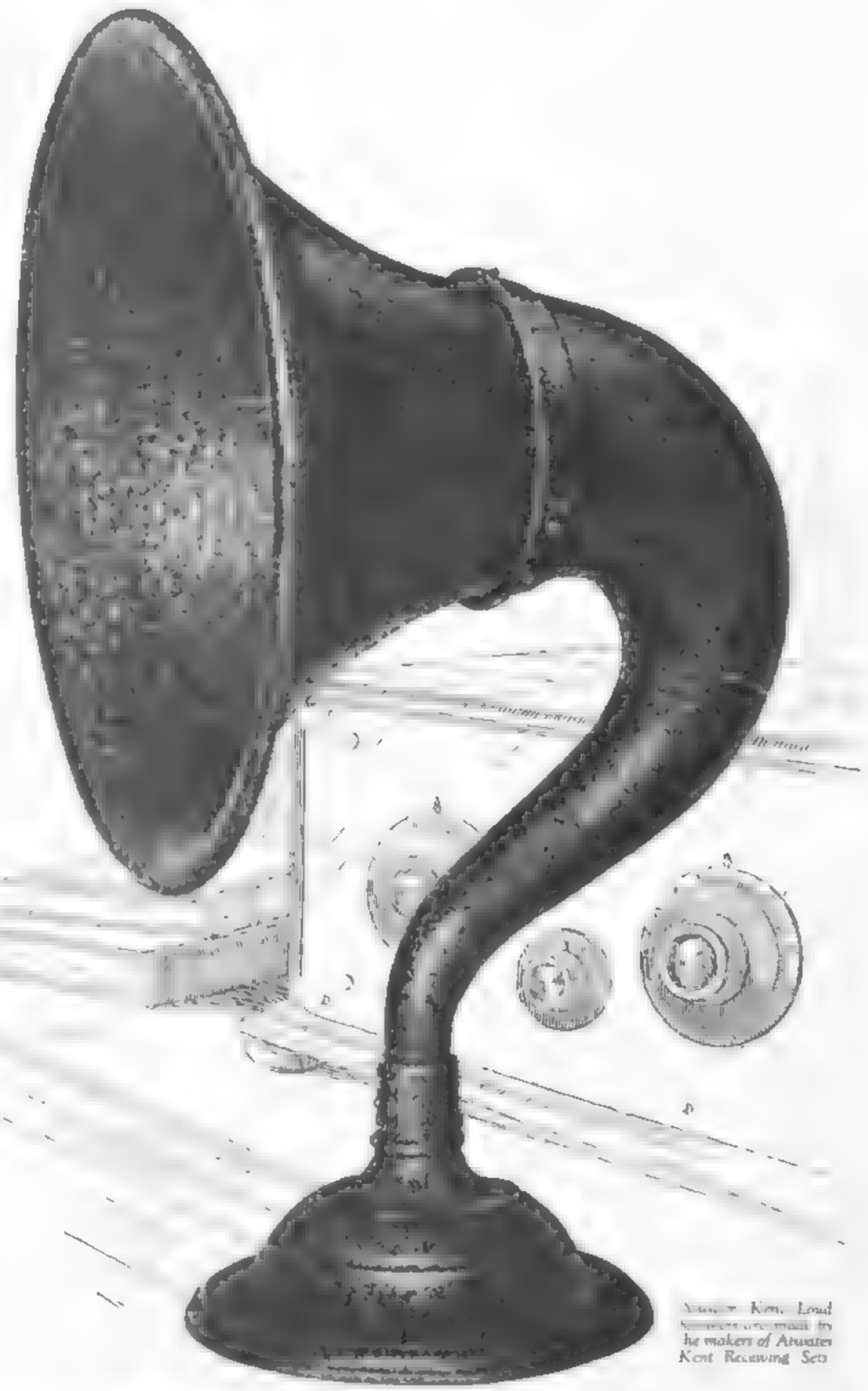

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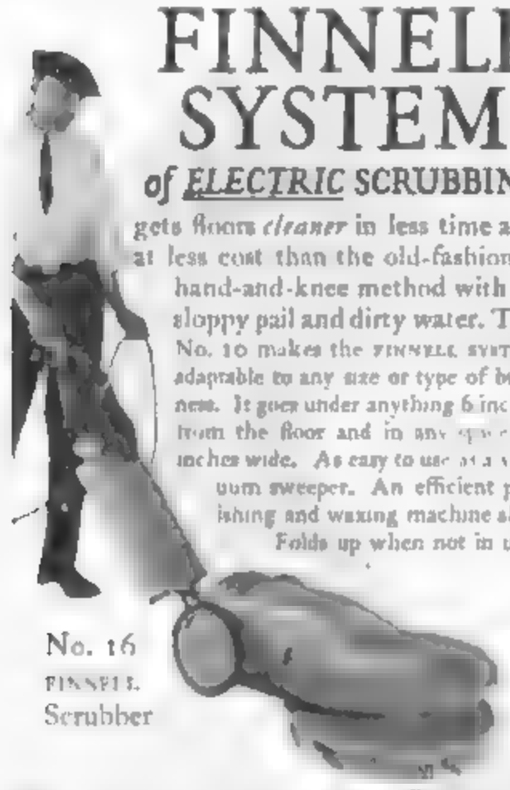

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(Continued from Page 204)

write a successful bedtime song—long before the bedtime stories had their vogue. It was called All Aboard for Blanket Bay. Boating songs have a popular appeal. That is one reason On the Old Fall River Line went over. There's nearly always a market for well-written sad songs such as The Mansion of Aching Hearts.

"And people like to be moved from grave to gay. That is why so many of my coon songs went big, such as Alexander; Good-By, Eliza Jane; The Cubanola Glide and What You Going to Do When the Rent Comes 'Round? I've written good-selling kid songs, such as They Always Pick on Me; tropical ones, such as Under the Yum Yum Tree; orthodox Southern ones, first popularized by Foster, such as Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow; and joshes on matrimony, such as Don't Take Me Home. I've played the gamut in popular songs, but never used one suggestive line.

"I remember years ago Paul Dresser, of On the Banks of the Wabash fame, happened to be riding from Chicago to New York with me. He was working on a song. There was one line about which he was in doubt. He thought it sounded a little rough. The words ran: 'She's a wild sort of devil, but dead on the level, is my gal, Sal.'

"Dresser was afraid of that line 'She's a wild sort of devil.' Few song writers of this decade would hesitate about that. Dresser was clean. His On the Banks of the Wabash is a state song in his native Indiana now. His body lies, honorably and honored, in his native state. They have named a boulevard in Indianapolis after him. That's something, isn't it?

"A good many men have come back after fifty. There's no branch of the business I don't understand. I'll land on a profitable shore with the turn of the tide."

One of the handicaps of even the experienced present-day song publisher is the highly commercialized condition of the industry. The World War is largely responsible for that. Prior to 1912 song publishing was an individualistic enterprise. There were many publishing firms, but personal equation and personal friendship went a long way toward securing success.

When Maude Nugent put over her Sweet Rosie O'Grady in Tony Pastor's Theater with the aid of a small boy who sang the chorus from the gallery she initiated song plugging. She devoted herself to popularizing her songs and those of her husband, William Jerome. Other song writers speedily adopted her methods. They not only plugged their own songs in restaurants, theaters and beer gardens, they also induced professional friends to feature their words and music.

Popularizing New Songs

Lottie Gilson, the Little Magnet, was in especial demand for this work. She was a star among popular song singers. Her tempos were perfect, enunciation excellent, technic exceptional and personality compelling. Among her favorites were She Was Bred in Old Kentucky, and In Sunny Tennessee. She was the featured attraction for a year at the Imperial, afterward the Weber and Fields' Music Hall, Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street.

Another historic plug was the singing of Von Tilzer's My Sweet Ting by Katie Rooney, daughter of the late Pat Rooney, First, at the Madison Square Roof Garden in 1893.

Individual song pluggers ran heatedly hither and yon warbling their employers' wares. Soon they began to work in pairs, then in groups, finally en masse.

Josephine Sabel was the star song plugger at the Atlantic Garden, near Third Avenue and Canal Street. In the early 90's this was the Mecca for the Boweryites. Beer was five cents a glass, there was sawdust on the floor, and no charge for admission. Here she introduced Von Tilzer's I Love You, backed by five hundred members of the Argyle Club singing lustily in chorus, one of the first big plugs in the popular song game.

The rise of vaudeville from the old variety theater put a powerful weapon in the hand of song writers and publishers. Many of those who thus sought to mold public taste contented themselves with establishing an entente cordiale with various professional singers by giving them presents—jewels, furs, watches or large numbers of professional photographs. Others got down to business with stated weekly retainers. So songs published by some wealthy house would be heard in the same theater week after week.

Eventually vaudeville patrons rebelled, the Vaudeville Managers' Association notified the song publishers that vaudeville actors should not be subsidized by the publishers but should be left free to choose vaudeville material on the basis of merit and fitness. That put a stop to vaudeville plugging and resulted in the organization of the Music Publishers' Protective Association, which includes most of the reputable publishers of popular songs in this country, who are pledged to abstain from bringing any monetary influence to bear on professional singers.

But before this revolutionary departure from an honorable and accepted custom Al Jolson, whose income is now about $8000 a week, was song-plugging for Harry Von Tilzer for five dollars a week. The same enterprising writer and publisher employed Willie Howard, now a Follies and musical-comedy star, at three dollars a week—until Julius Witmark lifted him, with an irresistible offer of five dollars a week. And Ernest Ball, whose Mother Machree, Just a Little Bit of Heaven, Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold and Love Me and the World is Mine have fixed him in high place among song writers, played piano for Von Tilzer for twelve dollars a week, until the future singer of his own songs struck for fifteen dollars, and didn't get it.

Radioed to Death

The song plugger would have languished and perhaps ceased to exist as a distinct species had it not been for the movie, cabaret and radio. Now he is plugging harder than ever. Many old-timers in the game insist that good songs are plugged to death by current methods. They cite the cases of Barney Google and Bananas. These songs had enormous popularity for a brief time, then lost their hold, largely, it is claimed, through overplugging, especially on the radio.

This was rather pointedly brought out during a hearing given song writers and publishers and their representatives by the United States Senate Patents Committee when the Dill Bill—designed to permit radio broadcasting stations to use copyrighted compositions without payment of royalties—was up for consideration.

"I Love You, a song that should have made its author rich, was strangled at birth by the radio," testified E. C. Mills, chairman of the executive board of the Music Publishers' Protective Association and chairman of the administrative committee of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. "I heard I Love You over the radio eleven times in one night The song was *passé* so far as I was concerned, right then," he continued. "It used to be that a song hit meant a sale of 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 copies of the sheet music, but now if we sell 700,000 we think we have made a big success."

John Philip Sousa, Irving Berlin, the late beloved Victor Herbert, Raymond Hubbell, Harry Von Tilzer, Gene Buck and William Jerome gave similar testimony.

"First the cabaret tried to steal our property, then the moving pictures attempted it, and now the radio is trying it," said Mr. Buck. "We insist that the people who take our property and derive revenue from it must pay. The man who gives a thought to the world either through a book, a play or a song, should be protected."

"I have heard one of my compositions, A Kiss in the Dark, played eight or nine times in one night over the radio," Victor Herbert told the committee. "They play and play that, ad nauseam. How can you expect anybody to buy it in printed form?"

John Philip Sousa said, "The era of mechanical music has meant a loss to composers. My royalties in the days when sheet music was all that was sold used to run to $60,000 a year. But they have never touched that figure since."

The radio people replied that they were aiding the composers by giving them free advertising, that Carrie Jacobs-Bond, author of The End of a Perfect Day, and other composers were willing to have their songs radioed without compensation and that the society had declared a dividend of $56,344, for the current quarter, the largest in its history.

So the song writers and publishers formerly paid royally for song plugging. Then they agreed to pay nothing. Now

(Continued on Page 208)

Black Jack

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Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.

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Crosley has made it possible for everyone to own a radio receiver. You can start with the one tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver at $14 50, without accessories—$22 25 with tube and head phones—the lowest priced regenerative set on the market, and equivalent in reception to many two tube receivers. Then as more volume is desired, you can add to it at a very low cost.

Or, you can purchase the three tube Crosley Trirdyn Regular, which has come through the summer period of comparatively poor reception with colors flying—for only $65. In Special Mahogany cabinet to house necessary accessories, $75. The combination of one stage of tuned radio frequency, with regenerative detector and reflexed amplification, has proven beyond a doubt that the features of selectivity, volume and ease of operation can be obtained with three tubes better than heretofore has been possible with five tubes. We believe that no other set on the market combines these features so well incorporated in the Trirdyn.

In addition there are the Crosley 51, the two tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver that became the biggest seller in the world in just 24 days, price $18.50. This set will at all times bring in local stations on the loud speaker and distant stations under fair receiving conditions. Distant stations can at all times be heard with ear phones. The three tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver Crosley 52, that brings in distant stations with loud speaker volume under practically all conditions, price $30; and the Crosley 50 and 51 set in portable cabinets at $18 and $25.

These receivers, each in its own class, though assuring you as good or better reception than any other instrument of the same number of tubes, is by far the least expensive ever offered to the public

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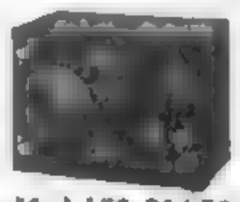

Crosley One Tube Model 50, $14.50
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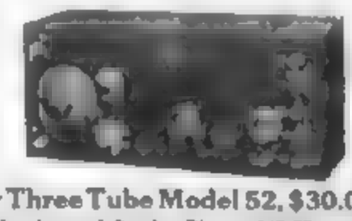
Crosley Two Tube Model 51, $18.50
With tube and Crosley Phones $30.25



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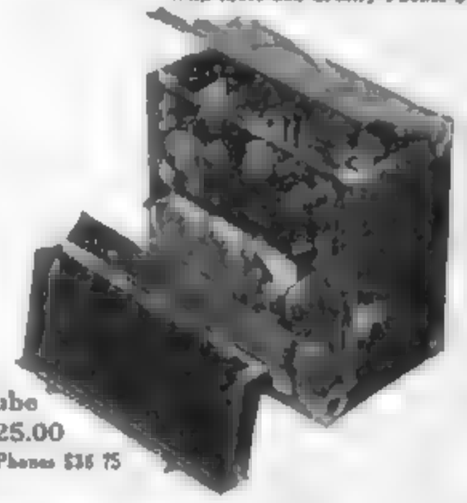

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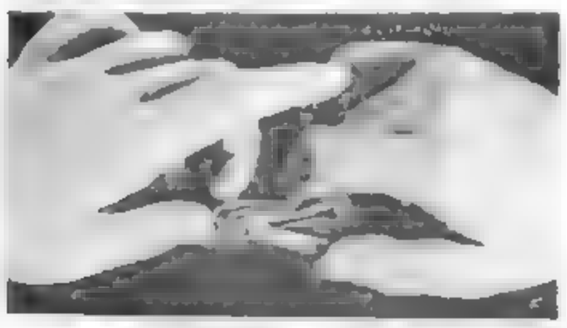

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(Continued from Page 206)

they claim they suffer from too much free plugging, for which they wish payment. Thus does science reverse a situation.

Those who are not wholly in harmony with the popular-song industry stress its present commercialism and alleged lack of artistic merit. It is maintained that one of the largest of the song-publishing firms made $1,000,000 during one recent year, spends $100,000 a month in production and exploitation, took a loss of $250,000 in three months of this year, and still has $250,000 in its reserve fund, set aside to meet just such an emergency. To which the big publishing house would probably reply that this is an age of big business and that there are more song writers and would be more singers than ever—were it not for the motor mania, the dancing-jazz craze and the radio.

Whereupon the critics of the popular song rejoin as follows: "Song writers are merely factory hands anyway. They have no originality, no musical background or training, no talent for the artistic in creation."

This brings us back to Bananas and the source of popular songs.

Certain authorities divide all songs into art, or classical, songs, melody songs, popular songs and jazz songs. In the language of the street the art songs are distinctly highbrow, more technical than melodious. Melody songs are those such as Cadman, MacDowell, Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Ernest Ball have produced. Jazz songs are dependent principally upon accented and frequently syncopated rhythm, with small attention paid to melody or tune, while the popular song becomes popular because both words and tune strike home with the great American public.

Ancestry of the Song Hits

During the Spanish-American War period, A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight was the reigning rage, no one knew just why. But during the World War, Over There and companion songs, such as The Long, Long Trail, had a heart interest because they meant something to us and to our boys in France. And no one thought of criticizing George M. Cohan because he frankly modeled a few phrases of Over There after the bugle calls with which all are familiar.

But Bananas, which sprang up after the war, raged for a few months and died, and apparently made no conscious effort to imitate anything, is really founded on the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls from The Bohemian Girl, and Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party, to say nothing of Oh, Bring Back My Bonnie to Me. The only difference is that when the first four notes of the Hallelujah Chorus are heard we usually rise to join in Hallelujah while with the banana song we sing "Yes, We Have No." And where the operatic vocalist is proclaiming that she dreamt she dwelt in marble halls we, in the banana song, get a warmer effect by dwelling upon the banana and tomato market, and keep this up through the strains of Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party.

After all, this simply shows that we have better taste than we are sometimes willing to admit. The popular song writer is merely getting us into good habits. He is doing it every day. The examples are legion. As Dr. Sigmund Spaeth has so well pointed out, Hail, Hail! The Gang's All Here is merely an American version of Sir Arthur Sullivan's clever parody of Verdi's Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore. We Won't Go Home Until Morning is better known in England as He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

I'm Always Chasing Rainbows is Harry Carroll's Tin Pan Alley version, adaptation or transcription of Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu. Jerome Kern's Till the Clouds Roll By closely resembles a Bohemian hymn tune. Yet no one would accuse Kern of lack of musicianly skill. One of the songs used by the students of the University of Pennsylvania was originally a Russian national anthem. Yale students sing something which sounds shockingly like a German song.

Franz Schubert wrote over six hundred songs. A hundred of them are accepted as masterpieces, but many of them are filled with repetitions. Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner were all good repeaters. Nor were they always entirely original.

The strength of the average popular song—the song emanating from Tin Pan Alley if you please—lies as much in its simplicity and its ease of execution as in its heart appeal. The first song Harry Von Tilzer wrote was a good song as songs go—but it did not go, because it had a range of one octave and six notes. Most of his modern songs have a range of eight notes or less. That holds good for most popular songs. There are only six full tones in Ernest Ball's Love Me and the World is Mine, although the manner in which he reaches his climax gives the impression of many more—and rewards the singer with much applause. Hundreds of our most beloved hymns and patriotic songs have no greater range.

Members of the Music Publishers' Protective Association have learned from experience that the three most profitable virtues are heart interest, simplicity and cleanliness. The first two have been automatically incorporated into most popular songs except where a successful attempt is made at writing something funny. Cleanliness has been enforced by voluntary censorship.

Whenever any of the sixty or more publishers in this association has a song to offer the public, it is first submitted to Mr. Mills.

As chairman of the executive board he has laid down the following rules:

"The words and music of Good-By, Broadway, Hello, France, put many a man into the uniform; Over There sold more Liberty Bonds than all the fervid oratory of the wartime period, and Keep the Home Fires Burning did much to strengthen the grit and courage of those who remained to fight the battle here. Don't make the mistake of belittling the influence of the songs you publish—they are of outstanding, nation-wide effect upon the thought of our people, and especially of the youth.

"Never mind the wail of the professional reformer who raves and rails against so-called jazz music. I have no doubt there was a time when this class decried the waltz and proclaimed that it was leading the country to the demnition bow-wows. Just keep the words clean the music will take care of itself. If it has no appeal it will die quick enough; if a million people like to hear it, it is harming none of them, for there aren't a million minds in this country that couple any music with prurient thought unless the words prompt such coupling."

The Would-Be Song Writers

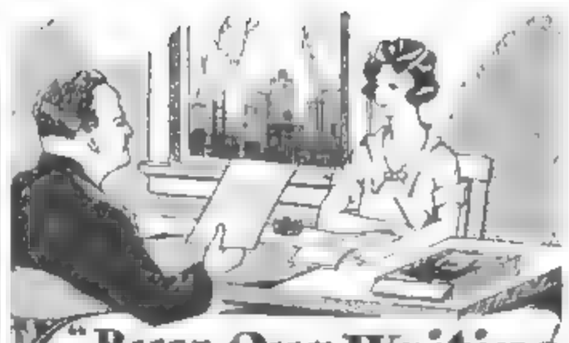
The association realizes that its output goes into the homes and must be clean. If it did not, the manufacturers of 8,000,000 phonographs and 1,000,000 player pianos and the managers of several thousand vaudeville theaters would be heard from promptly.

The great battle now waged by the organized music industries is with the song sharks. There are about 700 recognized, experienced song writers in this country, each of whom has at least one good seller to his credit. They are listed and the list is frequently revised. Not more than 100 of them can by any stretch of imagination be regarded as successful. But, judging by the experience of the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce, the population of this country is about equally divided between those who would like to write literature and those who think they can write songs.

Professional song writers are constantly appealed to by hopeful amateurs.

"Among those who have come to me in the last year and sought my advice about their lyrical inclinations are a physician, a chiropodist, a butcher, a widow of seventy-five and a child of nine," says Irving Caesar, one of the most successful of younger lyricists. "They all presented manuscripts, but only one or two had any merit. If they love writing songs and are capable of diligent application, some day they may compose an acceptable lyric or melody. But one could hardly term them composers or lyricists, even if they should be successful in having a few songs published. When you decide to live from your songs you must be prepared to write a multitude of songs."

Some of these aspirants for a place in the song-writing sun are inspired by artistic temperament, others are excited by tales of vast sums realized by song writers, still others are impelled to attempt song writing by stark necessity. All three classes are easy marks for the song sharks, who have made a scientific study of the musical come-ons.



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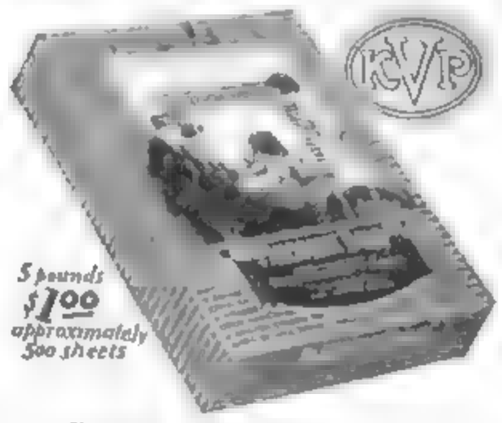

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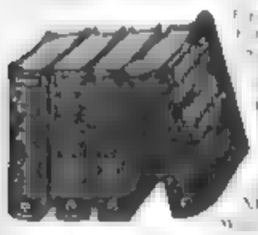

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Address
Occupation
Reference 10F122

New York is the natural home of the song shark, although he thrives in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and many other cities. His system is simplicity itself. He advertises for his business with catch phrases.

There are several jokers in the song shark's advertisements. One is that he wants money in advance. Another is that while the song shark may furnish some music for the victim's poem it will have no marketable value. Another is that while the shark may print a few cheap copies for a consideration—furnished by the victim—printing is not equivalent to publishing. Still another joker is that the victim has not one chance in 10,000 of getting his song accepted by a reputable music publisher after the song shark has gotten out some sample copies of it.

Because the song shark asks only from fifteen to ninety dollars from each victim the layman is apt to regard this fake industry as petty larceny not worthy of attention. The Music Industries Chamber of Commerce knows better.

This aggregation is hot after the song sharks, because, according to conservative estimate, the song sharks mulct their victims out of at least $1,000,000 annually! C. L. Dennis, manager of The Better Business Bureau of the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce, says:

"Of the 31,710 musical compositions of all kinds entered for copyright in 1920, only 3393 titles, or 10.68 per cent, were entered by reputable publishers. But during the same year there were 7794 entries made by song sharks for machine-made songs that are not and never will be published. We know who the sharks are and hence can list them. But only a part of these written-to-order songs are copyrighted in the name of the 'composer' of the music, and great numbers of songs in which the suckers have invested their money are never copyrighted at all.

"During 1923 these musical moonshiners entered about 14,000 songs for copyright. Estimating each sucker's contribution at forty dollars—I know of one woman who paid three hundred and sixty dollars to have nine of her 'lyrics' set to music—the suckers gave up about $500,000 for the copyrighted worthless stuff. It is a fair guess that they paid an equal amount for stuff that was never even copyrighted."

Bait for the Song Sharks

"There are three classes of these song sharks. The first merely supplies the sucker with two or three printed copies of the lyrics set to ground-out music. These copies are sent by the sucker to several reputable publishers, who return them. The second class supplies a number of 'professional' copies to the sucker to be distributed among the publishers, who, knowing the source, dump them into the wastebasket. The third class agrees to print the 'lyrics' set to 'music' on a royalty basis. As no copies are sold the sucker is generally asked to buy them back, at a profit to the song shark—a second profit, by the way. The shark has probably guaranteed publication. This usually means that a subsidiary 'company' has actually printed the song—but printing is not publication. When a song comes from the printer it is then merely ready to be published. The preliminary step has been taken—nothing more."

William Arms Fisher, composer and editor in chief of a famous music-publishing house, acquired much first-hand information from an extended list of song sharks by submitting a "lyric" which he regarded as the last word in absurdity. This is it:

THE ACHE IN MY HEART FOR YOU

I used to be so happy,
But now I am so sad;
You were bright and snappy,
And I was young and glad.

Now I'm thinking of the days gone by,
The days when you were ever nigh;
My aching heart can only sigh,
I long, I almost long to die.

CHORUS

'Tis the ache in my heart for you, dear,
It's the longing that cannot die;
'Tis the ache that only you can fill, dear,
It's for you I ever sigh.

His "poem" took like wildfire among the song sharks. One concern replied with a printed form blurred to imitate an individual letter. A booklet was inclosed. For ninety dollars, payable five dollars monthly, or eighty-six dollars cash, this concern promised to revise the lyric, compose the melody, furnish the piano accompaniment, engrave the music plates, copyright the complete song, mail copies to 200 performers or theaters, eighty publishers and all leading manufacturers of phonograph records and player pianos, and to send 200 copies to the author, inserting one copy in their permanent portfolio and handling the song in their professional department.

A reply from another Studio at the same address promised for sixty dollars to secure the publication of the complete song by a New York publisher on a royalty basis of not less than three cents on each copy sold. A footnote explained that they never guaranteed any specific sale, but that they had made arrangements with music publishers to accept for publication all songs set to music by their chief composer.

From another Studio came a forty-dollar proposition beginning, "The subject or idea contained in your lyric is one that is quite suitable for song purposes. You will note by the inclosed contracts that I am offering to compose the melody for your song myself."

Examination of the records in the Copyright Office at Washington showed that the signer of that letter had entered 1948 songs, for which he had composed the music, in 1920. This remarkable individual output exceeded all the copyright entries for every class of publication—vocal, instrumental, choral, band and orchestral, as well as books of every kind—published that year by the three largest publishers of high-class and educational music in America.

Advice to Amateurs

So strong did the song sharks get with their strong-arm work that Mr. Dennis prepared the following form letter, which is sent to amateurs who mail their "lyrics" to members of the Music Publishers' Protective Association:

"It is our purpose to warn possible victims of fraud through the song swindle.

"Generally speaking, any so-called publisher, composer, bureau or studio asking for money from an amateur writer to get a song published is likely to be a fraud.

"If you think you have been swindled by use of the United States mail, report it to the post-office authorities, either through your local postmaster or direct to the post office department, Washington, D. C., including with your report all letters, circulars, contracts, receipts and other information about the transaction, inclosed in the original envelopes if possible.

"Please DO NOT ASK US TO HELP YOU GET SONGS PUBLISHED. Legitimate song publishers, as a rule, are not looking for poem contributions or for words accompanied by the so-called 'music' of the song sharks. There has never been a successful song published in this way."

Some amateurs do get published by reputable song-publishing houses—but the amateur is never asked to advance any money. The publisher takes all the risk—the amateur gets a royalty on all copies sold.

Postal authorities have arrested a few song sharks. Indictments have been brought against two of them. For this, reputable song publishers and writers give thanks. Most of the latter take themselves seriously and many of them have brought much pleasure to the world. This, it seems to me, is particularly true of the old-school ballad singers, such as Banks Winter.

When Banks Winter emerged from minstrelsy with his White Wings, They Never Grow Weary he did something for American music. Banks Winter sang that song throughout most of the civilized world. He can still sing it with fine effect. You will find it in many a family song book.

What makes a song go? Why are some songs naturals or self-starters? Why must there be a catch line at the finish of the chorus? Why and how are some specialists really song smellers? Many songs have been written with ample heart interest or plenty of real humor, catchy melody, easy range and all the attributes of a hit—and have never gone over. If song writers knew the secret of success there would be no slump in the song market today in spite of fierce competition.

Harry Von Tilzer's My Own New Hampshire Home was written in 1896. It lay dormant in spite of strenuous plugging until 1898. Since then a million copies

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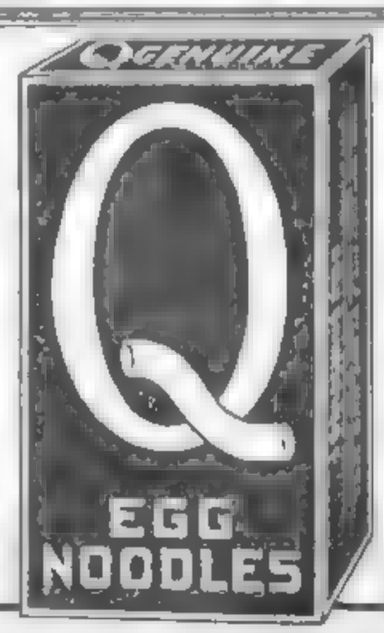

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have been sold. His Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie did not go over until Winona Winter, daughter of Banks Winter, sang it. Down Where the Würzburger Flows, written while supper cooled for Vincent P. Bryan and Von Tilzer, was rejected by the producers of The Wild Rose show. Nora Bayes started singing it. She became known as the Würzburger Girl and took eight to ten encores with it. More than a million copies of the song have been sold. On a Sunday Afternoon, religiously plugged by its author, was a hit four weeks after it came on the market in 1902. Last Night Was the End of the World lay in the Von Tilzer catalogue two years before the public discovered it through the singing of Lina Cavalieri. Frank Sheridan's Marcheeta was on the market twelve years before George Macfarlane took it up. Macfarlane sang it in vaudeville three years. Sheridan, an actor best known for his part in Paid in Full, subsequently refused $75,000 for it.

The history of the popular-song industry is filled with similar experiences, but old-time song writers consider it the greatest gamble in the world, although plenty of money has been made by some publishers and writers. The writer's royalty is usually two cents a copy on sheet music and 25 per cent of the sales of mechanicals—phonograph records and piano-player rolls. If the song gets a double break, becomes an instrumental as well as a vocal record, he may get 40 per cent royalty on mechanical sales. Production songs, used in theatrical productions, entitle such writers of lyrics as Jerome Kern and George M. Cohan to from six to ten cents per copy royalty with a proportionate increase in royalties on mechanicals. Poor Butterfly is supposed to have made $100,000 for its author.

But the amateur better regard these figures as representing stage money. Few song writers have died rich. Paul Dresser's body rested in an obscure Chicago cemetery until discovered and removed to his native Indiana. Charles Graham's Two Little Girls in Blue was one of the best-sellers, but he died without leaving worldly riches. Will C. Kennedy, author of Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-by, left the world almost penniless, as did Raymond Moore, one of our greatest minstrel ballad singers and author of Sweet Marie. Even William Delaney, who published songbooks in the Bowery for thirty-four years and who wrote songs under the nom de plume of Willie Wildwave, has gone out of business "because people don't care for words now, they want just the tunes."

But those who accept the supersentimental ballad as a stepping-stone to higher musical taste, and the low-comedy coon song as the forerunner of refined wit and humor, look for better times, because popular songs run in cycles.

One swallow does not make a summer in the song business, but one success does produce a season of imitations. Hence we have had visitations of sea songs, coon songs, war songs, Bowery songs, campaign songs and fruit songs. At present we are overwhelmed by jazz songs. We have, in fact, a very bad case of the blues. But that, it seems to me, is only a symptom of an overenergized condition.

Human nature does not change. Just now we are rampaging around in motor cars, dancing from morn to dewy eve and back to morn again, listening in on about 4,000,000 radio sets and flocking to the movies in millions. The old song album is dusty from disuse. The groups that used to gather around the piano and do some close harmony in the front room are hitting a high pace far from home and mother. But we shall come back to the simple life again, and when we do, the simple sentimental song will come back with us. Here's hoping.

A shortage we all know is coming—

The picture shows Work-Light illumination in the machine shop of the mammoth Dodge Brothers plant at Detroit. Dodge cars are almost entirely manufactured under the glareless, shadowless conditions this photograph shows. The Dodge installation comprises more than 2,000 Work-Light Lamps.

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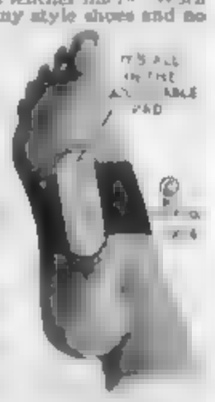

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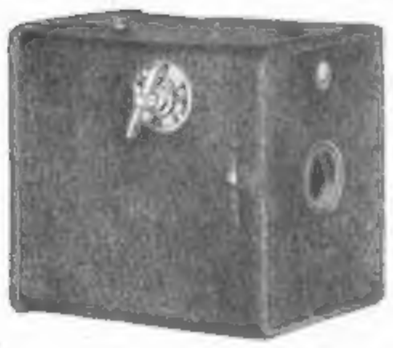

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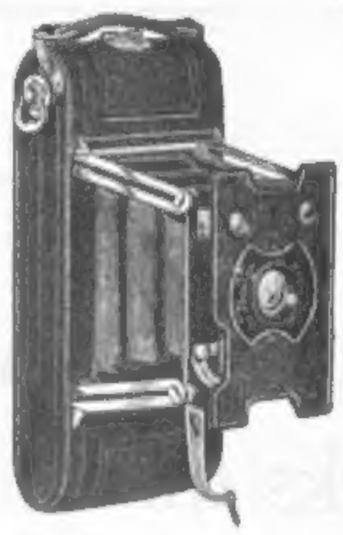

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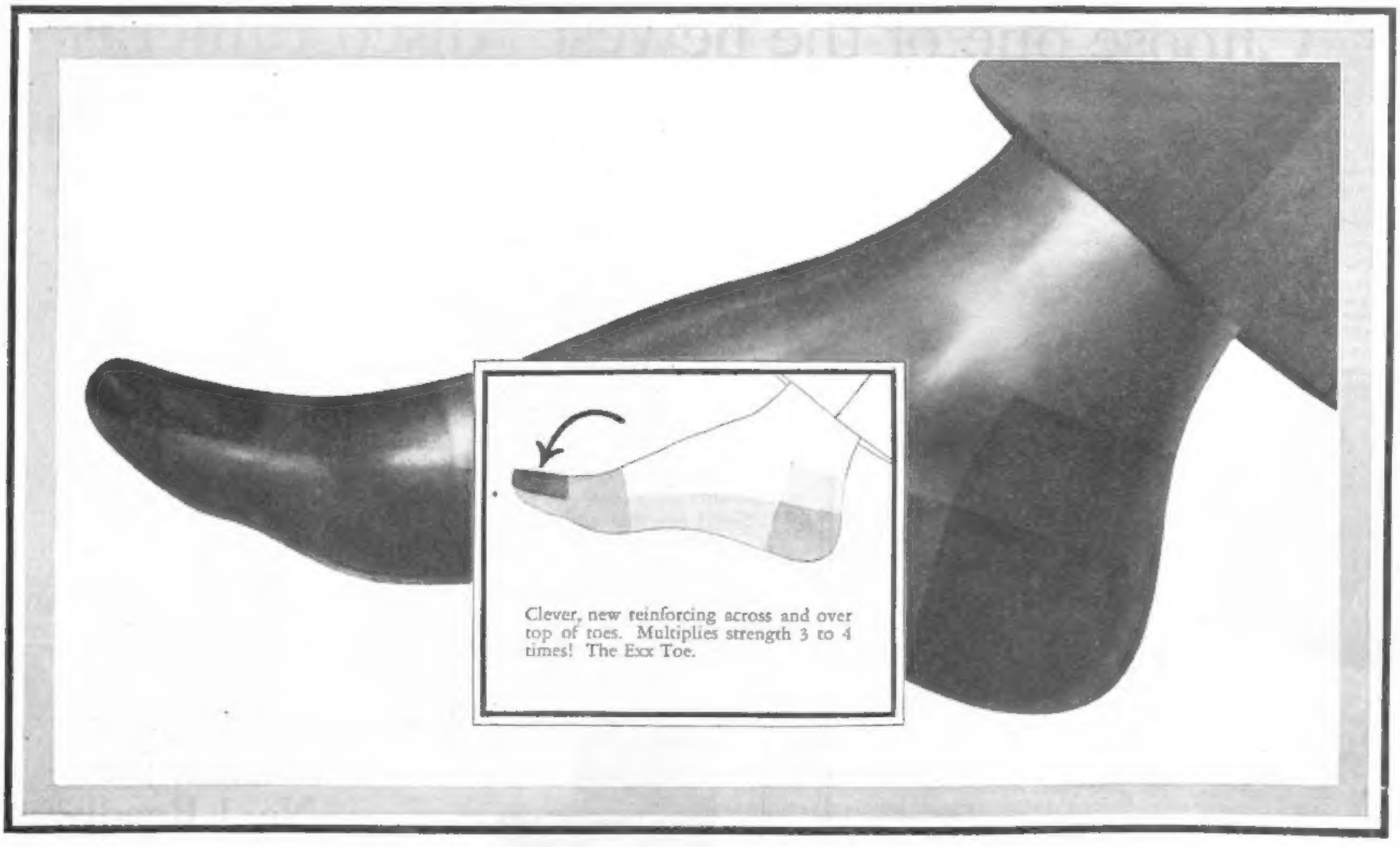

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